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Liberty

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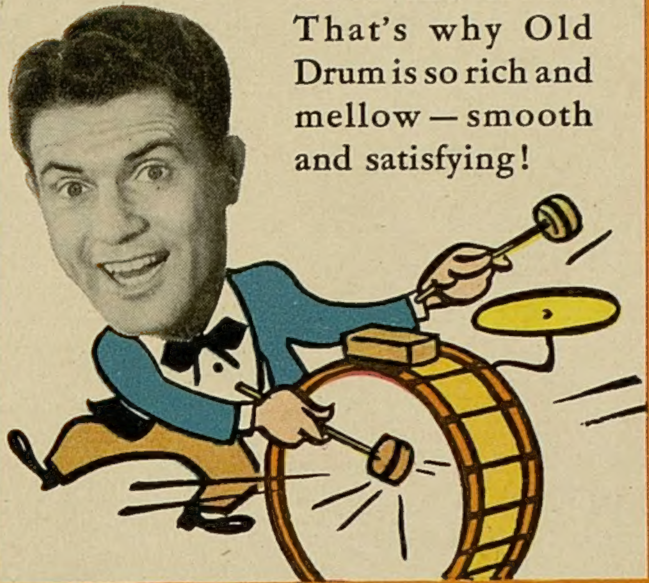

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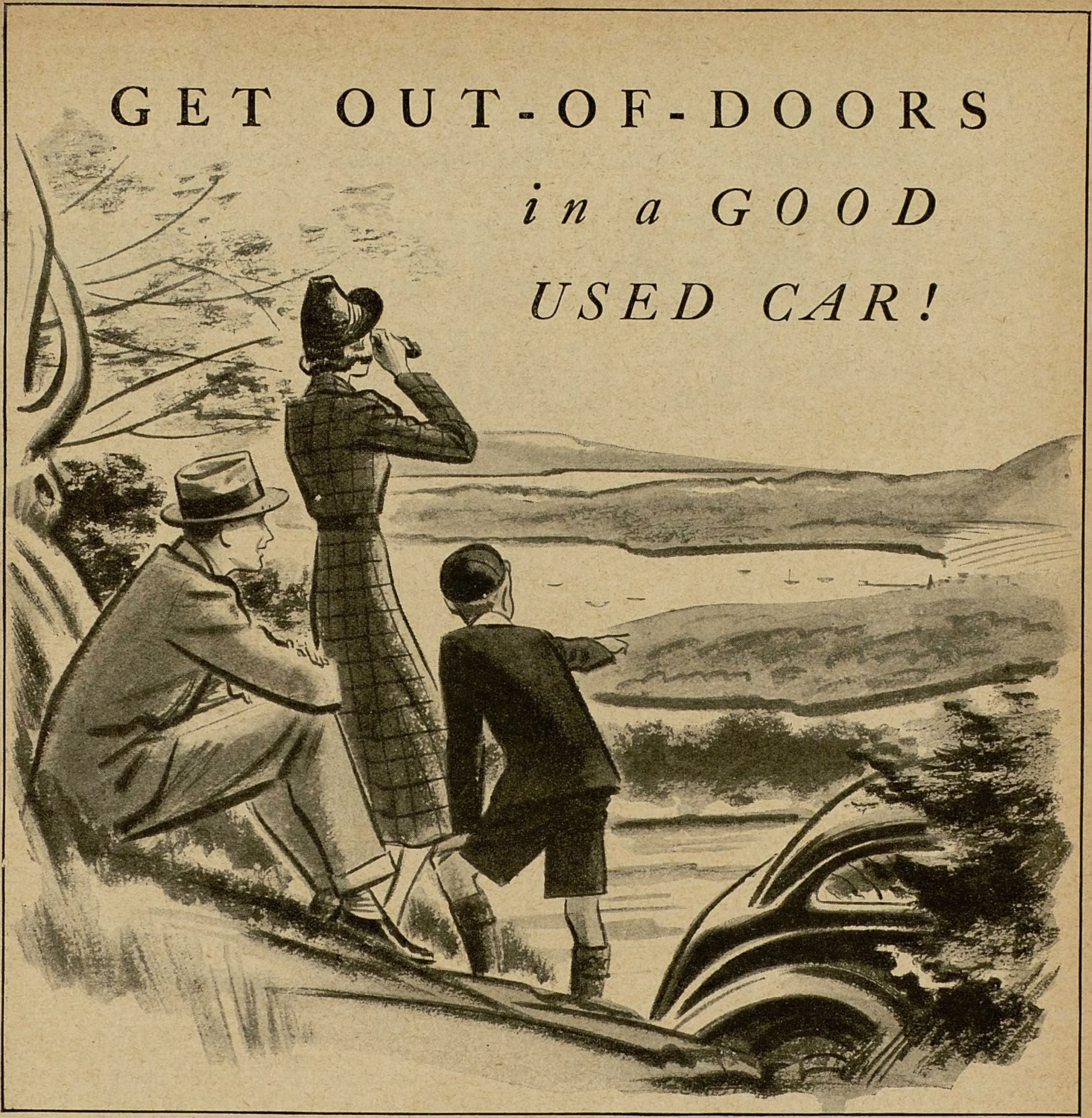

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MAY 28, 1938

Liberty

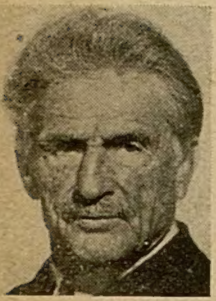
VOL. 15, NO. 22

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

THE NEW DEAL DEPRESSION --- ITS CAUSE


BERNARR MACFADDEN

Why deceive ourselves? Every intelligent citizen knows the real cause of our present chaotic situation. He knows, if he will do some careful thinking, the source of the influence which thrust upon us the crackbrained experimentation — the real cause of the New Deal depression.

Business is a source of our prosperity—not only a source of our wealth, but it either makes or unmakes employment. And business is a gradual growth. It does not spring up overnight like a mushroom; it is usually evolved through years of careful planning and experimentation. And when you take the management of business out of the hands of those who have learned through long experience how to guide it successfully, we are then in the midst of wild experimentation that usually results in disaster.

Now, what is the "big bad wolf" that has deranged our business world? Some of our people have maintained that it is a lack of confidence in government. Yes, but what caused the changes that have brought us the financial tragedies from which we are now suffering? It can easily be traced to the colossal financial power that has been placed in the hands of the administration; the power to crack down on the recalcitrant members of Congress who fail to vote according to the wishes of the administration. It is this power in the hands of the present administration which has been so grossly misused—that has scared business into hiding—that has thrown many investors into a panic. It is the real source of our lack of confidence.

And now that we have evidence, in the defeat of the Reorganization Bill, that Congress has come back into its own, that the majority of our legislators can no longer be termed "rubber stamps," that they can vote in accordance with the dictates of their conscience and intelligence, there is hope for us in the future.

In proof of our contention as to the cause of the New Deal depression, Wall Street values immediately advanced when the Reorganization Bill was defeated. If that bill had passed, there would have been chaos in many parts of this country.

The huge relief bill of nearly five billion dollars, which was turned over to the President for distribution in accordance with his judgment before his last election, was a source of favors in many parts of the country, which undoubtedly increased Democratic votes by the millions; and the various other funds, running into billions, that have been similarly directed, have enabled his representatives to influence legislation which has hampered business and which has had much to do with adding to our labor troubles throughout the entire country.

And as these words are being written there is before Congress another relief bill. Is this money to be turned over to the President for distribution, as has been the previous policy, or will it be earmarked, or definitely indicated just where it will go and how and by whom it will be spent?

The President stated very definitely before his first election that all relief should be administered by states—that it should be exclusively a local problem—but the temptation to centralize this activity by his official advisers could not be resisted. The power of handling this huge relief fund as a vote getter was readily recognized, and this distribution of relief through the central government has unquestionably been the source of ghastly waste and extravagance. The distribution to the various states of previous relief and WPA funds has not been equally divided per capita in the various states. Many states have received several times per capita more than has been allowed to other states.

Let us hope we may be able to find again solid ground, and that our leading executives, who have built this great nation, will be allowed to guide the affairs of the business world without foolish governmental meddling.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Stubborn Mr.

What kind of man is this shy scholar who defied the President?—Here are vivid glimpses into his private life

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE TVA labored and brought forth a man.

This is the story of Dr. Arthur Ernest Morgan, no longer president of Antioch College, no longer chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, but now a national figure.

Since the storms that brought him into prominence, his charges against his fellow trustees in the TVA, his dismissal as chairman by President Roosevelt, and his demand for a Congressional investigation, leaders of political parties have been studying his character, his history, his theories of government, his views on life, his achievements, and his future possibilities for the welfare of the nation.

"He stands up like a great oak in the storm," his friends cry out joyously. "He may be broken, but he will not bend."

Dr. Morgan had made serious charges against his colleagues, Harcourt Morgan and David Lilienthal. President Roosevelt summoned him to the White House and demanded facts. Dr. Morgan defied the President, refused to discuss the affair with him. The President ousted him as chairman of the TVA board and put Harcourt Morgan in his place.

The storm of publicity raged for weeks. There were many who regarded Morgan's dismissal as a "justified rebuke to a man who thought himself big enough to defy the President of the United States." There were many who looked upon the President's action as confirmation of their suspicion that Morgan was only a dreamer "who dallied with the future while the present piled up on his desk." The doctor had been "found out," they said. He had distinctly "lost caste."

But Morgan's friends rallied around him. They are confident, they say, that when and if he has a chance to appear before a Congressional Board of Inquiry and to tell his story, "the nation will find him a bigger and finer oak than any one has realized."

Few people know Dr Morgan. Only his friends know him—and they do not know him well. He is a dreamer, they say. He dreams great things for the happiness and the safety and the well-being of his fellow men. But he also plans, and, by hard work, makes his dreams and his plans take concrete shape. He is a philosopher, an educator, a self-made engineer, an administrator, another Lincoln, a lonely, pain-ridden, ever-working genius.

He is a tall, broad-shouldered, rough-hewed man. He looks something like Senator McAdoo. He walks with great strides, stooping a little. He nods to acquaintances without smiling. He seems ever in a hurry. His mind is always far ahead of him. He does not smoke nor drink. He eats what his doctor prescribes. And when he is indisposed, which is often, he does not eat.

He has no pets. He hates the smell of a horse. Dogs and cats annoy him. He hates the animals most men love. Yet one time, when he was living in a garret room in Detroit, studying engineering problems, and subsisting entirely on oatmeal, he shared his scanty rations with a mouse.

His only exercise, his only recreation, seems to be walking. He loves to tramp through the woods. He walks for miles and miles, usually alone, pausing now and then to look at a new kind of lichen or fern, to study a tree, or to examine the course of a rill.

He has never been known to play golf or bridge or ping-pong. His nights are devoted to work, answering his correspondence, writing out his thoughts on education and kindred subjects. If he has a headache, or his sinuses are bothering him, or the pain in his back is worse, he still works.

He reads few books and magazines. His eyes are weak and he cannot afford to use them on light fiction.

Morgan of the TVA

Dr. Morgan is shy, retiring; doesn't know how to meet people; doesn't know what to say to them. He is by no means a "mixer." Most people have an idea that he is always cold, always indifferent to the feelings of others. But those who know him best deny this vehemently and talk of his many charities.

"Dr. Morgan was never indifferent to the woes or joys of any one," says a girl who worked with him in the TVA offices. "A man would be sick for a week, for instance. The chairman would ask me to call up and see how he was. But when he saw that man again he didn't mention his illness. Seeing the man, his brain rushed over the illness to some engineering or administrative problem with which the man was connected. He would talk about that problem. Later, to his deep hurt, he would groan, 'And I never once asked how he felt!'

"I've known him to help many people, not only with money but with work and time. He has spent thousands of dollars in charity—but he has also given of himself without stint."

He is unable or unwilling to meet or to commune with individuals. He has been likened to a tall oak on a lonely hill, a great tree that casts a wide chill shade. But it is certain he has a vast love for humanity in the mass, a passion for social justice, an impersonal ardor for the good of civilization, which perhaps grew out of his privations and soul hunger. He realizes a lack in himself.

"I have always hoped," he said once, "that some day I would meet my 'brother,' and together we would do great things."

He married Lucy Griscom in 1911, a little, volatile, beautiful, charming woman who likes people and loves to entertain them, an earnest, intelligent, sympathetic woman who has done much to help her husband.

He is content in his married life, for his wife adores him, shelters him, pampers him. But he senses the need of another help, that of an intellect and a spirit to match his own. Not an intellect alone, for he realizes that intellect without the spirit may parch. There is a bitterness in him, a sense of frustration and futility; for he has lost the faith in God that colored his early years.

In her book, Finding His World, Mrs. Morgan wrote this of him: "From his mother he gained indomitable perseverance, a very exacting conscience, a fear of hell, and an almost equal fear of public opinion."

He seems to have retained all except his fear of hell.

His mother was Anna Wiley Morgan, a prim cold schoolma'am from Massachusetts. His father was John D. Morgan, son of a Welsh Quaker millwright who journeyed from Pennsylvania to Indiana nearly a hundred years ago. John was bright but lazy. He was a surveyor, an amateur scientist with a weakness for strong liquor.

Arthur Morgan was born in Cincinnati on June 20, 1878, but his earliest recollections are of a little shack near St. Cloud, Minnesota, and a tiny attic bedroom that could be reached only by means of a ladder nailed to the outside of the house.

It was an ordeal to climb that ladder at night, especially in winter. The rungs would often be covered with snow and ice. Frequently it was 40° below, and sometimes the snow came in through the chinks in the roof. Getting up in the morning to do the chores and get ready for school called for heroic qualities.

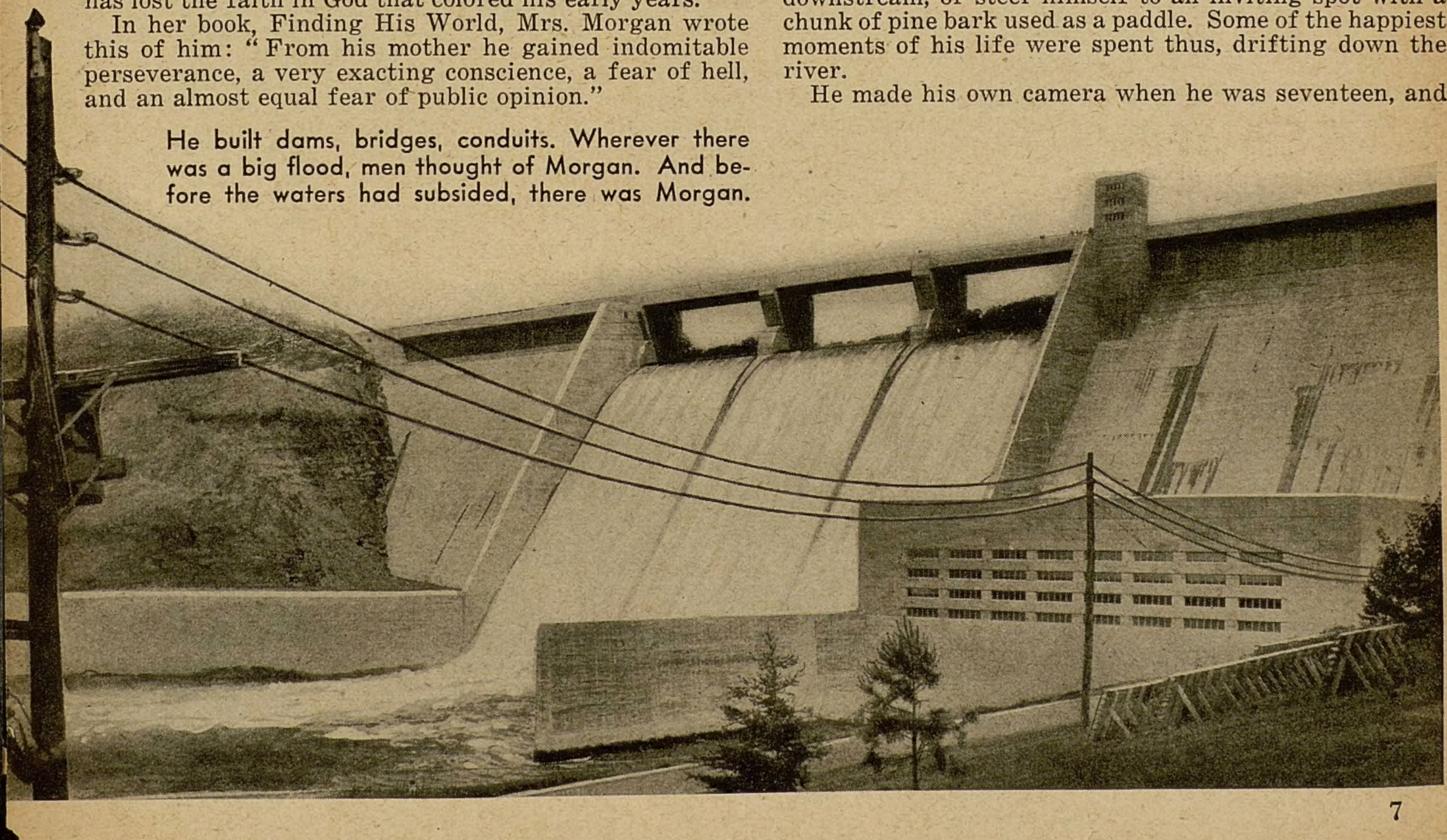
His mother never fondled nor kissed him, except perhaps at bedtime. His father usually ignored him except when he had errands for him or added chores. He was frequently ill. And the effects of those early sicknesses—weak eyes, oversensitive nerves, and recurring pain—still trouble him.

He was an ugly little boy, or his mother said he was, anyway—and in his presence. This fact had much to do with shaping his character, with making him sensitive and uncommunicative and shy.

When he wasn't going to school, or cultivating his little crop of vegetables, or peddling the things he had raised, he would roam through the woods, studying rocks, birds, flowers, plants, lichens, trees. Before he had left his teens he knew more of the science of botany than any of his teachers, and he had passed a college-entrance examination in geology with an honor grade.

Frequently he went down the Mississippi River to explore its banks, its marshes, the woods that bordered it. He'd tie a couple of logs together with a tough vine, or perhaps a length of his mother's clothesline, and float downstream, or steer himself to an inviting spot with a chunk of pine bark used as a paddle. Some of the happiest moments of his life were spent thus, drifting down the river.

He made his own camera when he was seventeen, and



He built dams, bridges, conduits. Wherever there was a big flood, men thought of Morgan. And before the waters had subsided, there was Morgan.

took pictures with it. He wrote for Popular Science News. He taught school, at twenty-two dollars a month, after three years of high school. He collected lichens and made money selling them to an Eastern university.

When the time came for him to leave home—he wanted to go to Colorado, for his health, for a fuller education, and for better financial possibilities than his own community offered—he floated down the Mississippi on a log raft he had built. He had a dollar and a half in his pockets. Minneapolis saw him. Towns in Iowa and Nebraska knew him. Little communities in Colorado halted him on the way to Denver.

In some places he husked corn, milked cows, set type, worked in logging camps, peddled books—or tried to. In others he swept churches, herded sheep, hawked vegetables and fruits, mowed alfalfa, worked as assistant to a librarian, worked in a coal mine.

He often knew hunger and privation in those days; and he never was more lonely in his life.

Once in Denver he managed to enter the Colorado State College. But his health did not improve in the West, and his eyes became so bad he had to give up all thoughts of completing his academic education. From then on, he realized, he must educate himself.

And if he was to amount to anything, he realized, he must first study himself.

"I don't intend to be commonplace," he wrote. "I intend to make a great person of myself. Not, perhaps, great in conspicuousness among men, but great in harmony with God, great in having fulfilled my possibilities, great in having seen which of my possibilities are greatest."

IN 1900 Arthur Morgan returned to his home and began the task of making himself a great man. First he induced his father to let him help in the work of surveying. When he had managed to save fifty dollars he bought a surveyor's outfit—secondhand—and went into business for himself. Eventually he found himself in the government service, helping in a survey of the northern Minnesota woods. He was a young man competing with older men. He had no influence, no politics, no guile. He was given the most onerous jobs, fewest comforts, the least consideration of all the men in the woods. But he didn't mind that much, for he was learning something of the ways of government, and he was tramping through the woods all day and sleeping under the stars all night.

Whenever he had the opportunity he studied engineering. Whenever he had the chance he talked to engineers. But he knew the world was filled with engineers of all kinds, and there was little opportunity in the profession unless one specialized in some branch. So he chose drainage, flood protection, flood control, the harnessing and managing of rivers and dams. He then studied the state laws of Minnesota, and found them quite inadequate where they touched on flood prevention and control. He studied the drainage laws of other states, and prepared a new code of laws for Minnesota, which was adopted by the legislature.

In 1904 Dr. Morgan married Urania Jones, who died shortly after the birth of her son, Ernest. The widower blamed himself for the death of his wife; and, to dull somewhat the pain of his loss, he worked unceasingly.

He had become an engineer after he left the government service. Within a few years his practice was the largest in Minnesota. But he wanted a wider experience, a vaster field. So, at a financial loss to himself, he gave up his business and took a salary from the government as a drainage engineer. In a civil-service examination he was required to take, he proved himself top man. He was appointed a supervisor.

Those years were filled with hard work. But there was lots of fun in them, lots of dreams, lots of achievement.

Always on the go, working in various parts of the country, Dr. Morgan seldom saw his motherless son; and he was lonesome for the child. He wanted a home, a fixed abode. So, when he felt he had learned all he could learn in the government service, he established a home and an engineering office in Memphis, Tennessee.

The Dayton flood in 1913 gave him his first big opportunity. He was placed in charge of the work of reclamation in the Miami valley. His was the task of spending the millions voted for the purpose of making the area safe from another such disastrous inundation. He drew up codes and specifications, built dams, bridges, conduits, reservoirs, outlets. He erected model villages for the workmen. He formed labor policies. He brought cities and villages and farmlands together to join in a common work, a common interest.

When the work was done in Ohio, he went on to other states, advising, planning, dreaming, building, making populations safe, leaving behind him enduring monuments in the way of drainage ditches, canals, levees, spillways, bridges, and reclamation projects. Wherever there was a big flood, men talked of Morgan. And, before the waters had subsided, there was Morgan.

His second marriage occurred seven years after his first wife died. The Morgans have a son, Griscom, and a daughter, Frances, and they have adopted a girl named Hilda.

Mrs. Morgan determined on a permanent home, and a school, a new kind of school, a school such as Dr. Morgan had dreamed of. After surveying many locations, she and Dr. Morgan decided on some acreage in Massachusetts.

But it happened that just at this time Morgan was elected a trustee of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio. He hadn't expected anything like this from life. He was amazed to think that a man with such little academic education as he had enjoyed should be placed in such a position. He had scarce recovered from the shock when he was elected president of the college.

He abandoned the idea of the Massachusetts home and school and went to Yellow Springs and looked at the college that had been thrust upon him.

"Well," he said, "it's near enough dead to be made into what I want to make it."

Today Antioch is famous all over the world as a college that combines academic training with actual work. And Antioch Notes, the college publication, is treasured by thousands.

Dr. Morgan—the University of Colorado made him an honorary Doctor of Science in 1923, and Case School of Applied Science made him an honorary Doctor of Engineering in 1932—used to write these Antioch Notes even after he became chairman of the TVA. The notes are usually short but, as the doctor would not say—for he almost never uses slang—they pack a wallop.

PUBLIC service as a career is in very low repute in America," he writes in the Notes dated November 1, 1927. "No people can permanently prosper who have that attitude, because government, by controlling many important factors in our environment, to a very large degree determines our lives and our outlook. It is important that able men should find careers in public service, but . . . they will not do so at the sacrifice of self-respect and of dominant, legitimate, personal aspiration."

Here's one dated September 15, 1933: "Many a ruler has decreed laws and imagined that thereby he has changed the course of history, whereas such decrees were little more than rows of black spots on white paper. In their larger aspects, laws are not words written in books, but are the driving motives, such as social convictions, hopes, fears, customs, or personal or social interest, which control men's actions."

Dr. Morgan's best known book, perhaps, is Purpose and Circumstance. In this book is summed up his philosophy —that a man must have a purpose in life, and that wisdom lies "in choosing those purposes which are least liable to be frustrated by circumstance, and which, when achieved, are most enduring and satisfying."

And the purpose that seems finest to him, the purpose that seems to actuate him in everything he does, is that of "helping to bring the kingdom of heaven on earth, that of pouring our own lives into the life of the race, so that we see in society the continuing of our own lives."

Fate, he believes, "has little hold on such a purpose."

The lone oak—is it Presidential timber?

THE END

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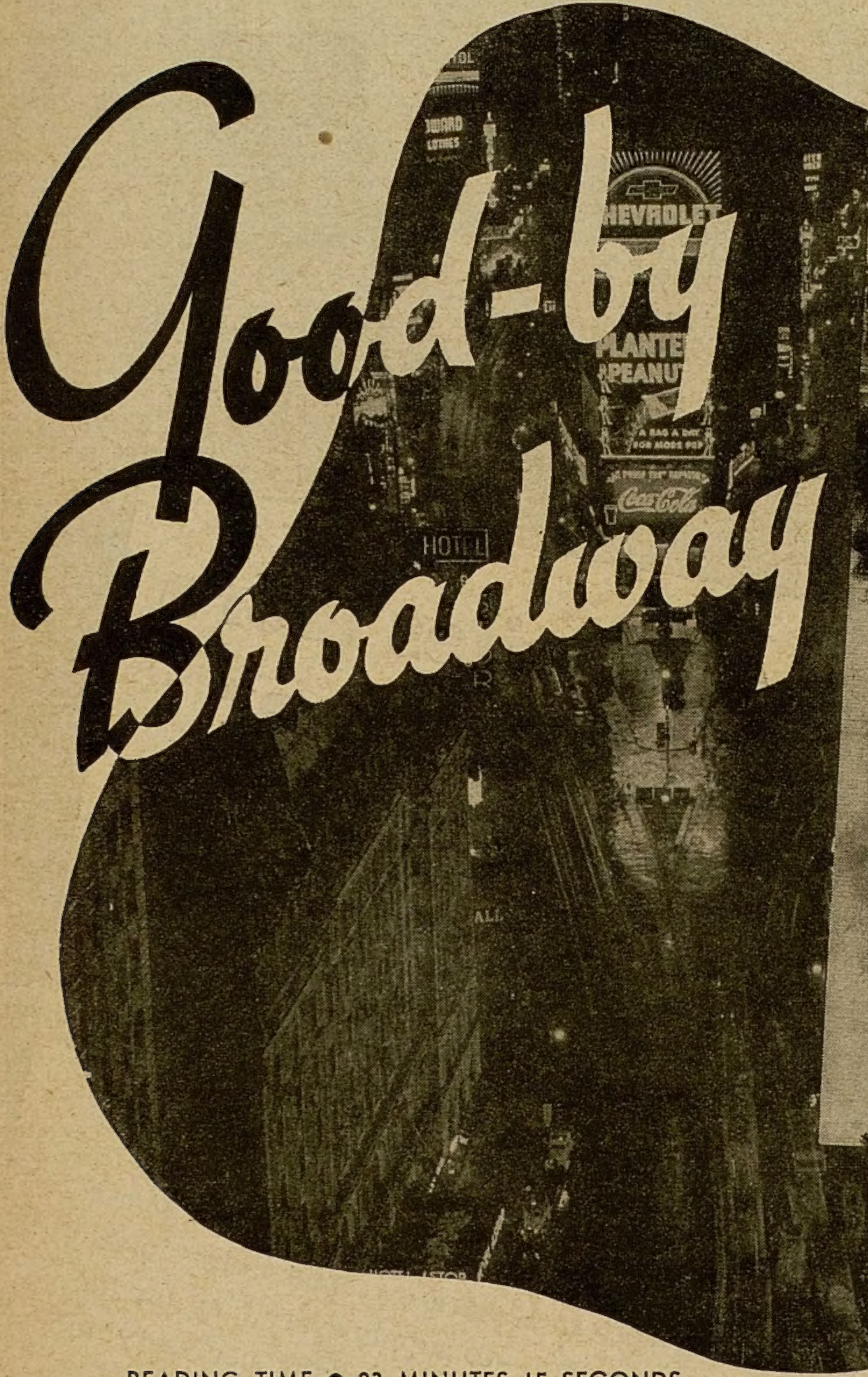
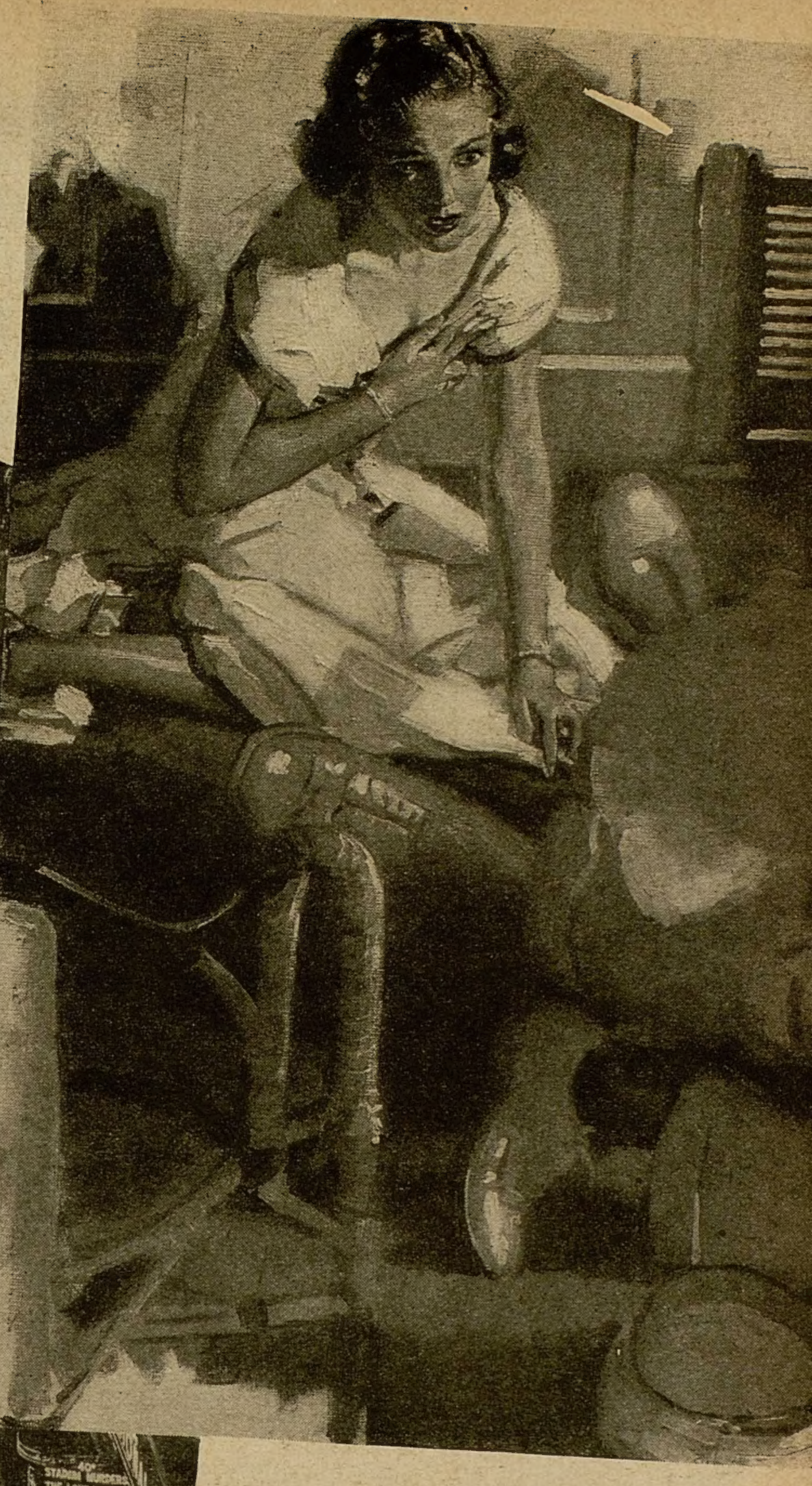
BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

Romance, and a brush with danger! The exciting adventure of a girl from New York who learned about love at Suez

BY ROGER GARIS

Good-by Broadway





Lynn leaped upon him. "And here's your exit cue," he said through set teeth, and hit the man hard on the jaw.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT wasn't really a quarter machine—this was Egypt. You had to feed it piasters. But it paid when the three plums were lined up, and again when the two cherries and a Liberty Bell showed, and Eve Caldwell swept her winnings into her cupped hand. That was when the tall, slim Englishman at the Hotel Cecil bar said: "Oh! Good shot!"

Eve looked up at him and then quickly looked away. She was excited, and when Eve was excited she was definitely pretty. She was a small person with that clear, fresh skin that blushes beautifully, and she had violet eyes. Two piasters fell to the floor and the Englishman picked them up.

"I say," he said, "you've a bit of luck, haven't you? What's your system?"

"No system," Eve answered. "I just put the piasters in and pull the handle."

His lean face put on a quizzical expression and he said, almost like Leslie Howard: "I suppose it's not what you hope for, but what you get, isn't it?"

Eve nodded. She bundled the coins into her handbag awkwardly and half turned to go. The Englishman (he was very good-looking) offered, in a dispirited voice, "I'm awfully sorry—I didn't mean to offend you—"

"Oh, you didn't!" Eve assured him. "But, you see—I'm alone here—"

"So am I," he said eagerly. "You're an American, aren't you? I've been to America. To New York."

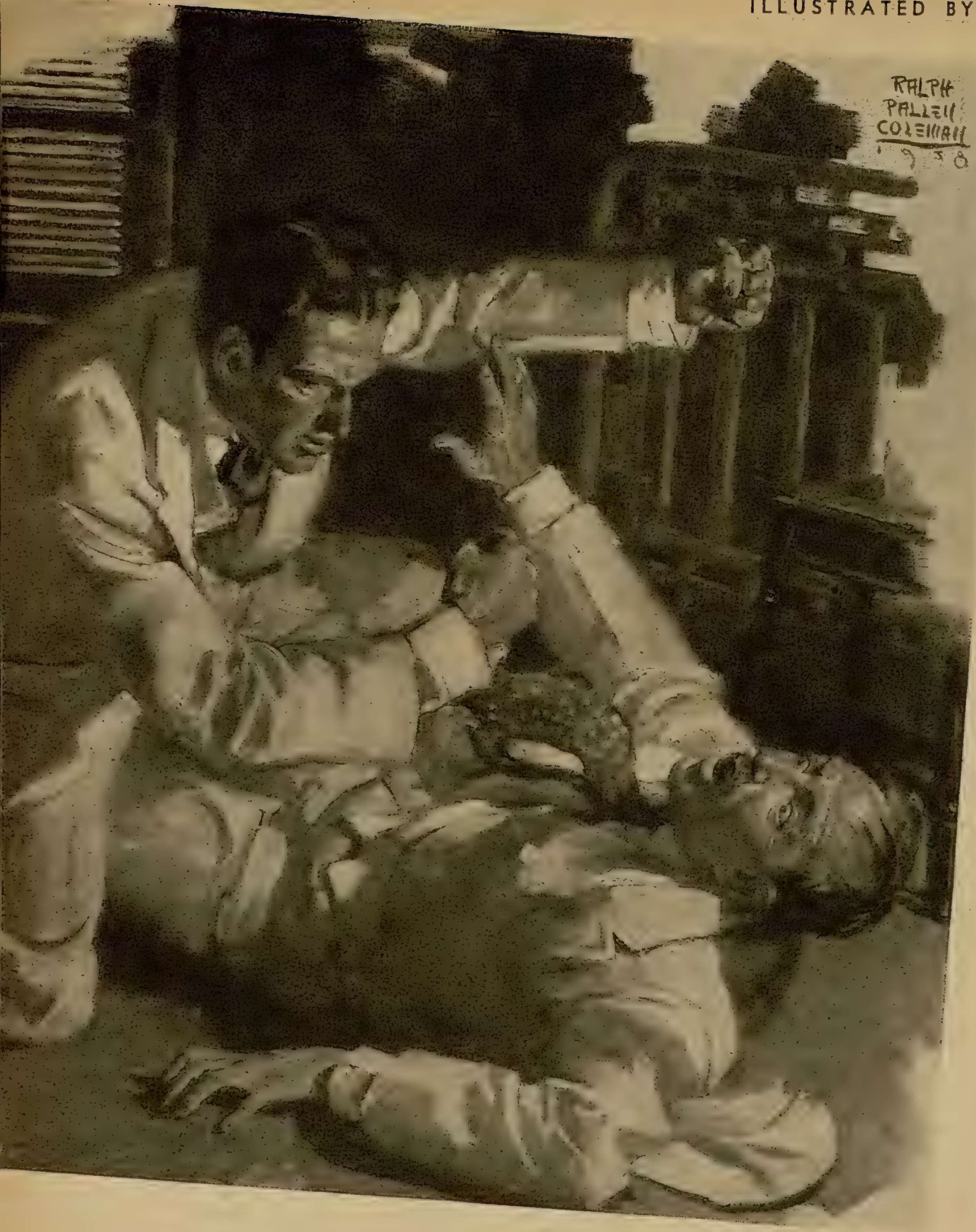
"I come from there," said Eve. "I've lived there almost all my life."

"No!" exclaimed the Englishman, delighted. "Do you know the Cotton Club? And that place with a number—Seventeen, or Thirty-two—"

"Twenty-one," Eve corrected, most superior. "Oh, quite. I know it well."

She liked the "quite." It might take him down a peg. He laughed, frankly amused, and declared: "I knew it had something to do with roulette! I always win on seventeen and thirty-two. I wish you—" Now he was importunate and reminded her vaguely of Terry, back in

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN



New York. "Will you have dinner with me? I know it isn't proper; we haven't been introduced—but we're both strangers in a strange country, and if you can possibly forgo formalities—"

His name was Lynn Merdith, and he worked for the Suez Canal Company. He'd been out from home two months. He was stationed at Tewfik, which is a stone's throw from Suez, and had come in to Alexandria to see about some machinery that had arrived. He was going back tomorrow.

Eve said, conscious of a faint disappointment, "I suppose you find it rather exciting—in Suez? Actually living with the Arabs and all that—"

"I don't really live with the Arabs." Lynn smiled. "I'm quartered in a house just a bit better than my home in London. The company treats its English employees very well. I say, do you know you're the first girl of my kind—I mean the sort I'd meet at home—that I've talked to since I came?" He leaned across the table, gazing at her. "It was awfully kind of you to have dinner with me," he said seriously. "One does get a bit lonesome."

He seemed very young then. Eve felt a swift rush of sympathy come into her, warming her.

"Yes," she said, "one does get lonesome! I've only been away from home two weeks, and I—"

She hadn't meant to admit this to him, but it was too late now. He exclaimed: "Are you really lonesome? But you're so good-looking—I should think that you'd find it easy to—oh, Lord, I'm being stupid again! Please don't—"

He was obviously distressed. Eve said softly: "I understand. But even in New York, where my friends are, I've felt alone. . . ."

Why not tell him the whole story? Of how her graduating class in high school voted her the prettiest girl and the one most likely to marry before the others. Of the years that followed, Eve still unmarried, because she had found no one who awakened in her the emotion she thought of as love—although several had tried. Of the fear, that lately was becoming a torturing obsession, that she would never find love. And she growing older, watching the time slip away, looking ahead down the dreary corridor of the years, walking alone. . . . Terry Rand . . . perhaps he too had given up now. . . .

No, she couldn't say all this to a stranger—to any one! It was ridiculous—a person of thirty-two traveling in search of romance like a silly schoolgirl—he'd laugh at her!

BUT she knew he wouldn't. And when she'd had her second brandy she did tell him.

His eyes regarded her with sympathy. He seemed even older than she. Finally he asked quietly:

"This Terry. He's very much in love with you?"

"He was. I don't know whether he still is." She laughed self-consciously. "Maybe I should have hung on to him—after all, thirty-two can't be so demanding, do you think? He really is a swell person, and if I married him I'd be secure, and he'd be awfully kind—"

"But you don't love him."

"I don't love him. And I'm beginning to wonder how important that is."

"It is important, Eve—you know it is, don't you? You came out here because of its importance. You're courageous."

"I? Good heavens! I'm the weakest thing there is. Here I've told you the history of my life—and I've known you about an hour!"

"Are you sorry?" He looked straight at her.

She said: "I'm not sorry. Besides, we'll probably never meet again. Tomorrow you'll go to Suez, and I to Cairo—and when I get back to New York everything will be just the same—"

She was on the Suez train with him the next morning. They traveled as two school friends might, entirely at ease with one another. What bond had so miraculously been created between them, they did not question.

Simply it was so. And they were quite happy about it.

At Suez he found Eve a room in the Hotel Bel-Air. In the later afternoon, when Lynn's work was done, he walked with her around the listless, sun-baked town. At sundown they had tea on the porch of the Bel-Air.

"How do you like it?" Lynn asked, smiling. "Couldn't be much drearier, could it? You can understand now how a man might get lonesome."

"I think it's fascinating," Eve told him. "But I would hate to be here alone very long—I'd be afraid of what it would do to me." She looked out into the dusty street. "No," Eve said, low; "I don't think I'd care to live here."

He said, rising suddenly: "I'll take you to the French Club. They have ping-pong, and there are people." . . .

It was quite different at the club. Eve and Lynn had cocktails at the bar. There was a European atmosphere about the place, and it was clean and fresh. The men were tanned and quite dashing. They surrounded her and asked all sorts of ridiculous questions about "Ameddica." She was enjoying herself tremendously.

There were several women at the bar, bright gay creatures with fixed smiles. Wives of men who worked for the company.

And there was a tall gray-haired man with young eyes whom Lynn introduced as Overman Pasha. Pasha was a title, Lynn explained, given by the Egyptian government. Overman remained close to Eve and later asked her: "Won't you and Merdith have dinner with my wife and me? We'd enjoy so much having you."

"Your wife?" Eve repeated, and Overman Pasha smiled and gestured toward the ping-pong table, where a man and girl were playing. The girl seemed scarcely more than nineteen. She was dark, with faintly browned skin and perfect, cameolike features, completely lovely.

Eve turned to Lynn. "Mr. Overman has asked us—"

"Yes," Lynn said. "Kind of you, Overman Pasha, but I'm afraid I must beg off. I've a long report to do."

"Reports!" Overman made a face. "Stupid things. Then how about you, Miss Caldwell? Won't you join us?"

She glanced at Lynn. He said: "Would you like to, Eve?"

These people were so different from any one she had ever known. And now the lights were lit, and Eve had had two cocktails, and it was so gay and romantic here, and, after all, it *was* Suez. . . .

"I'd like to very much," Eve said.

Lynn nodded. "I'll pick you up here about eleven. Take good care of her, Overman Pasha."

His eyes were for an instant fixed steadily upon the older man's face. Then he swung about and went.

OVERMAN PASHA spoke twice before Eve heard him. She was gazing after Lynn, feeling a vague sense of emptiness, of discontent. Overman was saying amusedly: "Then you do not care to meet my wife now?"

"What? Oh, I am sorry!" Her cheeks grew warm with embarrassment. "I didn't hear you—I was—"

"Yes, I know," he smiled. "In the meantime, however, we'll try to entertain you in our own poor way." He summoned the girl at the ping-pong table. "Christiane," he said, "this is Miss Caldwell. She is to be our guest at dinner."

"But how perfect!" Christiane exclaimed. "I am so glad, Miss Caldwell, for it happens I have arranged a lovely dinner." Her words were shaded by a French accent.

Eve said: "It is kind of you to invite me."

"You have arranged a dinner, Christiane?" Overman asked. "I thought we were staying at the club."

"Always you forget," she said gently. "This morning you were with me when I ordered Adam Ali to prepare dinner on the boat, no? Also, Miss Caldwell will enjoy it more there." She smiled. "Please, you will come?"

"Boat?" Eve repeated. "What boat?"

"The Aramin," Overman said. "You didn't know I command that? It is just in the bay, at the foot of the street. We get to it in a small skiff. It takes only a few minutes—and you can easily get back by eleven." He added to his wife: "Miss Caldwell is Merdith's friend. He is calling for her here."

Eve could scarcely refuse Overman's hospitality, yet she hesitated. She recalled the way Lynn had stared at Overman Pasha. Still, what harm could there be in it? It would be thrilling to have dinner on a yacht in the Red Sea, even if it were so close to shore. . . .

"I'll be delighted," Eve said. New York and Terry were far away.

Outside the night was overcast and hot. It was intensely black, a darkness that seemed to press upon one, and Eve unconsciously shuddered. Christiane must have sensed this, for she took Eve's hand.

"It is a little different from Broadway, no?" she laughed. "I have seen pictures of that street. It must be wonderful—all those lights."

"Yes, it's wonderful," Eve replied, and was aware of a little catch in her throat.

Good heavens, was she actually getting homesick? A few moments before she had been excited and happy, wishing to be no other place in the world. Now . . . .

At the wharf a rowboat was waiting. As they were being carried to the vessel Eve had a queer impression that beneath them was not the surface of the water but a tremendous black void.

THEN they were at the ship, and its dim illumination was friendlier. The cabin to which Eve was led by Christiane was spacious. There were small, exquisitely designed statues in corners and on shelves, beautiful vases set about, rugs on the walls and floor.

"This is like—like a tiny palace!" Eve exclaimed, and Christiane laughed.

"This boat, Miss Caldwell," she explained, "is in the lighthouse service. There are many lighthouses on the Red Sea. Oh, many!"

Eve was fascinated. She went about examining the objects until Overman Pasha came in and cocktails were served. Overman drank two, quickly. Eve noticed that his hand trembled slightly. Then they went into the dining salon and dinner was served.

Later they had coffee and cigarettes on deck. As Overman sat in his chair his attitude was strained, apprehensive. Frequently his head would jerk as at an unexpected sound. Then he would laugh, and talk rapidly.

The impression that there was something wrong aboard this ship came to Eve strongly.

"It is humid tonight," Mrs. Overman said quietly. "Philip, I'm sure Miss Caldwell would like a drink."

"Oh, no, thank you," Eve said quickly. "Please, no. I guess I'm not in the mood." She caught herself leaning forward. She thought she heard the sound of scuffling somewhere in that darkness toward the stern of the vessel. Overman started.

Eve was becoming really frightened. A desire was intensifying each minute to be off this ship.

Suddenly she leaped to her feet. "I want to go back," she said. "Please take me back."

"What?" Overman said. He stared at her. "But, Miss Caldwell, it is not yet ten! Merdith said—"

"I don't care what Merdith said!" Eve exclaimed. Nothing mattered now except to be off this ship as quickly as possible. "I have to get to shore. There is a letter I must write—an important letter—"

"But of course, if Miss Caldwell wishes to leave, we must not keep her," Overman's wife said softly. "Will you see to the skiff, Philip? I am sorry you are going so soon, Miss Caldwell."

"Yes, I'm sorry, too," Eve murmured. Now that the way to escape was open, she breathed more easily. "I didn't mean to be rude, and I've enjoyed myself a lot, and it was kind of you to—"

"We understand," the girl told her. "Philip, if you will order the tender—"

The man nodded. As he arose, a choking cry came to them plainly, a single note of anguish stabbing the dark. Mrs. Overman leaped to her feet.

"You told me there would be no more—" she began angrily, when Overman exclaimed: "Keep quiet, Christiane! These things happen—" He glanced toward Eve. "Come with me, please. Hurry!"

"What is it?" Eve demanded wildly. "Has some one been hurt?"

"Don't ask questions—come!" Overman said sharply.

He seized Eve's hand. "Christiane, you stay here."

Even in her fright, Eve noticed Christiane's eyes. They were fixed upon her husband with a hard, hostile stare. She stood there for a moment, then turned abruptly, walked aft, and disappeared.

"Let her go," Overman said roughly. "Come along, Miss Caldwell. I'll take you to my cabin."

"Why can't you put me ashore?" Eve cried.

Overman was pulling her toward the companionway.

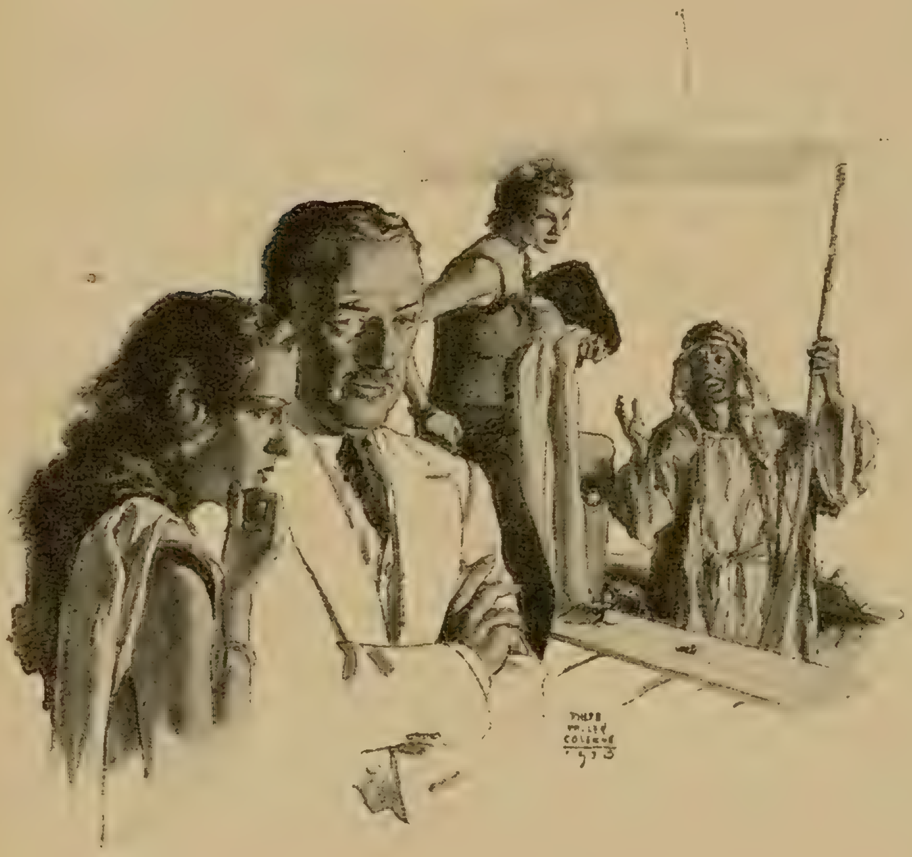
"You'll be safer in my cabin. This won't last long—"

They were below deck, and then at the door of the cabin. Overman yanked it open and thrust her within. He said: "I'll come for you when this is finished."

The door closed behind him. She heard his footsteps ascending the metal stairway. Panic flooded her and she screamed. Then she rushed to the door. The knob turned, but the door did not open. Eve threw herself against it. Useless.

She was a prisoner. Her mind racing feverishly, Eve sought to recall hearing a key turn, but she could not. All she remembered were the rapid words, the pressure of Overman's hand on her back, and the slamming of the door. Then those steps running up the stairs.

She sank into the chair. Trembling, she tried to listen for sounds from the deck above. Once she thought she heard a shot, and then another, but was not sure.


The night was hot. At the wharf a rowboat was waiting.

She could not tell how long she remained there. Time seemed to have ceased.

Then, suddenly, she realized that some one was descending the stairs.

Eve was pressed against the side of the cabin, her hand tight to her lips, when Overman opened the door.

"It's finished now," he said, smiling. "All quiet on the good ship Aramin."

"What happened—was there a fight?" Eve asked tremulously.

"Yes. Two of the Arabs. They got to eating hashish—no matter what we do, they seem to smuggle it aboard—and end up in a jolly row." He laughed. "I had to act as mediator." Eve noticed a bulge in his pocket, such as a gun might make, and remembered the shots.

"Where—where is Mrs. Overman?"

"Christiane has left. She went ashore in the tender. She gets very angry with me when these little incidents occur—as though they were my fault!" He made a swift gesture. "We have no real love for each other, Christiane and I. It was a marriage of convenience. She wanted some one to support her, and I wanted a wife. It doesn't work out too badly."

Eve gasped. The way he said it, so casually, without any sign of emotion on the coldly handsome face. He went to a cupboard, took out a bottle of whisky and two glasses. "Soda or water?" he asked.

"But—did you have to shoot some one?" Eve demanded. "How can you take it so lightly?"

"Why not? It's over. No, I didn't shoot any one. The threat was sufficient." He was pouring whisky in the glasses. "This will steady your nerves."

"Thank you, I don't want a drink." Eve's courage was returning. "I would like to be put ashore immediately."

"You see, my dear, that's impossible until the tender returns." Overman came close to her.

She moved aside, toward the door. Suddenly he caught her arm.

"You're not going to leave me here to drink alone, are you?" His voice was pleasant, yet with a curious undertone of force. "Besides, I wouldn't go on deck just now, if I were you."

Eve stiffened. "Let go of my arm," she said.

"Now, really!" His laugh was unaffected. He drew her closer. "What's the matter with you, Eve? Going puritan on me?"

"Puritan—" She choked. "What kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"That line—it was in a play; I'm positive of it!" he cried delightedly. "Eve, you're marvelous! Why, you almost fooled me."

"Fooled you—" Her voice steadied. "Let go of my arm, and keep away from me."

"Oh, I say." He was becoming impatient. "No good running it out, do you think? Suppose we leave the play and get down to facts. You're traveling alone, aren't you?"

"Yes—what of that?"

"And you came from Alexandria with Merdith?"

"Yes—but you don't understand—"

"Oh, I understand right enough. I've lived here for a number of years, you know." He put his drink on the table, swung her to him abruptly. "Eve, do you know you're really fetching, with your cheeks all red?"

WITH a violent tug she freed one of her hands and lashed his face with it.

Overman's head jerked back and his eyes blazed.

"Act Two, Scene One," he said slowly. "Quite according to the script. So you want to play it out, do you?"

His arms were around her, his face thrust against hers. "This is where you succumb—remember?" He held her to him hard.

"No, this is where I make my entrance," a voice behind them said swiftly. "Overman, you filthy beggar!"

"Lynn!" Eve cried. "Oh, Lynn!"

Overman stood away from Eve. His hand went quickly to his pocket. Eve gasped: "He's got a gun!"

Before Overman's hand was withdrawn, Lynn's fist caught him on the cheekbone.

As he fell he called: "Hamed! Faris! Come down here—my cabin—"

Above there was a rush of feet. Lynn shouted to Eve: "Close that door—lock it!"

With hands that shook, Eve found the key on the outside and pulled the door shut, turning the key with desperate haste. Overman's Arabs were already at the door.

"Break it in!" Overman yelled, trying to get the gun out of his pocket. Lynn leaped upon him.

"And here's your exit cue," he said through set teeth, and hit the man hard on the side of the jaw.

Overman collapsed. His body was perfectly still. Lynn got up, looked at him.

"You know, I never thought I'd enjoy hitting a man when he was down," he said slowly. "But I enjoyed that. Eve, he didn't hurt you?"

"No," she breathed. "You came just in time—"

The Arabs were beating on the door and shouting.

Lynn called: "*Eskut! Emshi min henna!* Or I'll shoot through the door!"

The noise ceased suddenly. Lynn said: "We've got to get out of here fast. They don't stay frightened long." He paused, his glance sweeping the cabin. It came to rest on the porthole. Then quickly he looked at Eve. "Can you swim?"

"Yes," she whispered, and thought of the bronzed shy young fellow who taught her that summer in the Natatorium at Asbury Park. Strange how one thinks of trivial things in moments of stress. . . .

"We've got to go that way," Lynn said grimly, nodding toward the porthole. "It's large enough for us to get through. Quick, Eve! Drop, and swim around to the other side of the ship—my rowboat is tied to the ladder—I'll be with you—" Suddenly he stepped toward her, put his hands on her shoulders. "Eve," he said almost savagely, "don't be frightened. You hear me? Don't be frightened!"

"I'm—not," she said. "I'm all right—"

"Take your dress off. Kick off your shoes. It'll be easier to swim. Hurry . . ." He bent swiftly, put an arm about her. He kissed her. Then he stood away. Like a child obeying an order, Eve slipped from her dress. Lynn placed a chair below the porthole, and Eve was upon it, and Lynn said, "Put your foot in my hands."

She did not look at that limp figure on the floor. Her shoulders were through the opening, and then she was lifted until she hung over the water. "Now—let go!" Lynn shouted. A rush of air and the soft coolness of the water. Not deep—don't go deep—start swimming—

Close to her, a splash. "Eve, are you all right? Eve!"

"Right—which way now—"

"Around the ship—follow me!"

She wasn't tired, nor frightened, really—how easy it was to swim in this water!

They were at the stern of the vessel, and Lynn turned in the water and exclaimed: "The boat isn't there! It must have drifted off. Eve, can you make the shore? It isn't very far—"

"I can make it," she said calmly. What she had to do, she could. And when they were safe on land she would make a reservation on the morning train to Cairo, and then to Alexandria, and then the first boat home. Dear New York—and the beautiful, beautiful subway!

"I came as soon as I heard you'd gone to the ship," Lynn was saying. "Christiane passed me in their boat—she told me you were in Overman's cabin—the beastly—" He stopped, regaining self-control with an effort. "He's known all over Suez for what he is. I should never have let you stay; but you were so eager, and at the club it was safe— Eve, put your hand on my shoulder. It'll be easier that way."

"I can make it alone," Eve said clearly, and struck out ahead of him. She was conscious of no fatigue.

LYNN was near her, but she did not look at him. She was leaving Egypt behind, and all of the terror—Overman who had tried so horribly to force love upon her—love, romance—she hated the very words! She would leave them here where she had sought them. Lynn—she was leaving him, too. . . .

Best not to think of him. Not to remember the look in his eyes as he kissed her, his voice when he bade her not to be frightened. . . . His arms had been so strong about her! The way his hair curled . . .

"Eve," Lynn said—he was swimming as easily as she—"we're nearly there."

"Yes, I know." Nearly there! And in the morning . . .

"I want to tell you something, Eve." She saw, through the dimness, the unhurried rise and fall of his arms. "I love you. Did you know that?"

"I—"

Why had he said it? It would be so much simpler if he had just let her go. For she *was* going—going back to Broadway and home. . . .

"I want you to stay here and marry me. Will you?"

A proposal while she was swimming in the Red Sea—it was laughable, fantastic!

"Will you, Eve? We won't be here always. There'll be vacations—and enough money—and a place to live—"

"Oh, Lynn!" She faced him in the darkness, her hands just below the surface of the water, floating upright. "Please, Lynn—I'm going back! This isn't my land. Too many things happen here. I thought I wanted romance, but—"

"And you didn't?" A new note was in his voice—a note of accusation. "You thought you did, and now you're afraid of it—is that what you mean?"

"No!" Her denial was too emphatic. "It's not fear. How can I, how could any one, think of love after—that?" Her voice was unsteady now. "The memory of that man—"

"I see." No pity; a simple, flat statement. "So your life is going to be ruled by a memory. Yes, there are people like that. I didn't think you'd be among them."

"You don't understand—"

He was swimming faster. "I understand! And you do, too. You're beaten by something that's over, finished, and done with!"

"But New York's my town!" She was almost desperate in self-defense. "I'm used to it! It's comfortable . . ."

"Comfortable." He was bitter now. "Of course it's comfortable. That's what you really want, isn't it? Comfort. Security. You don't want love. Why not stop fooling yourself? Eve, you love me—I could tell when I kissed you! But you're running out! Frightened by a memory! All right. Go ahead. Go back to New York and Terry. And may you live—comfortably—ever after!"

HE spurted ahead, his arms flailing the water. It was scarcely twenty yards to the shore. Eve could see the shore line and dock, and farther back one dim light on a pole. And in the distance the lights of the French Club.

Was it so, what Lynn had said? Was she going to let a memory beat her—was she afraid of the thing she thought she wanted most in life? New York—home, to her—escaping into her old placid existence, her workaday world, her loneliness—back to that? Yes, she would leave Egypt behind—and more than that, too—love would be left here, with Lynn. . . .

She cried suddenly: "Lynn! Lynn! Wait for me!"

"What is it?"

"Lynn—help me, please—"

Swiftly he turned, and was with her in frantic haste.

"Eve darling, I'm so sorry—I didn't mean to say those things. Hold on to me! We're almost there—and tomorrow you can take the train and—"

"I don't want to." Her voice was low. "It's true, everything you said. Everything!"

He reached out to her, touched her arm. "You will stay? You're not going back—"

"I'm not going back. I do love you, Lynn—I know it! When I found what I wanted, I was afraid. But I'm not, any longer! Not even afraid of—thinking back!"

"Eve, my dear!"

"I'll stay with you, in Cairo or Suez or any place you are! It's all different now—I can't explain, but it's like a curtain being pulled away—"

"I know. Don't say any more. Just take the rest for granted."

His arm was about her, supporting her. She did not cling to him, but rested against him easily.

"A few more yards, Eve—"

There was the dock. They drifted toward the steps, close to each other.

"All right—you can reach it now—"

They turned, as their hands touched the wood, together. It seemed to Eve that she had found her real home after a long journey.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK by Oliver Swift ☆

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An up-to-date ready-reference-type dictionary containing more than 140,000 entries on 1,466 large pages of clear, readable type. The arrangement is simple, the definitions are clear, and it has a special wearproof washable binding.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BEAUTIFUL DIPSOMANIAC

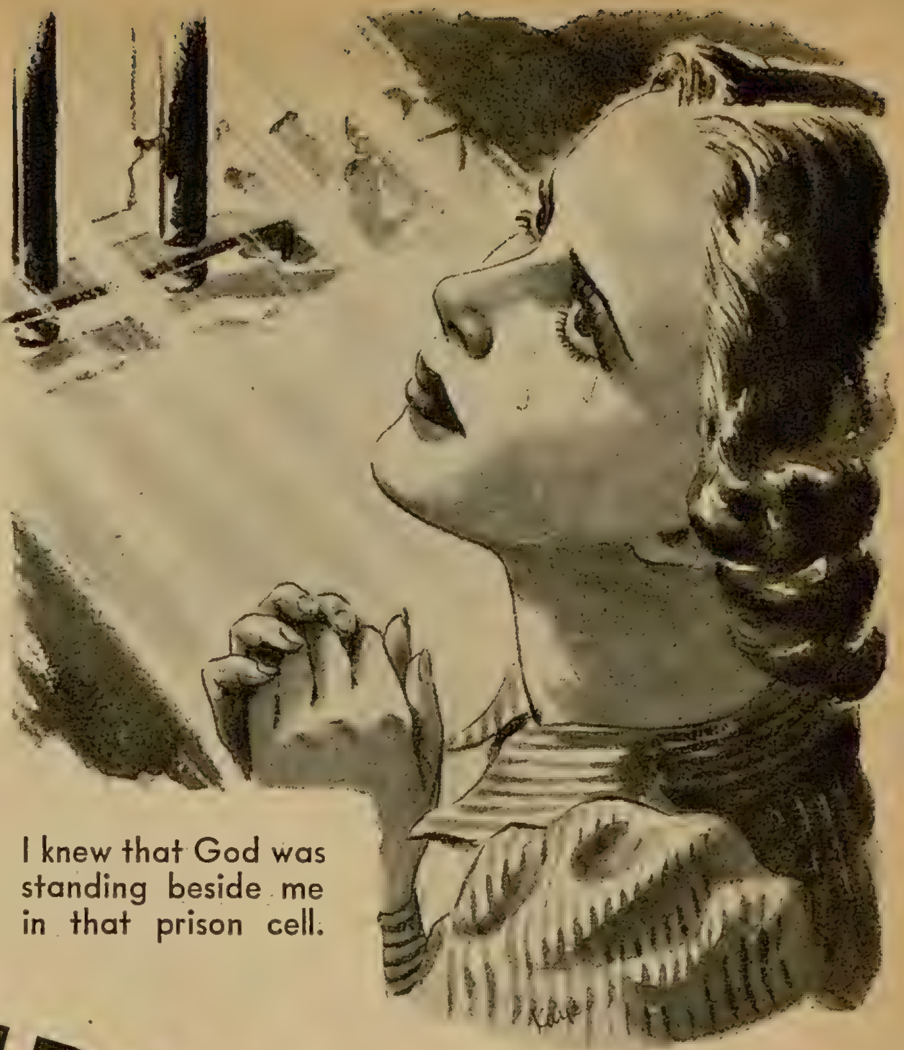
A story from life, told with the power of truth, of a soul's remarkable rebirth

I WAS the only child of solid old-fashioned parents. From birth I was reared in a religious atmosphere. When I was twenty I met a man several years my senior, a recent arrival in our New England town. He was immediately attracted by my beauty—for I *was* beautiful then—and I fell madly in love with him. After a brief courtship we were married, although my parents disapproved.

The honeymoon days were hardly over before I realized the worthless character of my husband. He was an inveterate gambler and refused to work. Our home became the rendezvous of a fast crowd. Gay parties were held nightly. I drifted away from the wholesome company of my former schoolmates.

My moments of happiness were brief. Only when Ronald was winning at his nightly poker games would he revert to his former charming self. At other times he was usually in a sullen mood. Often he became abusive. I longed to rush home to the comfort of my parents. But pride sealed my lips.

For the sake of some semblance of harmony, I adapted myself to Ronald's every whim. I entered headlong into the hectic life and became sort of official entertainer. I was in constant fear of his unruly temper, of being the object of his coarse gibes and frequent cruel blows.



I knew that God was standing beside me in that prison cell.

Two years passed in this way. My life changed completely. My pride had vanished. I had lost faith in the God that I had loved and prayed to all my life. In appearance I had become cheap and flashy. And I had developed an insatiable appetite for liquor. I found life was easier to bear if one's head felt light.

My love for Ronald was over. Only a small remnant of pride was left, but it kept me from leaving him. I was in mortal fear of him. He seemed to wield a sinister power over me and I was his accomplice in many dishonest card games. He made no attempt to conceal his affairs with other women. But I was constantly numbed by alcohol, which seemed to ease the pain in my heart and my conscience.

Then one day he walked out of my life, leaving me to face a mountain of debts and bitter memories. I returned to live with my mother and father. They tried to make me forget, to rehabilitate me. But my overpowering weakness for alcohol possessed my very soul. I was too weary to struggle. My hopes were dead.

Within the year I was arrested twice on drunkenness charges. I was released only because of the stainless character of my good parents. For a time I would fight earnestly to overcome temptation. But misery haunted me, and the struggle became too great.

Then from such abuse of body came sickness. Tenderly mother nursed me through delirium, consulting different doctors. Finally a renowned psychiatrist advised placing me in a sanitarium. So, in a last desperate attempt, they sent me away. After a period of three months I returned home, pronounced cured. But soon the former craving returned and again I surrendered to my unconquerable appetite.

I was arrested a third time. My degradation was complete. Tremblingly I faced the judge. This time I was sentenced to jail. Classed as a habitual drunkard.

The first few weeks in jail were a blur. My emotions seemed dead. I tried to pray, but there was no feeling. I had lost my faith in God. Then, one night as I was kneeling by my prison cot, a strange feeling came over me. I seemed to feel a Presence. I knew that God was standing beside me in that prison cell.

My pent-up emotions broke loose, and, with tears streaming down my face, I begged forgiveness in a true spirit of remorse. I beseeched Him to help me.

Soon a wondrous peace crept into my heart. I knew that He had heard my plea. When I awoke the next morning the Presence was still near me. And with each day I faced the prison routine with new courage.

Several months after my release I was notified that my husband had been killed in an automobile accident. Once again the hand of God freed me from bondage.

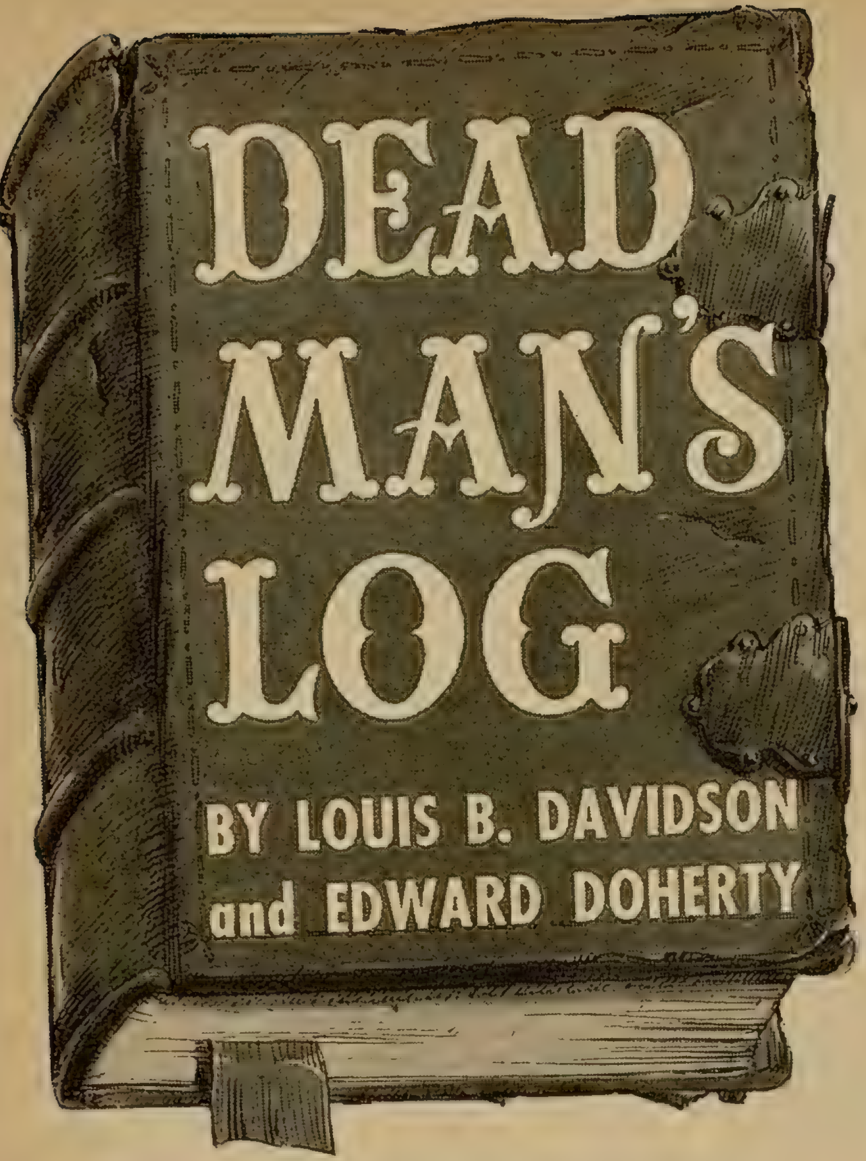
Five years later I married a fine man. Although he knows about my disgraceful past, not once has he ever referred to it. God blessed our union with two sons.

Twenty years have passed to blot out that degrading chapter of my life. Not once during those years have I succumbed to the alcohol habit. God gave me the chance to redeem myself, and time erased the painful memories from the heavy hearts of my loyal parents. To them I brought every comfort and peace in their old age.

Surely my life is a miracle of the living God. As I look back and consider the evil power that ruled my body and soul, and the unavailing efforts of my parents and prominent psychologists to overcome the moral and physical degradation, I can only bow my head in reverence before the tremendous power of God.

THE END

If you recall a specific case in which a prayer of yours has been answered, write us about it. We shall be glad to receive and, if possible, to print your experience.



DEAD MAN'S LOG

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

This story of the mutiny on the whaler Globe is true to historical facts. Never retold since the 1820s, it now appears in Liberty at the very time when America and Great Britain are amicably disputing the ownership of certain South Sea islands—America's claim to some of them being based upon a consequence of this mutiny!

The story is told as a diary or "private log" of the Globe's voyage, the diarist being young George Comstock, who was fifteen when she put out from Nantucket on December 20, 1822. His elder brother, Sam, was one of her harpooners. The two were Quakers; Sam, nevertheless, was a magnetic firebrand who, as George knew, yearned to be king of a South Sea island. Before they sailed, George discovered that Sally Starbuck, whom he diffidently worshiped, loved Sam—also that Sam was taking along in his sea chest weapons, bolts of calico, and seeds. It developed that the Globe's Captain Worth was a bully and miser whose hands were but fingerless stumps. George's best friend in the crew was the placid Quaker, Gilbert Smith, who had brought along his pet fox terrier, Daniel.

By January 20, 1823, the Globe had sailed a thousand stormy miles, but had not even sighted a whale. Food and water were bad; the men were growing sullen. On the 28th a half-dead man, Joseph Thomas, was picked up from an open boat. Later he was set to work as ship's blacksmith. Bad luck continuing, the crew blamed him as a Jonah. On February 12 a whale was killed; its huge head was hoisted on board and was chained to the rail. The night of the 13th was stormy. Captain Worth went about raving lest "ile" be wasted. Suddenly, in the darkness, George heard a mysterious voice cursing the captain.

PART TWO—PERDITA . . AND THE DAUGHTER OF CHIEF LUNALILO

FEB. 15. The storm continues. For two days we have been trying out the blubber. Tomorrow we drain the head of its spermaceti.

The men were playing cards in the forecastle a little while ago, when Smith's dog Daniel came scampering in. Stephen Kidder was petting him when Smith arrived.

"Ungodly man!" Smith shouted. "I'll not have that dog smirched with cardplaying fingers! Down on thee's knees, Daniel, and pray for mercy for thee's sin."

The dog obeyed joyfully, going back on his haunches and covering his eyes with his little forepaws.

Two of the men were talking of women. "Come, Friend George," Smith said, "let us walk out where we can be cleansed of filth by all the winds of God."

There was a man on deck, standing with his back to us as we came out of the companionway—standing erect, his raised hands clenched.

"Curse all whales!" he cried. "Curse all stinking whaleships! Curse all seagoing madmen and misers!"

Smith shoved me back so that I might not see the man. "There is he who cursed the captain, Friend George," he said. "And there comes thee's brother toward him."

Over Smith's shoulder I could see Sam, his face triumphant, gloating.

"Quick!" Smith whispered to me. "Thee and I must not be found here. We must not bear witness to mutiny."

We started to go, but I turned, and got a glimpse of Sam, his arm around the man, helping him aft.

Feb. 17. Last night I was just falling asleep when there came a cry and what seemed a clap of thunder. The ship listed heavily. I fell out of my hammock, and found half a dozen others had done likewise.

"All hands on deck!" some one shouted.

We scurried up. At first I saw nothing unusual on deck save the steward, clinging to a stanchion.

"The whale!" he screeched in terror. "She's broken her bonds and come alive!"

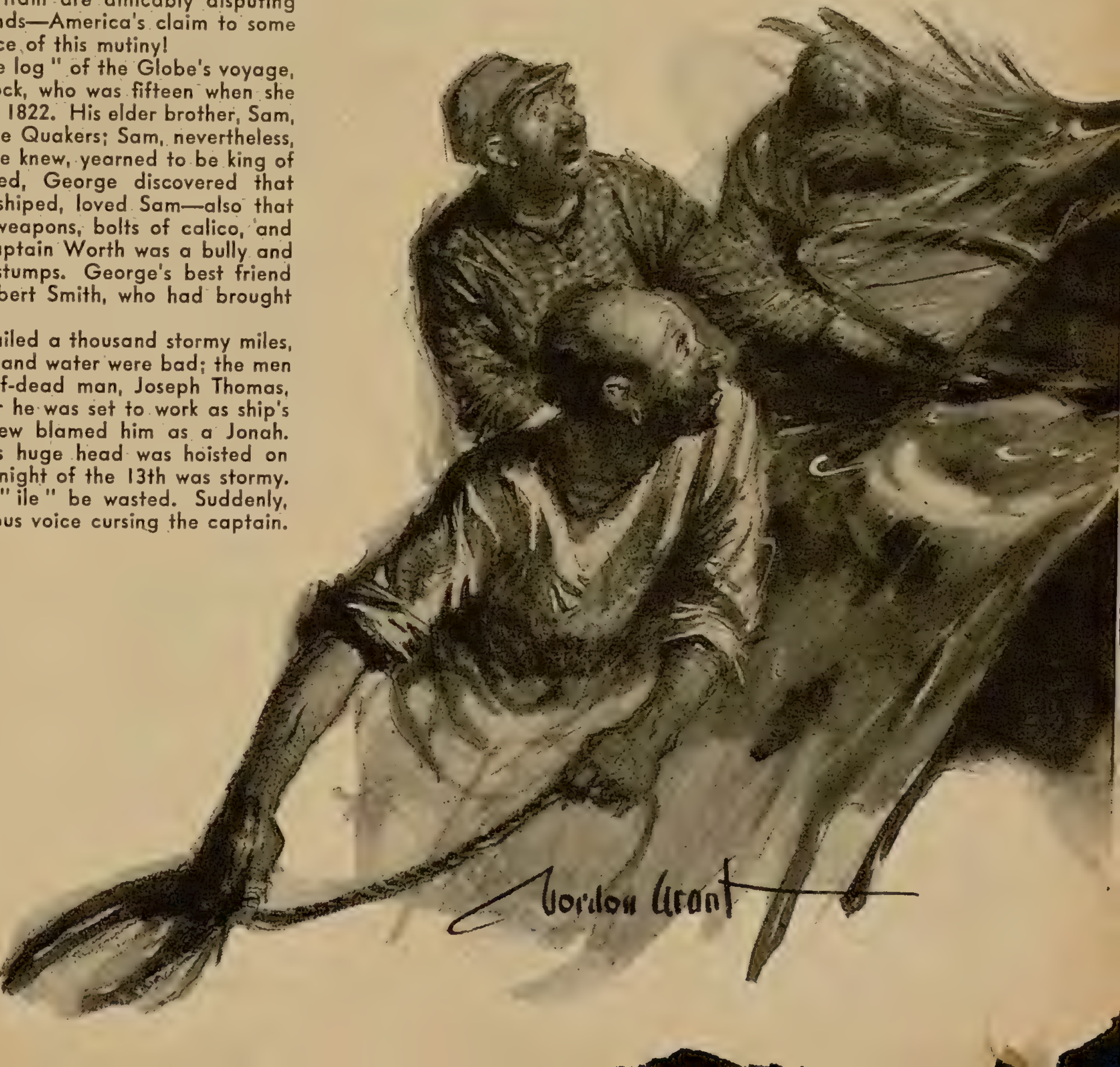
He pointed. I looked, and saw the head of the whale loose and on the rampage.

"She's looking for her body!" he shouted. "She's looking for her jaw! We're all dead men!"

Sam struck him so savagely that he crumpled.

The huge mass of blubber and bone did seem resurrected and bent on vengeance. The ship rolled to starboard. Down went the head, smashing into some casks. Oil gushed out of them, spattering us all.

Back the head sailed to larboard. A section of the rail



had gone overboard, I saw. The head itself had caused that damage, probably sending eight or ten casks overboard. It was now lunging directly toward the breach in the rail—but it halted, paused, swerved, and plowed into more oil casks.

As I watched, Gilbert Smith's little white dog Daniel rushed by me, and went barking bravely to the assault.

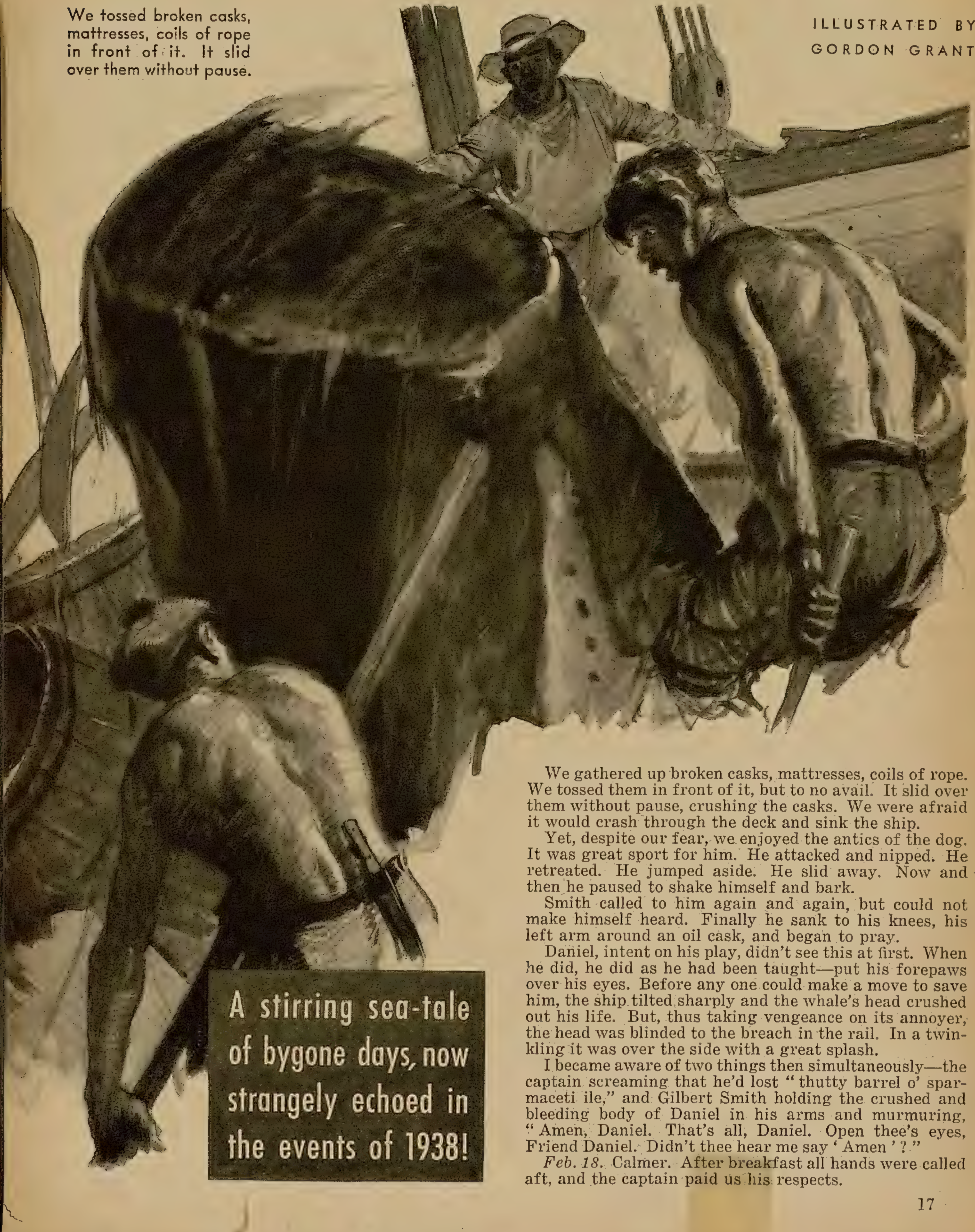
"Come back, Daniel!" Smith called. "Come back!" But the dog could not hear.

The head spun around. Some of the crew rushed toward it, stout ropes in their hands. But again the ship lurched. The head leaned back as if to spout through its blowholes, then leaped and charged.

"Block it!" Captain Worth screamed. "Block it!"

We tossed broken casks, mattresses, coils of rope in front of it. It slid over them without pause.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



A stirring sea-tale of bygone days, now strangely echoed in the events of 1938!

We gathered up broken casks, mattresses, coils of rope. We tossed them in front of it, but to no avail. It slid over them without pause, crushing the casks. We were afraid it would crash through the deck and sink the ship.

Yet, despite our fear, we enjoyed the antics of the dog. It was great sport for him. He attacked and nipped. He retreated. He jumped aside. He slid away. Now and then he paused to shake himself and bark.

Smith called to him again and again, but could not make himself heard. Finally he sank to his knees, his left arm around an oil cask, and began to pray.

Daniel, intent on his play, didn't see this at first. When he did, he did as he had been taught—put his forepaws over his eyes. Before any one could make a move to save him, the ship tilted sharply and the whale's head crushed out his life. But, thus taking vengeance on its annoyer, the head was blinded to the breach in the rail. In a twinkling it was over the side with a great splash.

I became aware of two things then simultaneously—the captain screaming that he'd lost "thutty barrel o' sparmaceti ile," and Gilbert Smith holding the crushed and bleeding body of Daniel in his arms and murmuring, "Amen, Daniel. That's all, Daniel. Open thee's eyes, Friend Daniel. Didn't thee hear me say 'Amen'?"

Feb. 18. Calmer. After breakfast all hands were called aft, and the captain paid us his respects.

"Scum!" he screamed. "Do we hunt whales for sport? Do we have ile to throw away? Some one o' you filed loose them chains that held the sparmaceti to the rail. Whoso that man be, let him step for'ard!"

Our silence made him dance up and down.

"Speak!" he roared. But no one spoke.

Suddenly he ceased to dance. He even smiled.

"Joseph Thomas," he said calmly, softly.

Joseph Thomas stepped forward.

"The chains you made were rotten. They would have parted even if no mutinous hand had filed them. From the time you came aboard we've had misfortune. If it warn't that I know it'd kill ye, I'd have ye flogged. But I'll find a way to punish ye. And until I do—"

He beckoned to the mates. They led Thomas below.

Feb. 19. I have been seasick—and homesick. We are going around Cape Horn, to the Sandwich Islands. If only I could get letters there. Or just one letter.

Feb. 23. Still sick. It is said that Captain Worth means to maroon Joseph Thomas on some island.

March 1. Off Cape Horn. The storms grow in fury.

March 2. Calm this evening but with tremendous swells. The head of the foremast has been broken off, the mainmast cracked. We are leaking a little. We are running for Valparaiso, Chile.

March 4. Calm and bright. This morning I was at the rail looking at a funnel-shaped island, a pile of rocks jutting out of the sea. I saw a boat lowered, saw Mate Beetle get into it, followed by Stephen Kidder and Rowland Jones. Then I saw Joseph Thomas get in.

NO man of us said a word as the boat shoved off. We didn't dare; it would be considered mutiny. Thomas stood up, facing us. "Good-by!" he cried—and the voice was that of him who had cursed the whale's head, of him who called the captain madman and miser.

Kidder told me later that on the island Thomas said he hoped some day "to be in a small boat with the captain, adrift, miles from shore; he would kill him and salt him and eat him—as he had eaten other men."

Kidder gave him a knife and Jones gave him a handkerchief, with which he can wave to any passing ship. The island has little vegetation and no good water.

March 10. Ashore at Valparaiso. We sailed into the bay and were becalmed. The United States sloop of war Vincennes sent boats out to tow us to an anchorage. We are badly in need of repairs and may be here a week.

This morning the captain gave us shore leave, and Gilbert Smith and I strolled through the town.

Sunday. A beautiful morning, but what day of the month it may be I neither know nor care. Time means little here in Valparaiso since I met Perdita. A delightful girl! Her skin is like old ivory, and she wears a silver cross in the hollow of her neck on a silver chain. She's the daughter of Captain Blanco, a friend of Captain Worth.

Captain Blanco came aboard to invite Captain Worth to have dinner with him ashore. I directed him to the cabin. I liked him. He was fat, round, short. His gold earrings made me think of buccaneers.

He understood my inadequate Spanish, and he beamed upon me. "So young," he said in English, "and a linguist! Would you work for me? I'd pay you well."

"I'm signed on here," I said, "thank you."

That afternoon Captain Worth ordered me to take a small demijohn to Captain Blanco's home on a hill overlooking the bay. The house is of white stone—or whitewashed—and encloses a patio or garden. While I was talking to Captain Blanco, Donna Perdita came in. With some ceremony he introduced me to her.

After a few moments she suggested that she guide me about the city. I felt no shyness with her! We strolled toward the harbor, and she let me know she was aware of her father's wish to use me as an interpreter. She begged me not to be hasty in refusing. She is so friendly, so pretty, so good! I had to promise. But of course I can't accept. I must go on in the Globe.

This afternoon she came aboard the Globe with her father. I introduced Sam to her, seeing there was no way out of it. He gave her his most winning smiles; but he has never learned Spanish.

"Does she understand English?" he asked me, at once. I laughed at him. I said, "No. Not a word."

It is possible Sam has reformed since he won Sally. But I am not sure. And this girl is much too nice for him, much too fine.

March 15. Captain Blanco was aboard us last night, drinking with Captain Worth, and I was in the cabin as a sort of interpreter when the steward ushered in a midshipman from the Vincennes. "The admiral wishes to see you at once, Captain Worth," he said. "You are to come immediately, with your log and the muster roll."

The captain got up. "My compliments to the admiral. Assure him I shall attend him early tomorrow morning."

"The order brooks no delay. You must come now."

The captain looked surprised and not a little troubled. "Find Sam," he said to me.

"He's gone ashore, sir," I reminded him.

"Then you go get the log and the muster roll. This is pretty highhanded treatment of an American whaleman! Explain to Captain Blanco. Beg him to excuse me."

In less than half an hour we were aboard the sloop of war. The admiral eyed Captain Worth sternly.

"I've heard of your habitual drunkenness," he said. "I've heard of your bad usage of the crew. I am ashamed to call you an American. But what I want to know is about a man named"—he looked at a paper lying on his desk—"named Joseph Thomas."

The captain was startled. "He deserted," he said.

"Be so good as to let me see the log."

I gave it to the admiral, and he riffled the pages.

"So it says in your log," he said. "I hardly expected to find that. Isn't it the fact that you had him rowed to a barren island and marooned?"

Captain Worth had no answer. His face was white.

"A dose of six and thirty would be just the thing for you, and if I had my way, sir, you'd get it, and you'd go home in irons. As it is, you will return to that island as soon as possible. You will take that man off and bring him here. And pray God he's still alive and well, so you'll not have to face a charge of murder."

At the word "murder" the captain's body shook. But he regained assurance as we pulled back to the Globe.

"There's a traitor aboard us," he said; "an informer. I'll find him. I'll never rest until I do."

March 16. Rain. The men surly and sick from Valparaiso grog. We are making for that funnel-shaped island.

EARLY this morning the captain bade me accompany him ashore to act as interpreter. We stopped at the American consulate, and I was made to wait outside in the driving rain. It was thus I met the consul, a pleasant, red-faced Irishman named Hogan. He came leisurely through the rain, minding it not at all.

"Come in, come in!" he cried, shaking my hand. "Why do you stand out here in this deluge?"

"Captain's orders, sir," I said.

"Bad cess to your captain! What's his name?"

"Worth, sir."

"Worth, eh? The Globe, eh? The devil take his avaricious brutal soul! I'll deal with him! Watch his face when he comes out. I'll have him breathing sulphur!"

He stamped into the consulate. Captain Worth emerged within a few seconds, and he *was* breathing sulphur. We walked rapidly to the market, where the smell of the meat we purchased turned my stomach.

"Surely, captain," I cried, "you'll not let them unload that poisonous mess on us!"

"Poisonous?" he answered acridly. "That's good meat, well seasoned. And I've paid dearly for it. Look ye, this is a land of robbers. I have no cash. I have no credit. I must pay for everything with ile. Ile, mind ye! And were it not for Captain Blanco—"

I was glad we were going to see Captain Blanco, for I was sure I'd find Perdita with him and have a chance to say good-by to her. But Captain Blanco was strangely agitated as he greeted me. He seemed furious, yet he was polite enough, and even became cordial. I must have committed some terrible blunder, some awful breach of etiquette; but I cannot think what it was.

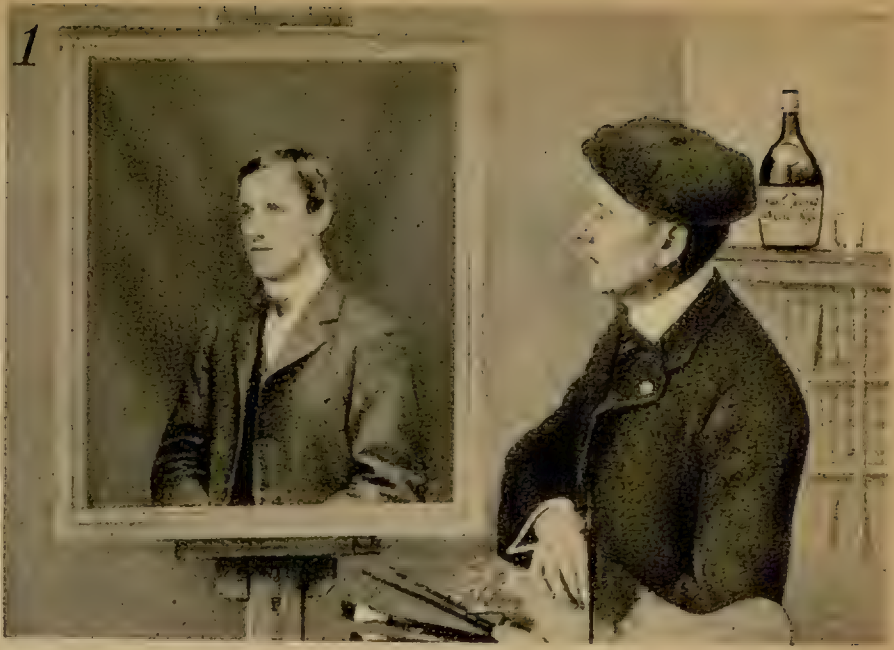
He called in his own interpre-

(Continued on page 20)

IN 1897
this is the way we advertised Paul Jones

The pictures in this advertisement first appeared more than a generation ago. Even then, Paul Jones had been famous for years as one of America's truly great whiskies, distinguished above all for its quality of *dryness.*

1



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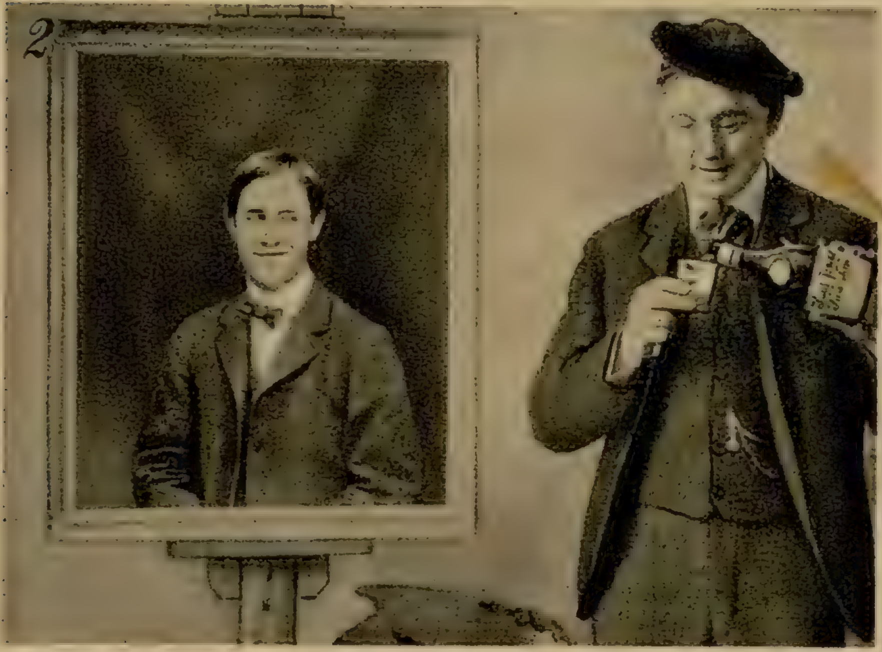

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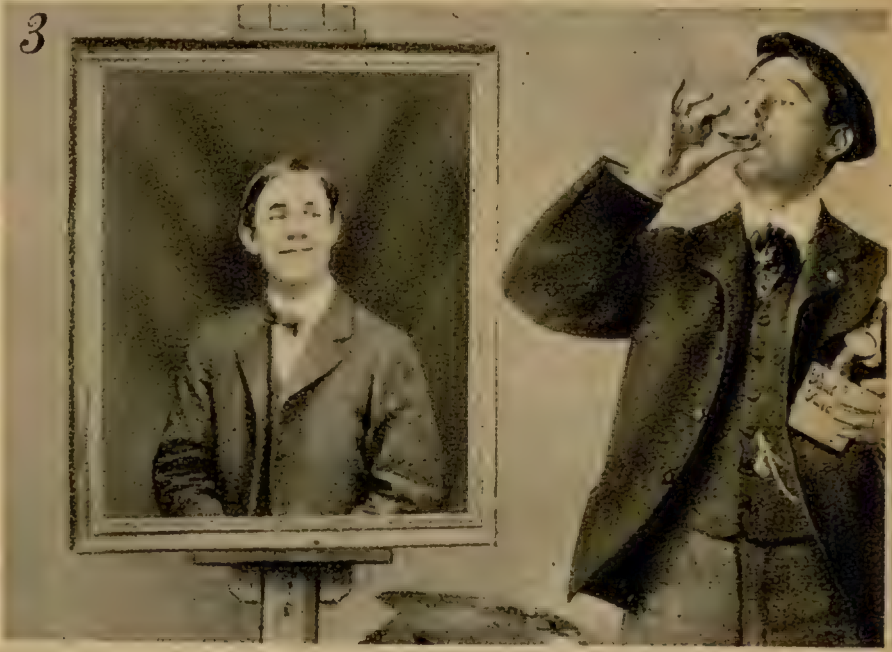

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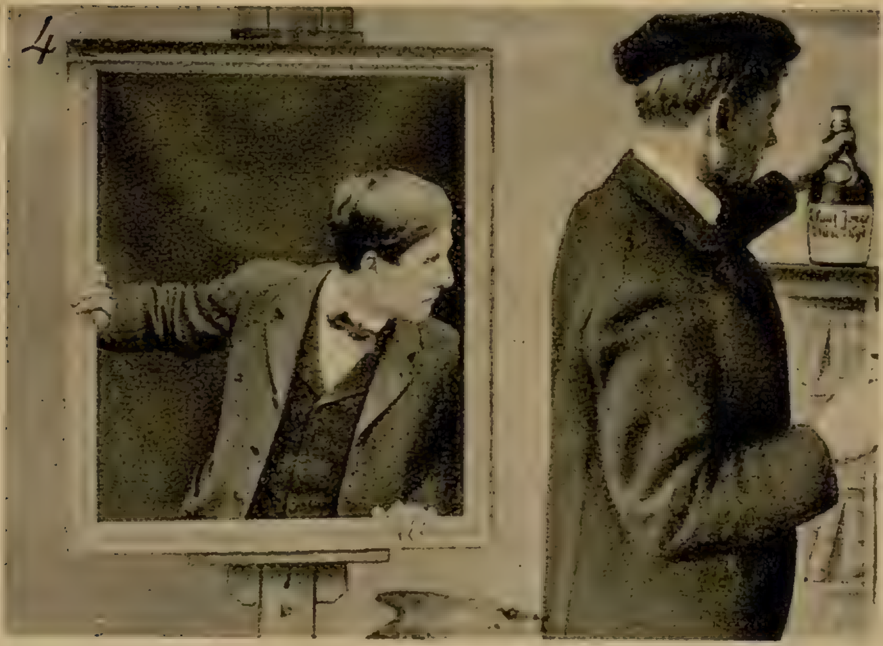

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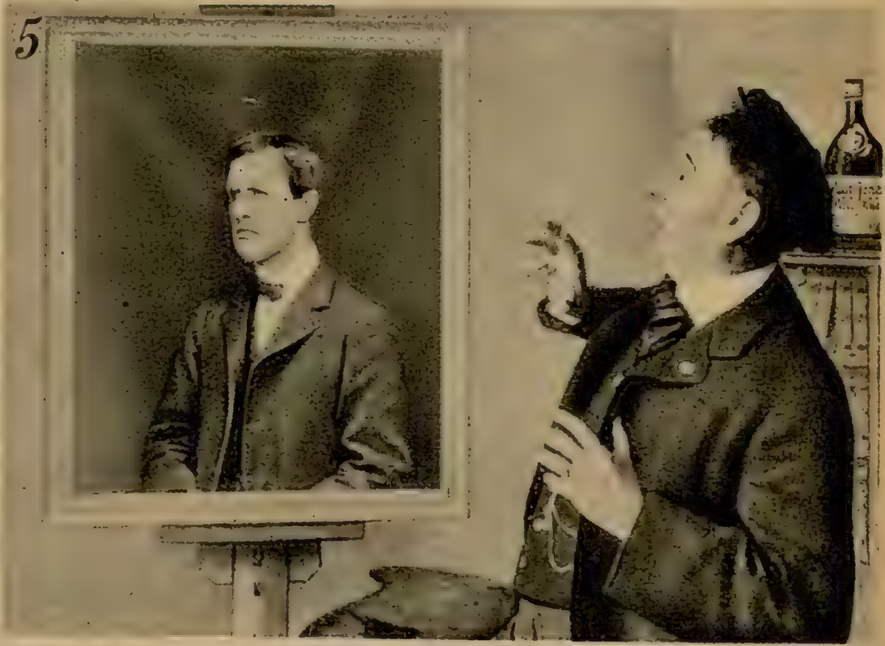

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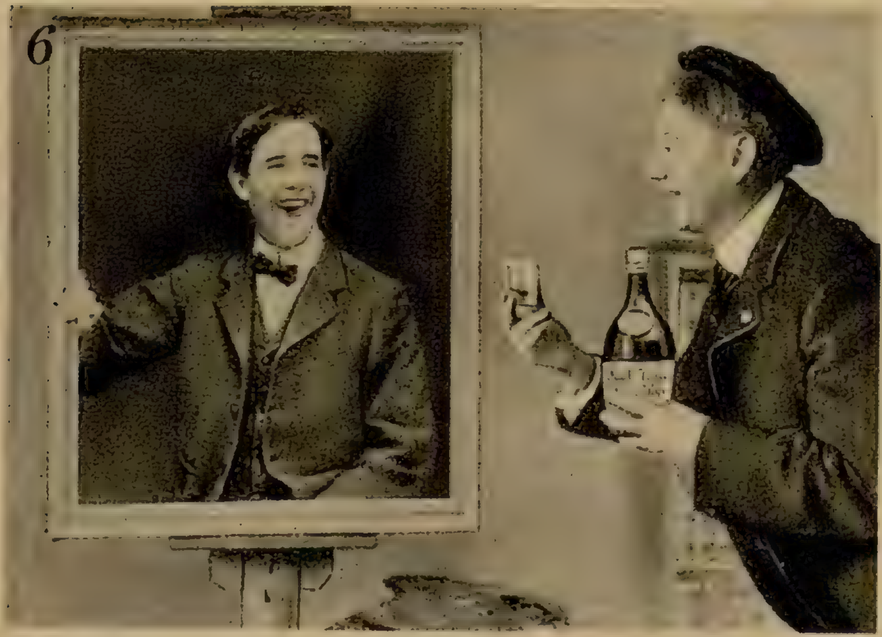


IN 1938 Paul Jones proudly enters its 74th year. And today, as in the past, Paul Jones is winning friends with its gloriously mellow flavor and brisk *dryness*—qualities that have made it famous ever since 1865 as "A Gentleman's Whiskey!"

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

Frankfort Distilleries
Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE QUART

A blend of straight whiskies —90 proof

(Continued from page 18)

ter and dismissed me summarily but with the utmost courtesy. And, as I was leaving, he thrust into my hand a double-tangent quadrant! It was such an exquisite thing that I was struck dumb.

"My daughter," he said, "wishes you to have it. As a parting gift. *Adios, señorito.*"

"Perdita," I said. "May I see her? I must thank her. Is she at home, captain?"

"No, no," he said quickly, his eyes flashing dangerously. "She is ill. She is very ill."

I bowed, and went back into the rain. For some time I wandered about, trying to solve the puzzle thus thrust upon me. I could solve it only through Perdita, and I resolved to try to see her. I went up the hillside and pushed through the gate into the patio. There I saw her sitting in a wide-open window, her head resting against the white stone, her eyes closed. At first I thought she was asleep, but a sharp spasm of her shoulders told me otherwise.

"Perdita!" I called. "You're really ill?"

She jumped up, stared at me with widening eyes. Her face paled as her father's had, then reddened.

"Don't come in!" she cried. "Don't come near me!"

And she turned from me and vanished.

It was not heartbreak. There was no love between us. What can I have done to her, or to her father?

The oil was moved ashore this afternoon. The provisions came aboard. Captain Worth returned shortly after dark, drunk and cursing. And I shall never see Valparaiso again—nor poor Perdita.

March 21. Calm and bright. Near noon we anchored off the funnel-shaped island. The mates and Gilbert Smith went ashore, looking for Joseph Thomas.

"There was no shelter of any kind, Friend George," Smith told me afterward. "We found a few brackish pools of water, a number of birds' eggs, and Joe Thomas' monkey jacket—in shreds. Naught else."

April 19. Calm and very hot, with light winds. I have become absorbed in the study of navigation. Perdita's quadrant inspired me to it, and Mate Beetle has been most generous with patient help.

May 1. Off the Galapagos Islands. Most of the crew were up early and ashore for the tortoise that grows to such tremendous sizes here. They are easy to capture. There were great numbers of them. It required four men to carry the biggest to the boats.

"They make a very delicious steak when broiled, Friend George," Gilbert Smith told me.

Men are smiling again for the first time since we put in to Valparaiso. The meat has been so vile. But now—turtle steaks! There must be a hundred or more of the creatures crawling in the hold.

May 5. A rainy, cheerless day. We're bound for the Sandwich Islands. There may be mail there.

May 6. Captain Worth ordered the meat served in pies. It was so revolting that even the most timid of us would not eat it. We threw the pies overboard.

CAPTAIN WORTH came running toward us. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Mutiny?"

"The meat stinks, sir," I said.

"Stinks, does it!" he said. "And you have the audacity to tell me so to my face!"

It might have fared ill with me had not Sam and Gilbert Smith interceded for me and for the others.

"We have turtles below, sir," I said. "Can't we please have turtles to eat?"

He looked at me a long time, his face expressionless. "Why, yes," he said softly. "You'll have turtle meat hereafter—and nothing but turtle. But remember—you asked for it." With that he turned and walked away.

May 10. A perfect day. A beautiful day. And one of the bitterest days in all my life.

We sighted the whale early this morning and pulled for him miles and miles until, completely exhausted, I peaked my oar. I could not help it.

I expected Beetle to do something drastic, but he merely laughed at me. "George Comstock's calved!" he roared, and ordered the others to peak oars.

They lay back, panting. Sam began taking off his shirt. Holden Hewman was the most spent of us all. "Who's got the water?" he said.

I was reaching for it when I saw Perdita's cross, hanging from a black cord around Sam's neck.

I dropped the water bottle and stared. He saw me.

"Well," he said, "don't cry about it!"

At that instant Hewman screamed, "Look out!" The whale had turned and was chasing us.

Sam stood up in the bow, iron in hand. The great beast came across our bow playfully.

"Now!" Beetle cried, and Sam threw the iron, stooped, picked up the other iron, and threw that.

The whale did not sound. He splashed away, carrying us after him. It was perhaps an hour before we pulled up alongside him, and Sam killed him with the lance.

We had a long wait before the ship came sailing up to us. Sam sat down by me. I would not look at him.

"Don't take it so hard, lad," he whispered.

He jerked the cross, breaking the cord that held it, and pressed it into my fingers. I winced. I flung it overboard, into the cleansing sea.

He would have struck me had not Beetle bellowed, "Peace there!" He muttered something and left me.

I AM sorry I threw the cross overboard. It was a silly thing to do. Yet I could not keep that memento of a girl's betrayal; nor could I let Sam keep it.

How could he? The man that Sally loves!

June 10. Turtle. Turtle. Turtle. But never anything but boiled. There is no taste to it. It is far better than the rotten meat. And yet, in its own way, it is as bad. This is Captain Worth's revenge. Cook boils the oil out of it, and eventually the oil goes into the casks of spermaceti.

"What can we do?" I asked Gilbert Smith.

"Do?" he said. "Thee asked for it, Friend George. Well, take heart. The turtles diminish every day—not one by one but, mysteriously, two by two."

"Two by two? How do you mean?"

"One turtle is killed each morning. It does for the entire ship. Each night another turtle vanishes."

"A conspiracy!" I said, delighted.

"A bad word. Let thee say rather that some godly men are halving the captain's sins of fraud and avariciousness. But woe to them if they be caught, Friend George. Let thee drop a hint here and there, softly."

August 15. Land at last! The Sandwich Islands!

About four o'clock this afternoon we caught the odor of heliotrope, far off shore. Soon afterward out came canoes filled with naked men and women, beautiful strong people. In a few hours we shall go ashore on Oahu! I have prayed there will be at least one letter from Sally waiting for me there.

August 18. No mail. Except for Sam. But I really didn't expect any, so I am not at all disappointed.

Early this morning Lunalilo, a local chief, came aboard with his three wives. Gilbert Smith introduced him as an old friend of his and Sam's. Lunalilo and his wives brought garlands of flowers and necklaces of colored beads which they threw around our necks. He invited the entire crew to a feast at his palace. We accepted eagerly.

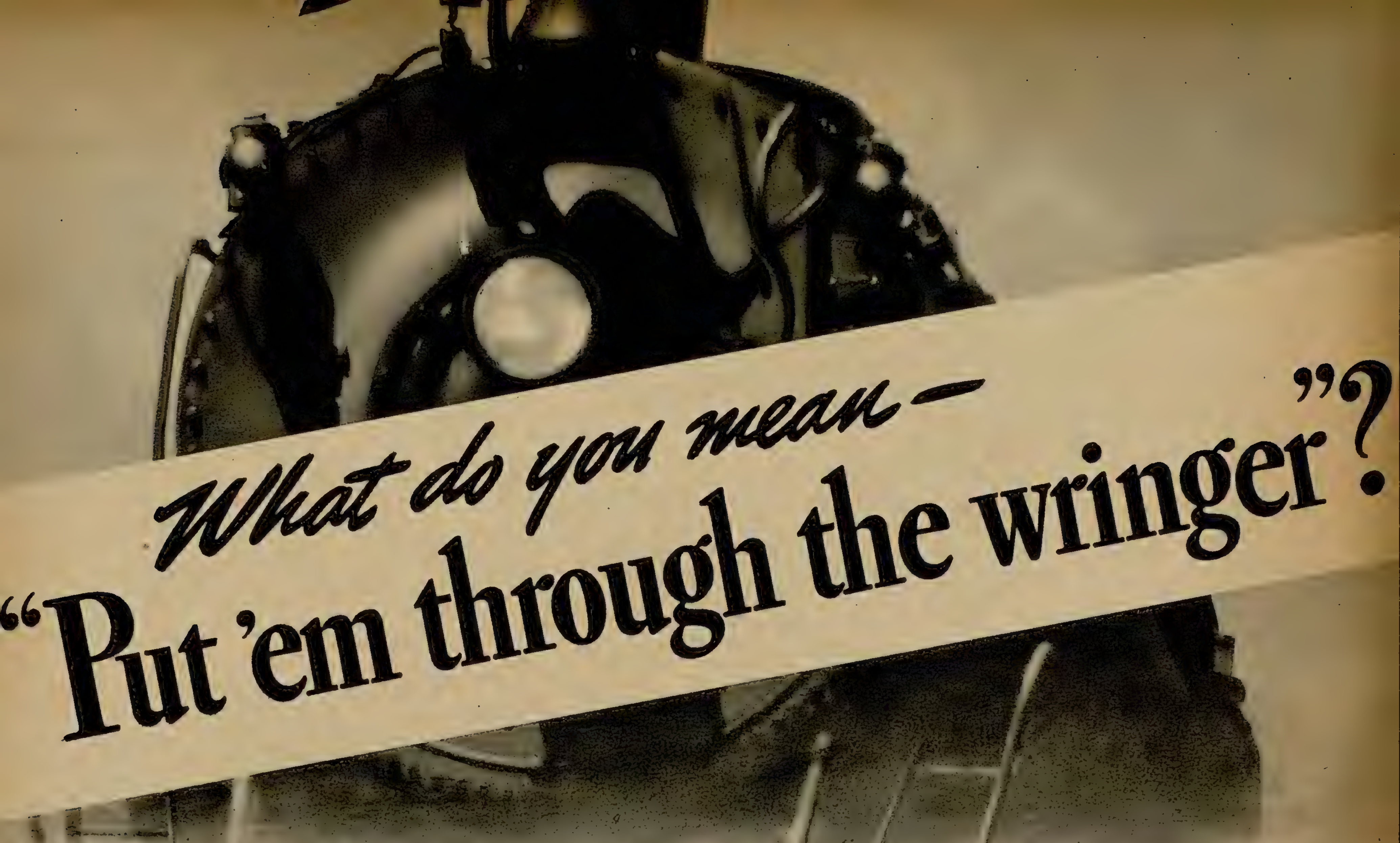
August 20. The Phoebe Ann of New Bedford, the Pocahontas of Falmouth, and the Palladium of Boston are in port; but none has any letters for us. The Lyra will surely have mail; but we may never find her. She left Edgartown a month after the Globe.

This I have from William Humphries, who was cook aboard the Lyra—the colored man who plays the fiddle. Cyrus Hussey found him playing it on the beach, and brought him aboard. He claims the Lyra deserted him; but Captain Worth believes he deserted the Lyra, and refuses to have anything to do with him.

Lunalilo has a daughter, Lua, a beautiful girl, scarcely fifteen. I saw her today in her canoe, poising it skillfully in advance of a wave. "Aphrodite!" I called aloud. I couldn't help it. The sheer beauty of this island goddess! She leaped gracefully from the canoe and came to me through the shallow waters. She was as happy and sparkling as the waves—a child of the sunlit sea! We held hands and laughed together, for no reason at all.

I knew but a few words of

(Continued on page 22)



What do you mean— "Put 'em through the wringer"?

YOU'VE heard it often enough, this modern version of the old-time fallacy—maybe you've even said it yourself—that railroad troubles are caused by "watered stock," too much debt, excessive fixed charges.

Let's see how this checks with facts:

First—according to every valuation ever made, the railroads are worth *billions more* than the total amount for which they are capitalized.

Second—railroad debt, in proportion to total investment, is *lower* today than it was years ago when railroads were prosperous.

Third—the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its latest rate decision, said "This evidence tends strongly to show that the major cause of unsatisfactory financial condition of the applicants [the railroads] as a whole is *not to be found in excessive fixed charges.*"

But all this covers only the arithmetic of the story.

When folks talk about putting "the railroads" through the wringer, what do these words really mean?

Do they mean locomotives, tracks, box cars? Do they mean "Wall Street"?

Not on your life.

They mean people—millions of them—people who live in every state in the Union—people who put their savings in railroad stocks and bonds—people who have life insurance policies and money in savings banks.

In the absence of "water" to squeeze out of our railroad system—this "wringer" business will squeeze out all hope that these people will ever get back what they have invested.

Isn't it better to have confidence in America—confidence in the fact that this country of ours has a greater future ahead of it than anything in its brilliant past?

Isn't it better to keep the American railroads going ahead, as the finest, most economical transportation system in the world, built to serve the most favored nation in the world?

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Treet Topics
SAVE YOUR PENNIES ~
HELP! HELP!
SAVE YOUR GIRL ~
HELP! HELP!
SAVE YOUR FACE
HELP! HELP!
BY DOING THIS:
TREET BLADES!
YESSIR 4 FOR 10¢
-AND TREET YOURSELF TO A PACK OF PERFECT SHAVES!
Treet
4 FOR 10¢
BLADES
Single-Edge
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS
Treet Safety Razor Corporation, Newark, New Jersey

(Continued from page 20) her language, and she not a word of mine; yet we conversed as old friends. We spent some time in her canoe, skimming over the waves. We climbed a hill together, treading on flowers. We strolled to the top of the Punch Bowl, to the crater.

"Lad," Mate Beetle said to me later, "these naked little island women think white men are gods. So beware!"

I almost laughed aloud. Beware of a flower? Beware of beauty? True, Lua is all but naked. Yet she is as modest as any Quakeress in Nantucket!

August 22. There is a war between chiefs, and Lua has disappeared. Chief Lunalilo has hidden her and his other children and his wives, and has gone to battle. Sam has gone to help him, Gilbert Smith told me. I shouldn't be surprised if Sam had stirred up the war so he could demonstrate his martial excellence and glory in being some kind of little king for a day.

OF course, to go to war he had to desert the ship. But he may return in time to escape punishment. We shall be here a long time. Captain Worth is enjoying life ashore too much to be himself. He knows nothing of what his crew is doing.

Smith met Sam under queer circumstances last night.

"I'd gone up the hill looking for deserters," he said. "As I was coming down, a man with a long knife, a Portygee or something, placed himself in my path in a most menacing position. I had no weapon, so I talked to him.

"'Friend,' I said, 'thee does wrong to threaten me. I am a man of peace. Stand aside and let me pass, that I may not be tempted to hurl thee over the cliff.'

"Of course he didn't understand, for he lunged at me with the knife.

"I stepped back a pace.

"'Well,' I said, 'I made thee a promise, friend. And it would be a dark sin to backslide on it.' With that, I hit him, and over the cliff he went.

"It was dark below, and I could see naught. Yet I fancied I heard the screams of women.

"I shall be arrested, was my first thought. I shall be hung, was my next. I must get away before I'm caught. Ah, Friend George, the temptation was almost greater than my strength. But the Lord whispered in my ear, 'Go down and face it, Smith.' So up I got and started down the path.

"Halfway to the bottom, I saw thee's brother, with two guns belted on him, and a knife. He held the Portygee with one hand and belabored him with the other. Aye, it was the same man, alive and begging mercy.

"'He's a thief,' Sam said. 'He crawled to the top of our hut, and he came crashing through.'

"'Nay,' I said. 'I thrust him off the cliff. Lucky for him the roof was only thatch.' I had then to explain how the man had attacked me with a knife.

"'Man,' Sam cried, 'is thee cut? Is thee hurt?'

"He felled the Portygee with a blow of his fist, and stood before me, trembling. Never saw I a man so frightened for a friend! Have I misjudged him, Friend George? He caught me in his arms. 'Thank God,' he said. 'It would have been a most unlucky sign had anything harmful come thee's way!'"

"You were looking for deserters?" I said.

"Aye, six of them. Seven, counting Sam."

"Gone to war?"

"Far worse, in one case. Hewman is to be married. To an island woman, a pagan, an idolatress. A naked hussy! He must be saved, and thee must help me."

That I cannot do. I hope he marries the girl and is never found. What an idyllic life to live!

August 23. Captain Worth has come aboard, almost sober—and murderous. He has learned of the desertions.

"I want them scamps!" I heard him shout. "I want 'em dead or alive! Where's Sam Comstock?"

"He's ashore," Beetle said, "no doubt huntin' them deserters."

"Good! Why don't the rest o' ye hunt 'em? Beetle, issue guns to the officers. Tomorrow at daybreak round up the crew, and bring back every man jack o' them blackguards. If they won't come peaceable, shoot. And shoot to kill! A crippled whaleman's no earthly good to me."

LATER Gilbert Smith sought me out. "Thee will go with us tomorrow," he said, "to hunt them."

I said nothing, but he read my thoughts.

"We be men of peace," he said, "but thee must consider this—does not God love a dead whaler better than a living idolater?"

I shuddered. He shook his own head gloomily. "We'll take none of the six alive—except, of course, young Hewman. So we'll have to shanghai half a dozen men to take their places—and it's only the devil's own that's ever shanghaied, Friend George. It's only the devil's own. And if thee's brother does not return in time—"

"He'll return," I said, but I was far from confident of that, and Smith knew it.

"Aye," he said. "I fear it. He'll return—with friends."

Will Sam return—Sam, whose fiery dream is of ruling as king over an island like this? And if six of "the devil's own" have to be shanghaied, what will be the effect upon the rest of the Globe's crew, already sullen and rebellious against her captain? Meanwhile, is there any prospect of a flower-wreathed romance between the young, naïve George Comstock and the lovely and artless Leah-Leah? Don't miss Dead Man's Log in Liberty next week!

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

A Bouquet for Phil

BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

SORRY they haven't any chairs." It was the first time Fred had spoken to his mother that morning. "Do you want me to drive you down?"

"No, thanks." Mrs. Sturtevant bridled. "I'll ride in the day coach. It won't be the first time." She turned to Clarissa, who was trying to hold back her tears. "Go ahead and save a seat. I want to talk to your father."

Clarissa looked entreatingly at Fred and obeyed. This quarrel had made him realize more than ever how ineffectual he was.

"We're staying in Monterey until Clarissa comes to her senses!" Mrs. Sturtevant was emphatic. "My granddaughter a movie extra's wife! It's utterly ridiculous. Some day she'll thank me for it."

"Are you sure?" Fred's voice was mocking. "They're in love with each other and—who knows?—one of these days he may be able to buy all old Sturtevant's mines. Queerer things happen here in Hollywood."

"The mines have been pretty good to you, Fred." Mrs. Sturtevant reproved. "I've wondered what you'd do if I left my money to a home for broken-down actors."

"It would be a nice gesture." When he was angry, Fred's eyes looked like his mother's. "A bouquet for your husband's grave. I mean your first husband's, of course. My father."

Beyond the sudden hurt in her eyes, there was no indication she had heard.

She was settled on the train at last. Fred had brought her a paper, but there wasn't anything very interesting, only the usual divorces and a woman who had killed her lover in San Luis Obispo had been found in a flat in Los Angeles.

Clarissa, the little fool, was furtively wiping her eyes, and that young couple in the seat across from her were holding hands. The man's derby concealing them couldn't fool her. Hadn't Phil covered their clasped hands with his hat too on that glamorous ride from New York to Philadelphia?

Maybe it was the boy's red hair and the girl's tawdry new clothes that made her remember that. Phil had had red hair, too, and her wedding clothes had been just such cheap finery.

They were so painfully self-conscious. Mrs. Sturtevant smiled as she saw the man whisper and the girl's jerky little smile answering him.

Phil had whispered too.

And it had been fun in Philadelphia, going around with him afternoons when there was no matinee, looking in the store windows, and Phil telling her that some day she would have all the pretty things she wanted. Some day, when he would be a famous leading man.

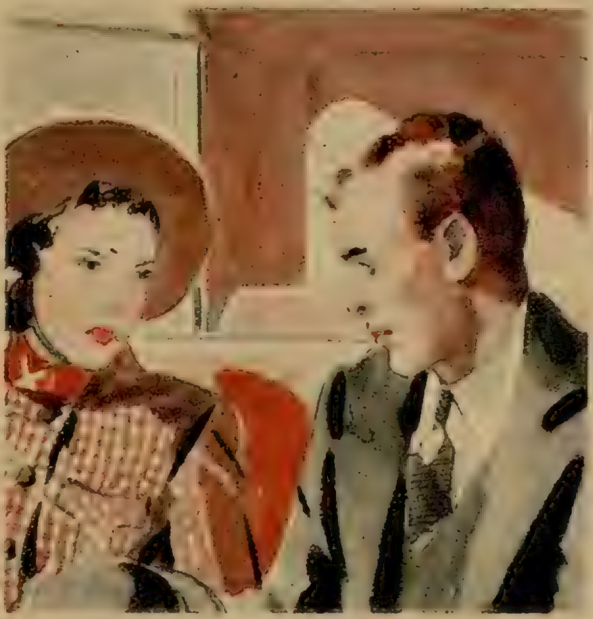
Poor Phil! He had never gone beyond one-night stands and bottles of cheap cologne for Christmas. But somehow it had been more fun wanting things than getting them.

After he was sick and they lived in that awful little house in Denver, he had given her something then . . . laughter and courage and sweetness.

There was so much work after Freddy came. Yet somehow she had never been tired—not with Phil there to take her in his arms.

A tear splashed down on her hand, softening the glitter of Mrs. Sturtevant's pear-shaped diamond. They were such old useless hands now.

It had been pitifully short, that time with Phil, and at the end she had stood holding the small crying Freddy in her arms, looking down on that new grave. That had been forty years ago . . . forty years . . . and she had seen it only once since then, that day she had crept to it, imploring Phil to understand. "It isn't the same as it was with you and me," she had whispered. "Nothing could be. But he's kind and I'll be able to do things for Freddy . . . and it's been so lonely."



It had been almost as if she could feel Phil's kiss and hear his whisper, "Of course I understand, Clary."

And then she remembered Fred's mocking words . . . a bouquet for her husband's grave.

She turned to Clarissa. "You really love that young man?"

Clarissa nodded tearfully.

"Well, don't be such a little idiot about it. We'll drive back from Santa Barbara and invite him to dinner."

"Oh, grandmother!" Clarissa whispered, and suddenly her arms were around her.

"I'm only putting a bouquet on your grandfather's grave," old Mrs. Sturtevant said slowly.

AT Santa Barbara she rose, and smiled at the girl across the aisle. The girl looked up, startled, and slowly, almost reluctantly, she smiled back, and then a sudden tightness came in her throat and tears started to her eyes.

Forgetting, she lifted her hand to wipe them away, and the man's hand was jerked up with hers and the sunlight flashed on the bright steel of the handcuffs that bound them together.

"For the love of Mike!" The man hastily retrieved his derby. "You don't want every one staring at you and the papers full of you this morning too?"

"I'm sorry, officer." She could hardly speak with the tears choking her voice. "It was only that old dame smiling at me. It sort of gave me the weepies."

The conductor appeared in the door Mrs. Sturtevant had passed through the moment before.

"Santa Barbara!" he bellowed. "Next stop, San Luis Obispo!"

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN !

HARTFORD "The Insurance City"

Hartford's business district serves half a million people. In the background rises New England's tallest structure—Traveler's Tower. (Right) The Old State House, a fine example of Colonial architecture, built in 1795 from designs by Bulfinch.

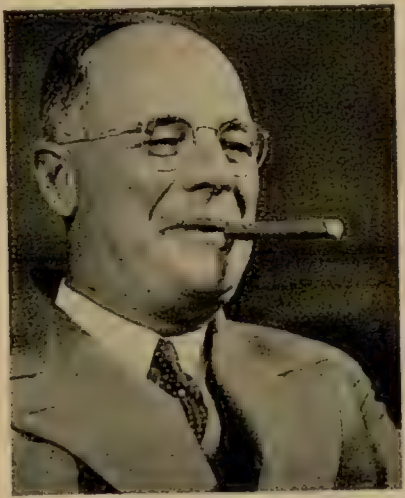
HARTFORD is a city of history, but unlike some cities with a past, it has a present and a future. Located by the Dutch in 1623, it was settled by certain early Americans from Massachusetts in 1636. These original Connecticut Yankees craved greater personal and political freedom, migrated to this bend of the big river, later named their town after Hertford in England.

Here lived the dictionary Webster, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mark Twain, and the famous Colonel Colt whose six guns "made all men equal," and helped to win the West. Here began the insurance business in America, the oldest fire and casualty companies, and here was written the first automobile policy in the world.

Today, some forty insurance companies have their home offices in Hartford, with a daily premium intake of over two million dollars. But while Hartford is called "the Insurance City," it is more than a place of policies and premiums. It makes typewriters and firearms, airplane motors and precision machines, oil burners, automobile parts, and brushes known on every doorstep in America.

On these pages are interviewed photographically some of Liberty's readers among the business and civic leaders of Hartford. Obviously, a magazine which carries authority with these people has influence among all its readers.

Peter M. Fraser holds directorships in a half dozen banks and insurance companies. Mr. Fraser says, "Liberty's articles and stories appeal to me because they seem to get right down to life as Americans live it."



S. T. Whatley, executive in the Aetna Life Insurance Company, says, "Liberty is always a welcome companion on my trips around the country."

CA-VICTO
RCA VICTO

Hatry & Young are leading R.C.A. and Philco dealers in the Hartford area. N. T. Young says, "I go for the mystery and adventure yarns —and Liberty has

J. M. Casey is general manager of the O'Meara Motor Company, called New England's largest Ford dealer. He likes "Liberty's fast, up-to-date reading—even the stories read as if they just happened."

Basil P. Fitzpatrick manages the Goodrich Silvertown Store, says, "After reading Liberty for 12 years, I still think it's the tops!—Vox Pop and Twenty Questions are my favorites."

Mrs. Thomas E. Hapgood, prominent socially in Hartford, sits on many social and political committees. "I haven't much time for reading," she says, "but I enjoy Liberty—particularly the political articles."

Edward N. Allen of the Sage-Allen department store—is president of the Chamber of Commerce. "I'm not a regular reader myself, but I know that Liberty is widely read among Hartford business people."

Willard B. Rogers, general manager of the Bond Hotel, says, "We sell a lot of Libertys here at the hotel. I've been reading it myself for years."

Horace Bushnell has been called "the father of American parks." Bushnell Park, named after him, is a fitting setting for the present state capitol.

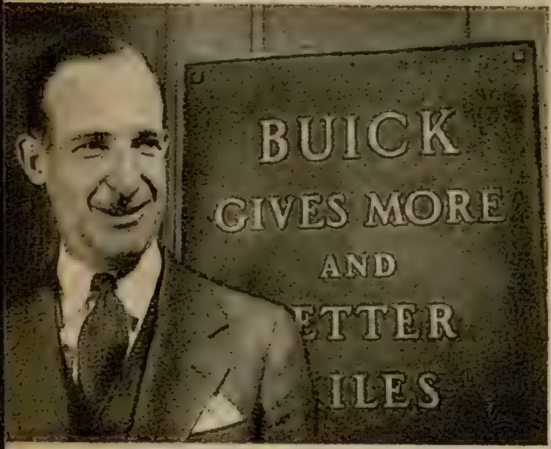
John B. Byrne is president of the Hartford-Connecticut Trust Company and former Bank Commissioner of Connecticut. "I find much of interest in Liberty—especially the editorials."

Donald L. Brown is President of the United Aircraft Corporation. Naturally, Mr. Brown is vitally interested in aviation stories, thinks "Liberty's writers know what they're talking about."

Mrs. Herbert F. Fisher has long been active in Hartford's social and educational work. She says, "I understand and appreciate Liberty's aims in presenting its surveys of the serious social problems facing our country today."

C. P. Case, in the grocery business 37 years, says, "I believe Liberty should be thanked for educating people on the cost of crime."

Wilfred Gagnon, father of two Liberty boy salesmen, manages the Netherland Pharmacy. "Forgetting family ties, I still think Liberty is one of the best magazines printed."



Harry B. Hartley, general manager of the Hartford Buick Company and a veteran reader, says "Liberty seems to be getting better and better all the time."

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY
ROBERT W. LEAVITT FOR
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

A close-knit, compact city, Hartford's homes are within a short distance of the downtown district. These homes on Asylum Street are typical of the better sections. Liberty, incidentally, goes into every sixth home in Hartford.

Liberty

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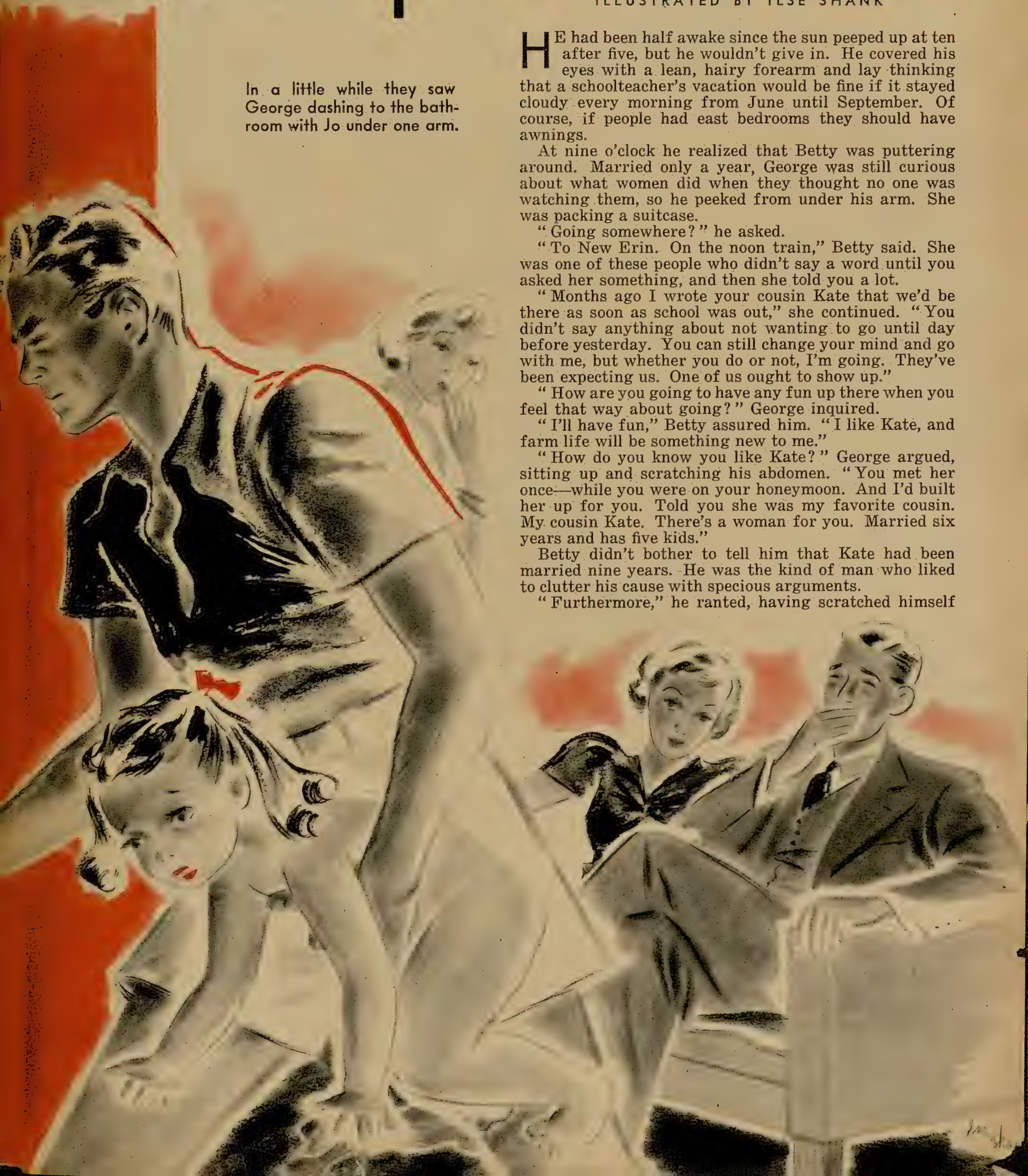
George HATED

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY ILSE SHANK



In a little while they saw George dashing to the bathroom with Jo under one arm.

HE had been half awake since the sun peeped up at ten after five, but he wouldn't give in. He covered his eyes with a lean, hairy forearm and lay thinking that a schoolteacher's vacation would be fine if it stayed cloudy every morning from June until September. Of course, if people had east bedrooms they should have awnings.

At nine o'clock he realized that Betty was puttering around. Married only a year, George was still curious about what women did when they thought no one was watching them, so he peeked from under his arm. She was packing a suitcase.

"Going somewhere?" he asked.

"To New Erin. On the noon train," Betty said. She was one of these people who didn't say a word until you asked her something, and then she told you a lot.

"Months ago I wrote your cousin Kate that we'd be there as soon as school was out," she continued. "You didn't say anything about not wanting to go until day before yesterday. You can still change your mind and go with me, but whether you do or not, I'm going. They've been expecting us. One of us ought to show up."

"How are you going to have any fun up there when you feel that way about going?" George inquired.

"I'll have fun," Betty assured him. "I like Kate, and farm life will be something new to me."

"How do you know you like Kate?" George argued, sitting up and scratching his abdomen. "You met her once—while you were on your honeymoon. And I'd built her up for you. Told you she was my favorite cousin. My cousin Kate. There's a woman for you. Married six years and has five kids."

Betty didn't bother to tell him that Kate had been married nine years. He was the kind of man who liked to clutter his cause with specious arguments.

"Furthermore," he ranted, having scratched himself

Babies

For fathers and fathers-to-be . . . A rollicking tale of life's inscrutable ways and one rash man's awakening

BY ALICE COSTELLO

completely awake, "what was the idea of planning for me to spend even a part of my vacation in a bedlam? I don't like kids. Anybody's kids. If I was a cannibal I wouldn't even eat 'em."

He got up, kicked his slippers under the bed, and walked to the bathroom in his bare feet.

When the bathroom door had shut, Betty was not quite so debonair. In fact, when she looked around to talk to herself in the mirror she saw two tears floating over her lower eyelids. She reached for a handkerchief and, leaning slightly forward, caught them adroitly as they fell.

Before Betty Schultz married George Flanagan it had seemed to her that he was abnormally talkative, but when she expressed her fears, people told her that men were all like that. George didn't talk any less after he was married, but Betty grew used to it. It was only when he talked about children that he annoyed her. He had always said that children were a nuisance, and Betty had been thinking it was a pose. No youngsters were ever convinced that he didn't like them—all their friends' offspring pawed and climbed on George. They even liked his silly games and goofy stories.

Occasionally Betty said something about how much people missed when they had no children. Then George was off. "When you have kids, life begins at bedtime," he'd declare. "A schoolteacher has enough to do with other people's kids. He shouldn't have to bother with any of his own."

When George came out of the bathroom his heavenly eyes were open wider and his black jaw was a pinkish gray. Betty was shutting the suitcase.

"How long will you be gone?" George asked.

"Just a few days."

"You were there for one meal last year. You got a lapful of milk and a headache from the din. This time you'll probably drown and be deafened for life."

"What will you be doing?" Betty remembered again that she hadn't been away from him since they were married.

"I'll be down in the basement, working on my invention. It's a silencer. A painless child silencer."

"Well," said Betty, lowering her voice to a small whisper, "see that Aunt Annie defrosts the refrigerator and doesn't float away in her tea."

"I'll do that," promised George.

When they went into the kitchen there was Aunt Annie in the breakfast nook, plump, florid, scanty of hair and scantier of teeth, having the fourth cup from her second pot of tea.

Aunt Annie pointed to a frothy wisp on the back of a chair. "I ironed your blouse for you, dear. I knew you'd be in a hurry."

Of the many things that Betty preferred to do herself rather than have Aunt Annie do them, the chief was the ironing of her organdy blouse.

Aunt Annie seemed aware of her own limitations.

"Them ruffles are not the way they could be," she admitted over the edge of her teacup. "But a man on a galloping horse would never notice."

"That reminds me," said George. "I'll call a cab."

Betty had almost refused to marry George when she learned he had an Aunt Annie O'Toole, but he insisted that she was only an aunt by marriage and they need never have anything to do with her. Then Marty O'Toole had married a girl Aunt Annie couldn't get along with, and Betty, to prove that she could get along with any one (showing off, in fact), had urged George to ask Aunt Annie to come to live with them. And there she was.

"What would we do with Aunt Annie if we had a baby?" Betty had asked George one day.

"We ain't going to have one, so why talk about it?" George had replied.

At the depot George bought Betty's ticket and gave her an extra ten dollars for pocket money.

"Any messages to your relatives?"

"Give 'em all my love. If you see the man on the galloping horse give him my love too."

Seven hours later Betty was in the milk truck. Kate was driving and a quorum of the young Millers were jouncing in the back. Kate was grayer than she had been a year ago, but just as unaccountably contented. She asked about George, and Betty told her how tired he was, and how let down at having failed in the principals' examination.

The young Millers had been fed before Betty's arrival, so she had dinner with James and Kate in comparative calm. That is, there was rioting under the dining-room windows, but nobody threw anything in her lap. James, a lean, quiet man, insisted on making a gin fizz because he had a lot of eggs. Being short of ice, he felt obliged to double up on gin, so after dinner Betty put on a negligee and tried her bed. "I'll get up and gossip with Kate after she has put the kids to sleep," she said to herself as she dozed off during the pandemonium. She awoke to what she thought was the same clamor, but it wasn't. Morning had come and the household was astir again.

Betty opened her eyes and examined her bedroom in daylight. The murals were all in pencil, of a mathematical design, somewhat repetitious: "1234567890 Patty Clare Miller." On the right side of the bed was a more elaborate composition. At first glance Betty thought it was the man on the galloping horse, but when she sat up for a closer view, she saw that a label specified that it was a cape cat.

"Cape cat?" mused Betty. "Now, what under the sun—"

Then it occurred to her that in flexible young minds cape could be a word of two syllables, pronounced copy. Exulting in her own cleverness, she swung her feet to the floor and was about to caper out of bed. Exultation changed to dismay. She closed her mouth firmly and sank back to the pillow. The gin fizz? One gin fizz, and that twelve hours ago? No. This was simply corroboration of what she had suspected. Now she was glad George wasn't with her. He would be using the cape cat as a text for a lecture.

"Copycats. That's what all women are," he would say. "Every woman has to have what every other woman has. You're no exception. Just because all your friends have babies you have to have a baby. Don't expect me to be interested. I've told you what I think about babies."

And even though George was two hundred and fifty miles away and knew nothing about the cape cat, Betty wept sadly. After a time she realized that the din below had subsided. She found that she felt better, but not much. Breakfast was a revolting idea. The door opened and Kate's head appeared.

"I'd rather not have anything to eat," said Betty. "I'm a bit trainsick or something."

"Oh," said Kate. "Well, I just wanted to tell you that James is going to church at ten. The children and I went at eight."

Betty had forgotten that it would be Sunday. And that George Flanagan's cousin Kate would not allow any one in her house to miss church for anything less than two broken legs. So she dressed and rode to church in the milk truck.

All during the sermon Betty tried to think of ways to break the news to George. Ways that would evoke a minimum of ranting.

When they knelt at the Sanctus, it occurred to Betty that she was in church and that an angelic tenor was singing. She listened for him again at the Agnus Dei and when "give us peace" had faded away she felt definitely better, even with her difficulty still unsolved. It was unusual, Betty thought, to find such a fine tenor in a country church. She must remember to ask about him. But on the way home James picked up a neighbor and they discussed crops.

To her surprise, Betty found the dinner smelled very good. She sat between James and Mary Ruth and allowed the former to heap her plate.

"Who is the beautiful tenor you have in your choir?" she asked brightly. Answer came there none.

Kate was under the table retrieving Frankie's bib. James was arguing with Jimmy, who wanted to put everything on his plate into his mouth at once. Patty Clare and Kitty were trying to put their feet in each other's laps, the hired man was eating, and Mary Ruth, the oldest, was leaning back in her chair with her eyes closed. Kate tied Frankie's bib and then yanked Patty Clare and Kitty into line.

"What were you saying about the choir, Betty?" she sighed.

"I asked about the man who sings tenor."

"That's Laurence Connolly. He has a nice voice. He isn't a man, though. I mean he's only eighteen. There are thirteen Connollys, and Laurence is the oldest. He's rather unusual. I'll take you to see the Connollys."

"Mother, what does unusual mean?" asked Mary Ruth.

IN the afternoon James took the older children for a ride in the milk truck and Kate put Frankie to bed. Then, with a kegful of socks beside her, she sat down to talk to Betty.

"How do you get along with Aunt Annie?" she asked.

Betty had planned not to mention Aunt Annie, but, since Kate introduced the subject, "I've been wondering how you got along with her when she was here," she countered.

"We got on each other's nerves completely," Kate said. "Particularly on the matter of rinsing dishes."

Betty sighed. Aunt Annie had a theory that dishes shone more elegantly when rinsed in cold water, and no amount of explaining could convince her otherwise.

"And the tea?" Betty asked. "Did she drink any tea?"

"From dawn until midnight," said Kate. "The only way we could get her to bed was for James to come in from the barn and put his hand in the teapot."

"George might have thought of that," laughed Betty, "if we had a barn."

"Take my advice, Betty," Kate continued. "Get rid of the old dear before your baby comes. She'll be rinsing it in cold water."

Just then Frankie fell out of bed, and after that the rest of the gang came in, and Kate had to get supper, so there was no more conversation about babies, except for a passing remark made by Jimmy, aged four. On his way up to bed he announced that something was wiggling inside his stomach and perhaps he was going to lay a baby. When he was out of hearing, Patty Clare, who was six, said with scornful pity, "He's too young to know that only ladies lay babies."

Monday morning Betty came downstairs early, but refused to enter the dining room or the kitchen until breakfast had been cleared away. She retired to the side porch, where Kate's ironing board stood, with a basket of last week's ironing beside it. Before lunch Betty ironed twelve little gingham dresses, four sailor suits, three men's shirts, and two aprons.

In the meantime Patty Clare spent an hour and a half drying dishes. Then Jimmy came in and cried because he had wanted to dry dishes. Patty Clare obligingly put the dishes back into a pan of water so that Jimmy could dry them. Jimmy, out of gratitude, would have repeated the process for Patty Clare, when Kate came in from weeding the garden and put a stop to dish-drying.

"We'll have lunch early and go right over to Connollys'," Kate told Betty. "I promised Laurence some music. He's singing in a contest at the East Bend Music Festival next week."

So they went to Connollys' and Betty saw the angelic tenor face to face. He had wavy hair growing out of his head in two devilish peaks and a V-shaped smile. He wore an undershirt and a pair of duck pants and was ladling soup to a tableful of small boys. A fat little girl sat in a high chair.

"Is this the second table or the first?" asked Kate.

"The second," said Laurence. "I get the big boys out of the way first because the little ones take longer to eat. I used to line them up on the back stairs until the ones above got the notion of conking the ones below with their bowls. Now we do it this way. Josephine eats with both gangs. I guess that's why she's so fat."

AFTER he had finished ladling, Laurence took Kate and Betty into the living room. There was an Oriental rug, needle-point chairs (unfingerprinted), some good-looking pictures (no lead-pencil murals), and a grand piano in fine condition. Laurence sat down at the piano, spread out Schubert's Ave Maria and sang it softly to his own accompaniment. An extraneous note in the treble was heard occasionally. That would be Josephine, standing under Laurence's right elbow.

"If I were you, Laurence," Kate suggested, "I'd sing something more popular for the contest."

"Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?" he sneered amiably.

"No. But—"

"I don't know that I'll be singing in the contest," he interrupted. "I shouldn't have bothered you about the music."

"You *have* to sing in the contest," said Kate.

"What'll I do with this?" asked Laurence, indicating Josephine. "I'd have to be in East Bend two days. I can't take her with me and I can't leave her. The boys can look after each other. Pete and Andy can do the cooking—after a fashion. But I wouldn't trust them with her."

"I'll take Josephine," said Kate.

"No, thank you," Laurence objected. "You live on a farm. She might fall into a cistern or get buried in a haystack or run over by a tractor."

"Couldn't I take her home with me?" asked Betty.

"Two hundred and fifty miles?" muttered Laurence.

"She'd be perfectly safe with Mrs. Flanagan," Kate insisted.

"It would be an imposition," he sighed.

"Not at all," Betty assured him.

"Jo would have the time of her life," said Kate. "My cousin George is crazy about kids. And James is going to the city in a couple of weeks. He can bring her back for you. You'd better say yes, Laurence. You know you have to win that contest. A scoop for the New Erin News, don't you see?"

On the way home in the milk truck Kate chuckled. "You'll have Josephine," she said. "Mrs. Connolly will see that you get her."

"Mrs. Connolly?" cried Betty. "I thought they were orphans!"

"They practically are. Joe Connolly died before Josephine was born."

"And Mrs. Connolly has had to carry on?"

"Mrs. Connolly always carried on—between babies. Joe preferred to loaf, and she didn't really mind. She enjoyed running his business. She'd been a big-city girl—a brewer's daughter. When she married Joe her people cut her off with nothing but her personal things—her piano and so forth. She never seemed to care. Outside of running Joe's business, all she ever thought about is promoting Laurence's voice. That's why I say you'll get Josephine."

"What is the business?" asked Betty.

"The New Erin News. She has a fine column on how to raise children, too."

A FEW days later Betty and Josephine were riding in a cab through the city streets. Betty had written George that she was bringing a friend along, and now she watched sharply for signs of nostalgia in the friend, but she saw none. Josephine stood on the seat and pressed her nose to the rear window of the cab.

"Oh! What'th that?" she cried with rapture, pointing to a green-and-yellow streetcar.

"A streetcar," said Betty.

"Could we ride in it?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"Tomorrow," Betty promised.

"Where did you get the colleen?" asked George, helping them out of the cab. Josephine did look Irish with her auburn hair, her blue eyes, and her truculent lower lip.

"Hello, colleen," said George.

"You're a colleen," retorted Josephine.

"Well," said George, when Betty had explained Josephine, "you certainly don't mind inviting responsibilities. Suppose she gets into my tool chest and saws off her legs? What'll you do if she gets appendicitis?"

"You have appendicitis," Josephine told him. It looked as though George wasn't going to be popular.

If George was unpopular, Aunt Annie was poison, although Josephine tolerated her until she interfered. That was at dinner.

"She shouldn't have any milk after all that fish," Aunt Annie said. "Milk and fish together will make her sick."

"It isn't milk!" shouted Josephine. "It's beer!"

Milk in a glass was beer, and milk in a cup was coffee. Josephine drank no tea at any time.

"I want Laurence to sing to me," said Jo at bedtime.

"I'll sing to you," said Betty.

"No, don't!" shrieked Josephine.

"I'll sing to you," offered George.

"No, you won't!" Josephine roared.

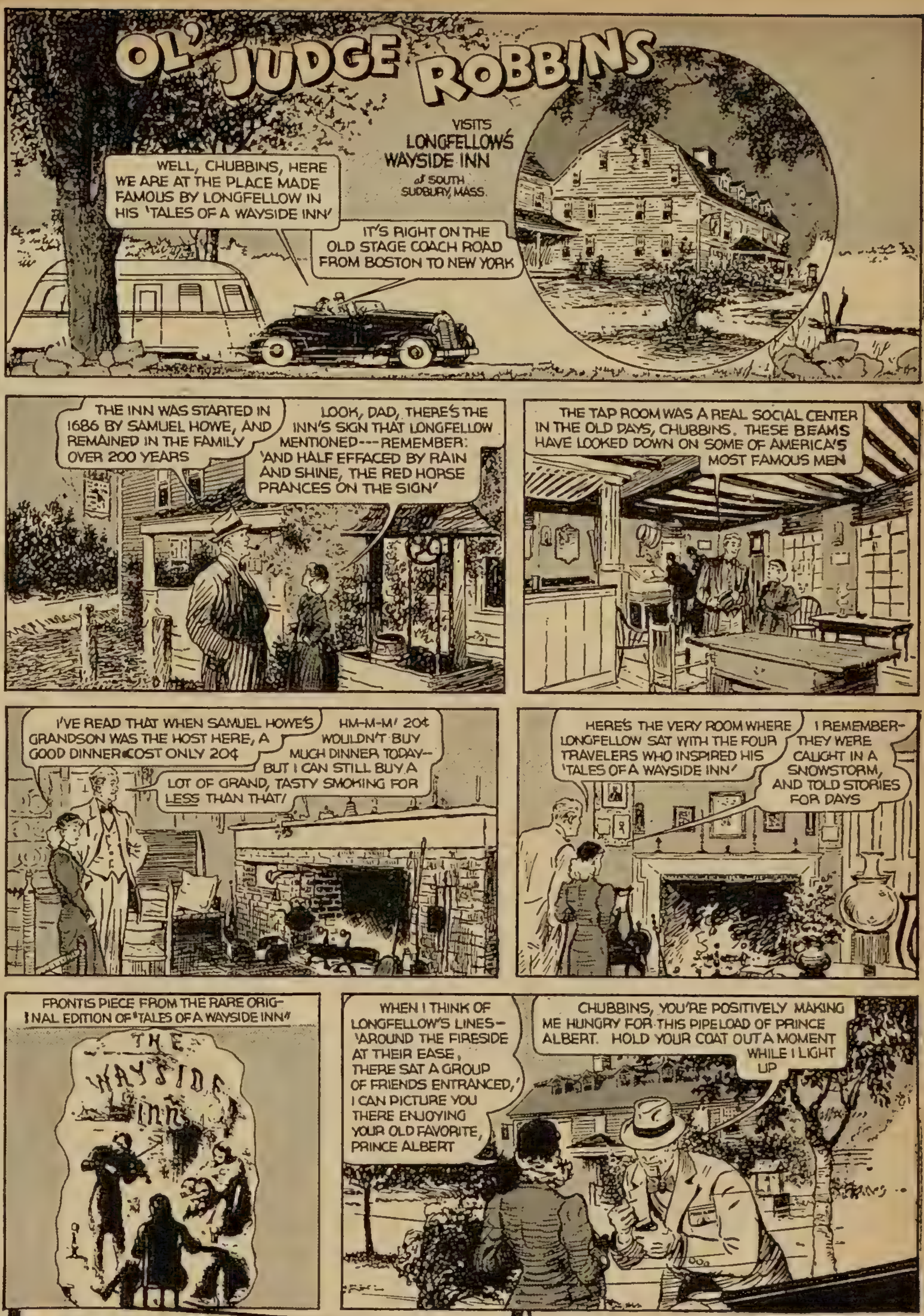
"I'll sing to Betty," said George. "You needn't listen."

George sang Casey Jones, the only song he knew all the words to, and Betty listened. At long last he finished.

"Sing it again," said Josephine.

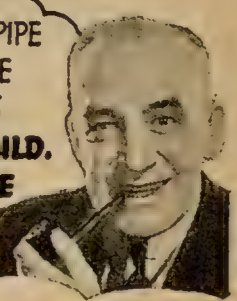
So George sang it again—all eight stanzas.

The next day George was in favor with Jo, but in the afternoon, with


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
VISITS LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN of SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS.
WELL, CHUBBINS, HERE WE ARE AT THE PLACE MADE FAMOUS BY LONGFELLOW IN HIS 'TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN'
IT'S RIGHT ON THE OLD STAGE COACH ROAD FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK
THE INN WAS STARTED IN 1686 BY SAMUEL HOWE, AND REMAINED IN THE FAMILY OVER 200 YEARS
LOOK, DAD, THERE'S THE INN'S SIGN THAT LONGFELLOW MENTIONED---REMEMBER: 'AND HALF EFFACED BY RAIN AND SHINE, THE RED HORSE PRANCES ON THE SIGN'
THE TAP ROOM WAS A REAL SOCIAL CENTER IN THE OLD DAYS, CHUBBINS. THESE BEAMS HAVE LOOKED DOWN ON SOME OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS MEN
I'VE READ THAT WHEN SAMUEL HOWE'S GRANDSON WAS THE HOST HERE, A GOOD DINNER COST ONLY 20¢
HM-M-M! 20¢ WOULDN'T BUY MUCH DINNER TODAY--BUT I CAN STILL BUY A LOT OF GRAND, TASTY SMOKING FOR LESS THAN THAT!
HERE'S THE VERY ROOM WHERE LONGFELLOW SAT WITH THE FOUR TRAVELERS WHO INSPIRED HIS 'TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN'
I REMEMBER-THEY WERE CAUGHT IN A SNOWSTORM, AND TOLD STORIES FOR DAYS
FRONTIS PIECE FROM THE RARE ORIGINAL EDITION OF "TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN"
THE WAYSIDE INN
WHEN I THINK OF LONGFELLOW'S LINES—'AROUND THE FIRESIDE AT THEIR EASE, THERE SAT A GROUP OF FRIENDS ENTRANCED,' I CAN PICTURE YOU THERE ENJOYING YOUR OLD FAVORITE, PRINCE ALBERT
CHUBBINS, YOU'RE POSITIVELY MAKING ME HUNGRY FOR THIS PIPELOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT. HOLD YOUR COAT OUT A MOMENT WHILE I LIGHT UP

BREAKING IN A PIPE?

New or old, any pipe smokes milder and tastier with P. A.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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

the best of intentions, he almost got himself out of favor. He suggested that they visit the zoo when Jo awoke from her nap. Betty agreed, and two hours later they all climbed into the cab that George had ordered. Jo was quiet until the driver fell into line behind a green-and-yellow streetcar, then she immediately dropped large tears and bellowed at Betty:

"You said we would ride in the squeecar today!"

"This is better," said George.

"No, it isn't!" said Josephine.

So they transferred to a squeecar at the next corner. The cab driver was disgusted but Betty was pleased. She knew that taxis in July meant beans in August.

At the zoo George showed Jo the Three Bears. There were five, as a matter of fact, but Jo couldn't count, so she didn't argue about it. They spent an hour with the bears, then they went to the monkey house. After half an hour there, Betty found the atmosphere oppressive, and Jo was willing to move on, so they went out, threading their way among desperate parents beseeching their young to come home.

After dinner George sang Casey Jones four times and then Jo went to sleep.

WHEN they settled down with their books for the evening, George seemed to be in such a mellow mood that Betty wondered if it wasn't as good a time as any to break the news. But the doorbell rang and the Melvilles came in.

"What did you do—chloroform your kids?" George asked.

"My mother came in and offered to stay with them," said Mrs. Melville.

So the Melvilles and the Flanagans sat around a card table and talked about their children. But George obviously thought that nothing the young Melvilles had done or said was half as funny as the incident of Jo and the squeecar.

The next morning Jo had it out with Aunt Annie. Aunt Annie was puttering with the breakfast dishes and Jo was examining the kitchen. In a table drawer she found a fork with two sharp prongs and a long handle. She looked at it a while and then tried it on the most convenient part of Aunt Annie.

There was a yelp and a series of groans. George, oiling the refrigerator, dropped the lid of it on his thumb when he turned and saw Jo brandishing the fork. Aunt Annie continued to groan, and the groans got on Jo's nerves so badly that she began to cry. George pulled his thumb from under the refrigerator top and took the baby in his arms.

"Well," gasped Aunt Annie, "aren't you going to spank her?"

"I can't spank her," said George. "She isn't my child, and, anyway, she's sorry. Aren't you, honey?"

"Did you hear that?" Aunt Annie demanded of Betty, who had appeared in the doorway. "He isn't going to spank the murderin' little brat!"

"I don't think she'll do it again, Aunt Annie!"

"Not to me, she won't!" Aunt Annie announced. "I'm packing up my things and going to Marty's. At least my skin will be safe there!"

"I'll call a cab for you, Aunt Annie," said George.

When Aunt Annie was wheeled away, Betty could scarcely believe that she had really gone. But she had. That night Betty thought of putting Jo to sleep in Aunt Annie's room, but George said no, she was too little to sleep by herself. So she continued to sleep in the cot at the foot of their bed.

The following days passed peacefully. Jo fell into step with the Flanagan household. She marched after Betty all day long and did everything Betty did. Jo had a passion for emptying ash trays. Let there be a lone cigarette butt in a tray and Jo had to dump it into a wastebasket. Sometimes she dumped the tray into the basket and forgot to retrieve it. One night George couldn't locate a single ash tray and Betty found them all in various wastebaskets. Quite by accident they discovered that Jo distrusted sponges. She wouldn't go near one, so George bought a dozen and made a magic circle of them on the basement floor around his workbench.

Since the first evening Jo had expressed no longing for any of her family, not even for Laurence. What surprised Betty more was that no one in New Erin had troubled to inform her about the outcome of the singing contest. They might at least have sent her a copy of the New Erin News. Finally she sent a brief note of inquiry to Laurence. He replied promptly, saying that the contest was not important; that he would like to know how his sister was.

"He's nuts," said George. "Jo is better off here than she ever was in her life. I'll bet she never took naps at home, or had her teeth brushed."

Then came a day when Betty felt like letting things slide. George cooked breakfast and lunch, then suggested that they go to a restaurant for dinner. But Jo was very dirty. It was warm and she had been digging in the shady back yard.

"I don't see how I can give the poor child her bath," said Betty. "I feel much too rotten."

"What's the matter with you, anyway? Maybe you'd better see a doctor." George spoke vaguely, without even listening to himself, let alone waiting for an answer. "I'll bathe Miss Jo myself, if I can catch her," he volunteered.

The Melvilles came in the front door as he went out the back.

"We just dropped in to see whether George was putting any of his theories into practice on that young one you have here," said Tom Melville. "If he is, we're going to tell the Humane Society."

"Stick around," invited Betty. "He's going to give Jo a bath."

In the Flanagans' bungalow every room opened into every other room, so the Melvilles just sat down and waited. In a little while they saw George dashing to the bathroom with Jo under one arm. Jo was entirely nude and George wore a shirt and shorts.

"Who's getting this bath, anyway?" shouted Tom Melville.

"I expect to get some of it," George said.

The Melvilles couldn't stay much longer. They had to get around and tell everybody they knew.

SHORTLY after that, James Miller came to the city and presented himself to escort Miss Connolly back to New Erin. George objected.

"You can't cart a baby across the country in that jallopy," he said, lifting a scornful nose at the milk truck. "Your tires are terrible, and even if you had good ones you wouldn't be able to make any time."

"I'll have to stop a few places," James admitted.

"That's what I mean," said George. "She'll get tired and restless. Besides, I'm making her a dollhouse and it isn't finished yet."

James went back to New Erin alone.

Betty said to herself, "I was right at first. The attitude toward babies is just an attitude. I needn't have gone into such a dither about telling my news."

Still, she didn't say anything, thinking now that the longer she waited the more fun it would be.

At seven thirty one morning the doorbell rang vehemently. It was bad enough these days for Betty to wake at all, but waking suddenly was awful. With her stomach climbing into her esophagus she listened to George having a colloquy with some one at the door. Then she recognized the voice of Laurence Connolly.

"Sorry to wake you up," he was saying, "but that milk train gets in at five and I stayed in the depot as long as I could stand it. Where is she?"

In the next second he was in the bedroom picking Jo out of her cot. After he had unwound her from her blanket, cuddled her and cooed over her, he looked up and saw Betty. Evidently the sight of an anguished woman in a tumbled bed was nothing strange to him.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," said Betty. "James told us you won a scholarship at the East Bend Academy of Music."

"Yes," said Laurence, "but I wouldn't have had time to use it, so I sold it to the runner-up. That's how I got the train fare to come here. Say, you don't feel very well, do you? Have him," he jerked his head at George, "get you some weak tea and dry toast. Take it before you get out of bed. I used to fix my mother up that way. She always felt terrible in the mornings when she was pregnant."

For an awful moment Betty forgot how bad she felt. She looked at George. His face was first blank, then dreadful, and Betty knew she was in for it. Not immediately perhaps, but inevitably. Things were suddenly clear to her. George hadn't changed, nor had he been pretending at any time. It had been all right to have Jo to play with during the vacation, but when school started, life would have to go back into its old groove and there was no room in that groove for a baby. That was part of what George would be telling her when Laurence had gone.

But the New Erin train didn't leave until noon, so Laurence sat down on the edge of the bed with the sleepy Josephine draped across the front of him, and smiled his V-shaped smile at them.

"I ought to explain to you people," he said. "You probably think I'm a fool about this baby, and maybe I am, but I'll tell you how it is. I won't have to tell you a lot, at that. Having relatives in New Erin, I suppose you know all about me. Everybody knows Connolly—how he's been a ma and pa to his gang of kid brothers all these years while his old man went fishing and his old lady ran a newspaper. I began to get sick of it when I was twelve years old, and by the time I was fifteen I was fed up. When my mother told me she was having another baby I told her what I thought about it."

George dropped to the floor and poked around, mumbling about slippers. Feeling a slipper under his foot, Laurence kicked it toward George and went on with his narrative.

"My mother said, 'I don't blame you, Laurence. I've been terribly sorry for you, and now I'm making you a promise. You won't have to do a thing for this baby. We'll work it out some other way. I promise you won't have to do a thing.' Well, I didn't believe her and I said so. I was as nasty as I could be about it."

Laurence paused. Betty looked at the ceiling and George dived behind the bed for his other slipper.

"I often wonder why God didn't punish me," Laurence mused. "Of course, He may yet, but so far I've been lucky. Suppose the baby had been born dead? Or deformed? Or suppose she hadn't been a girl? See what I mean?"

Jo was fully awake now and asking for attention. Her brother retired to the bathroom with her.

The bathroom door was practically soundproof, especially with the water running. Betty waited to hear from George. It wouldn't be like him to miss even this small opportunity. But he was taking a long time to put on his other slipper. Then he examined a convenient hangnail. Betty took a deep breath.

"Are you mad at me for not telling you?" she asked.

"Pooh!" George answered. "I guessed long ago."

"Well, are you mad at me for having a baby?"

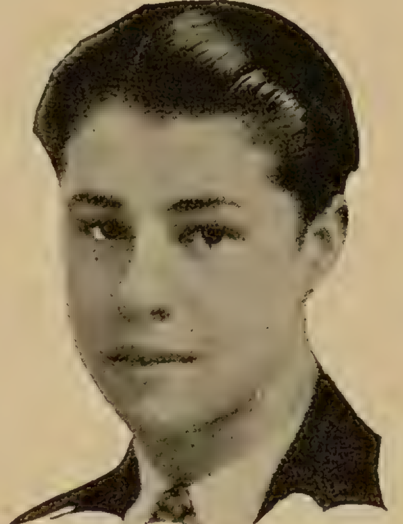
"Oh, no. You can't help it. Stay in bed now. I'll bring you some dry tea and weak toast."

And he clop-clopped out of the bedroom without another word.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—His middle name is Felix; he was born at Kenosha; and he wanted to be a lawyer. But radio discovered him and Honoré Pandergast married him. Now he has two sons and mustn't get his microphone and camera dates mixed. The early photo is of whom?



2—Why can't fish live in the Dead Sea?

3—One's chance of winning a first prize in an Irish Hospitals Sweepstake is one in about how many?

4—Who was Hiawatha's Mrs.?

5—Big-league ballplayers, aside from pitchers, generally are at their best at what age?

6—What is the plural of oasis? Of gladiolus? Of mongoose?

7—Who kept his wife very well in a pumpkin shell?

8—Which lines operate the following ships: the Rex, the Empress of Japan, the Küngsholm?

9—What musical instrument is played with accumulated breath?

10—Is sterling silver pure silver?

11—Which two furs are considered most durable?

12—The nickname "Messy-pot" refers to what independent state?

13—Which movie comedian wore lensless spectacles? Which employs a painted mustache?

14—One and a half jiggers of gin, a tablespoonful of grenadine, and the white of an egg make what kind of cocktail?

15—By what name is New York's Fuller Building better known?

16—What important medical discovery did William Harvey make?

17—Why are kapok mattresses suitable for the seashore?

18—Who wrote The Luck of Roaring Camp?

19—A baby elephant is called a what?

20—Which famous English actress was associated with Henry Irving for twenty-four years?

(*Answers will be found on page 58*)

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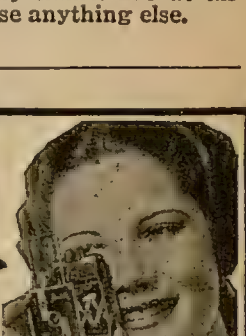

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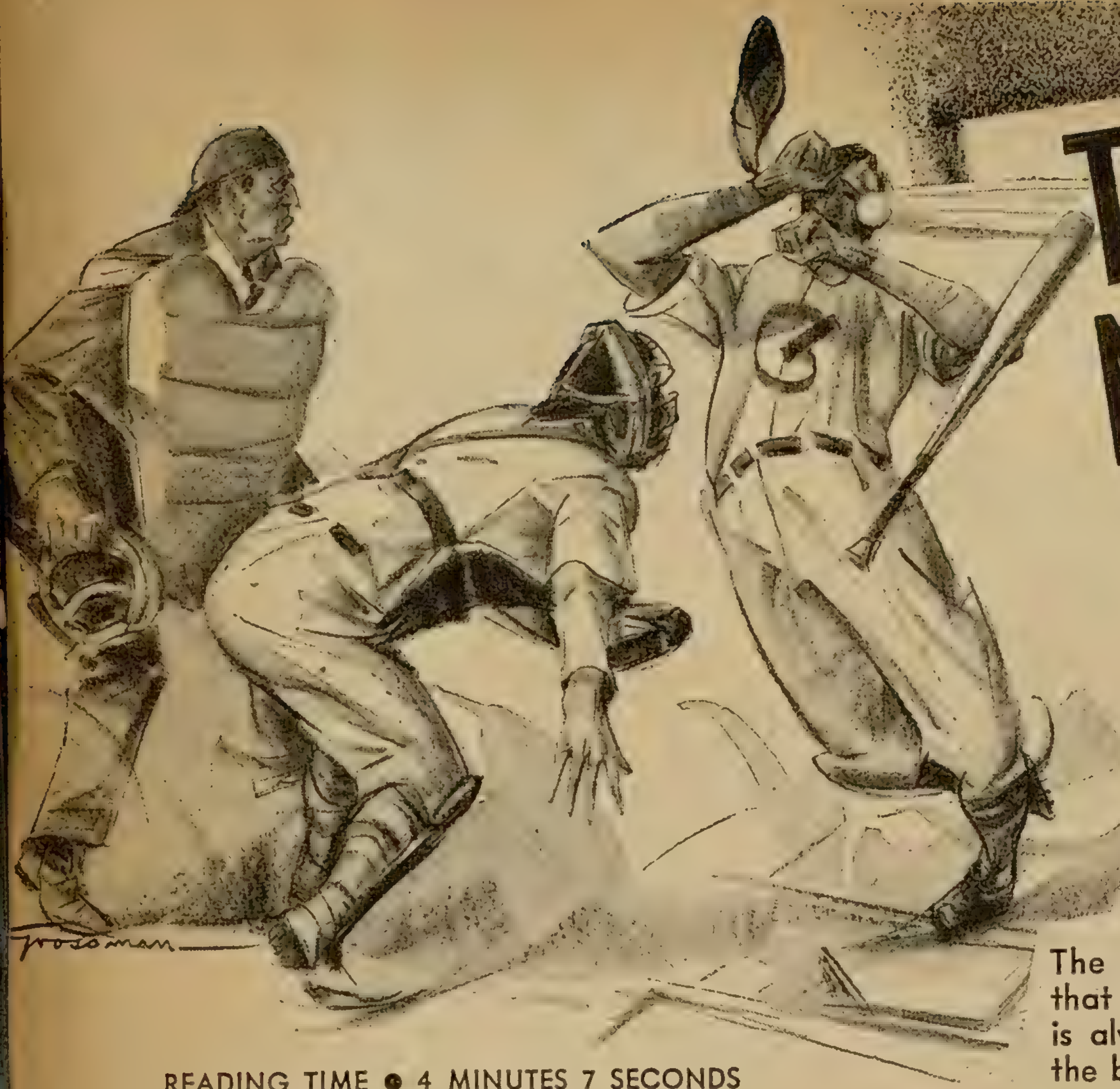
To BEAN or Not to BEAN

BY DICK WILLIAMS



The insinuation is that the bean ball is always thrown at the batsman's head.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

WHAT is a bean ball?

A bean ball is a good dog with a bad name. It also is one of the fundamental essentials of the equipment of any successful major-league pitcher.

There probably is no more misunderstood element in professional baseball than the indispensable bean ball.

Major-league pitchers have been throwing bean balls, so called, at presumptuous batters since Pop Anson played first base. It is as much an integral part of the game as the stolen base and the hit-and-run and no more felonious.

The bean ball has an unfortunate mission in life. Its very nature reacts against its popularity. It also tends to set it apart as a sort of sports pariah, like the rabbit punch in boxing or the gang play in football.

The rabbit punch is designed to discourage the ambitious fighter. The bean ball has the same purpose. The gang play in football has for its purpose the lessening of interest in his surroundings of a particularly offensive member of the opposition's forces. The bean ball is similarly employed.

It is the misfortune of the bean ball to be so named. The insinuation is that it is always thrown at a batsman's head. Such is far from the truth. As a matter of fact, smart pitchers usually aim at the legs. It tends to set the batter to hopping about smartly, thus upsetting his balance and loosening up his grip in the surrounding earth.

A batter allowed to set himself, sink his spikes in the turf, and haul off with everything he has is likely to knock a regulation league baseball entirely off the playing premises and thus acquire a home run. So what is the pitcher's first step in the prevention of these calamities?

A simple employment of the bean ball. The pitcher throws a ball at the batsman's shanks, or at the button on top of his cap, or something breakable. It is a case of let the batter beware.

A number of Eastern writers took it upon themselves to haul Dizzy Dean over the coals last year for pitching at the honored noggins of the New York Giants in St. Louis.

The great Dean made no bones about his bean-balling. He said, simply, "Any guy that can't take it up there at the plate don't belong in a baseball suit."

An expert speaks up for a misunderstood pariah of baseball and its uses

Dizzy Dean has yet to hit a batsman in a vulnerable spot. He has no single injury of an opposing batsman against his record. Yet within thirty days after Mr. Dean had been pilloried for his alleged bean-ball tactics, Carl Hubbell, who was compared to Dean to the great disadvantage of Dizzy, hit Buddy Hassett, brilliant young Brooklyn first baseman, and broke his wrist, putting him out of the game indefinitely.

It may be that Hubbell wasn't throwing a bean ball. It is a known fact that most injuries occur not from deliberate pitching at a batsman but by sheer accident. But it also is obvious that Hubbell would not be stupid enough to say that he never employed a bean ball. If he didn't, he would be pitching for the Meeker, Oklahoma, Kiwanis Club and not the Giants.

There was another unhappy accident in a New York ball park shortly after the Hubbell-Dean affairs. Yankee Irving Hadley, a mild-mannered, gentle soul, hit Mickey Cochrane, Detroit manager and catcher, in the temple, inflicting a triple skull fracture.

Hadley did not say that he never threw a bean ball. But the fact remains that he hit an alert, sharp-eyed, quick-moving batsman in the temple and fractured his skull. Hadley's pitch, which almost ended Cochrane's life and undoubtedly ended his playing days, certainly wasn't intentional. The pitch came with two strikes and three balls on the batsman. That's scarcely the strategic time to drive a batter away from the plate. At least not in the book of a wise veteran like Hadley.

That there have been other tragedies resulting from hit batsmen is well known. The most disastrous occurred in 1920, when Cleveland's Ray Chapman was fatally injured by a ball pitched by Carl Mays of the New York Yankees.

Because Mays had been supposed to use the bean ball liberally, there was a great and uncalled-for demand for his being barred from baseball, and also a move to fine and suspend any pitcher who deliberately fired at a batsman. But, like all such moves, it never bore fruit. It never bore fruit because it would have been about as sensible as ruling out the three-base hit, or the deliberate base on balls, or the double play.

There have been many other instances of batsmen hit by pitchers and driven out of their livelihoods.

It all adds up to the same thing:

A batsman is seldom, if ever, hit by a deliberate bean ball. The reason for that is simple. A pitcher never throws a curve ball when he's throwing a bean ball. It's simply a fast ball close to the batter. He knows where it's going and he gets out of the way. It's the curve balls that fail to break, or break too far, or take some freak twist, that lay the batters low. Let the pitchers have their bean ball. Poor devils, they're dying anyhow.

THE END

"HOW YOU CAN KEEP FACTORIES BUSY, MORE PEOPLE EMPLOYED..."

EXPLAINING A SAVING PLAN, WHICH BENEFITS YOU . . . . AND HAS A NATIONAL INFLUENCE

by **RAYMOND MOLEY**

NEWSWEEK Editor
Professor of Public Law, Columbia University
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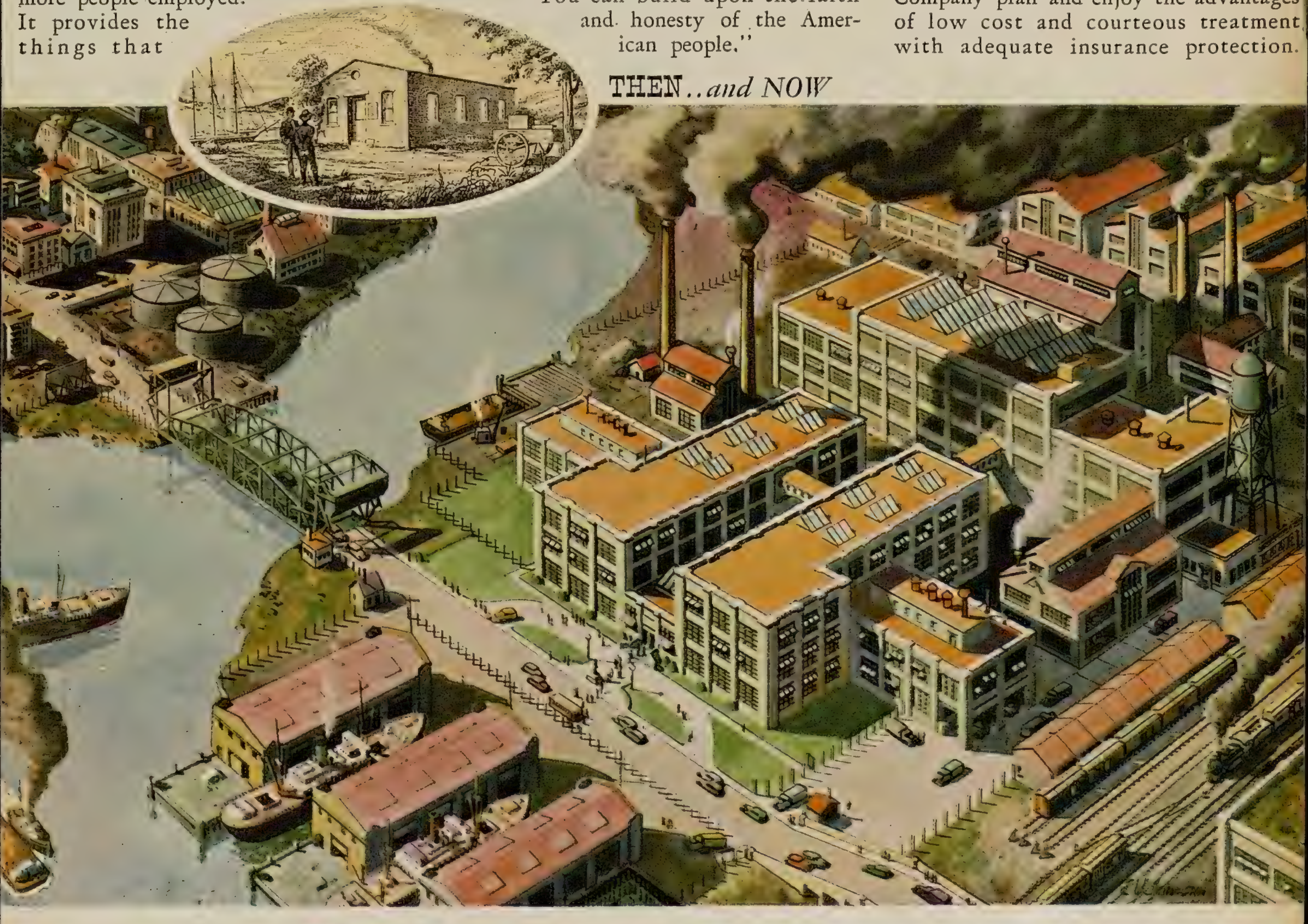
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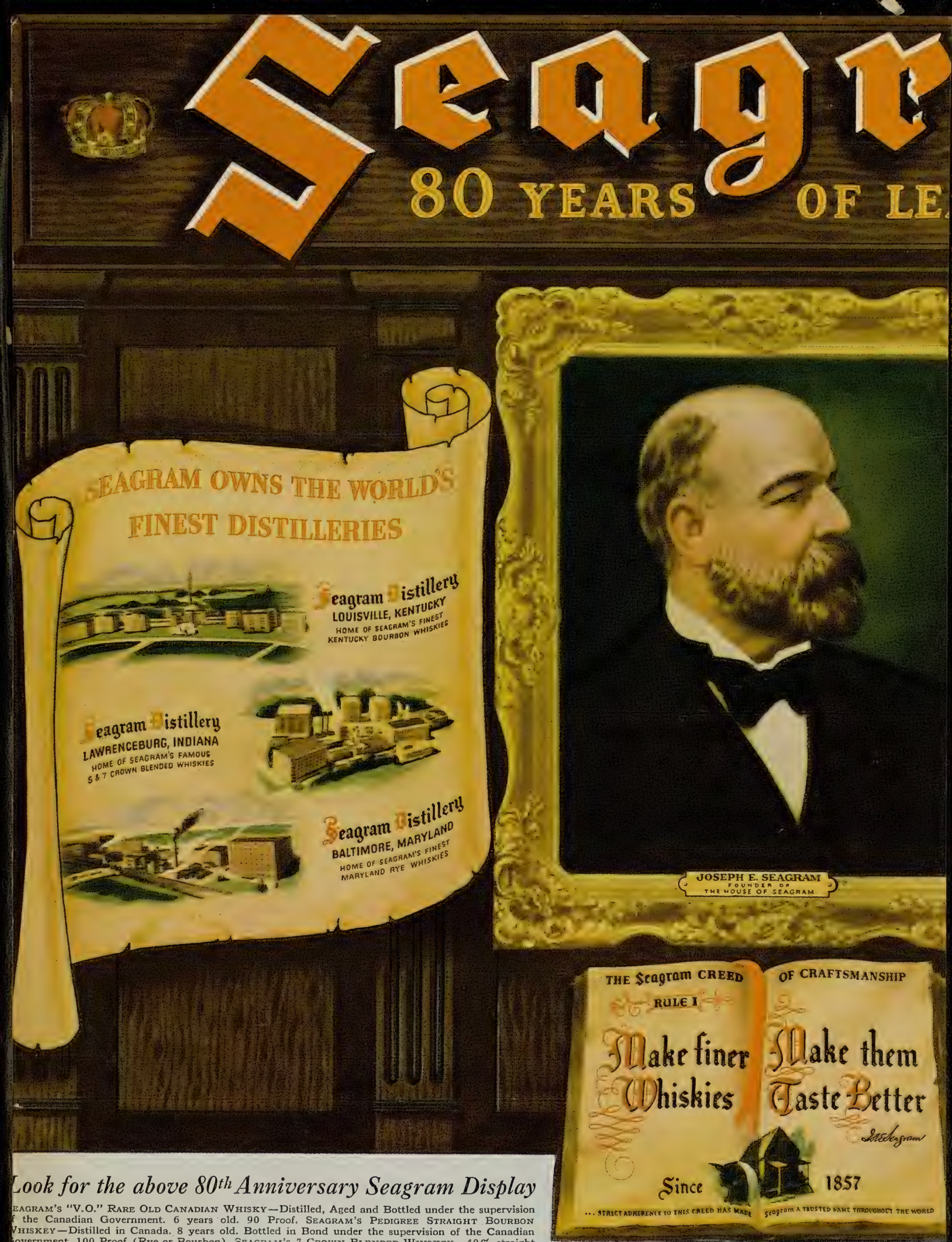
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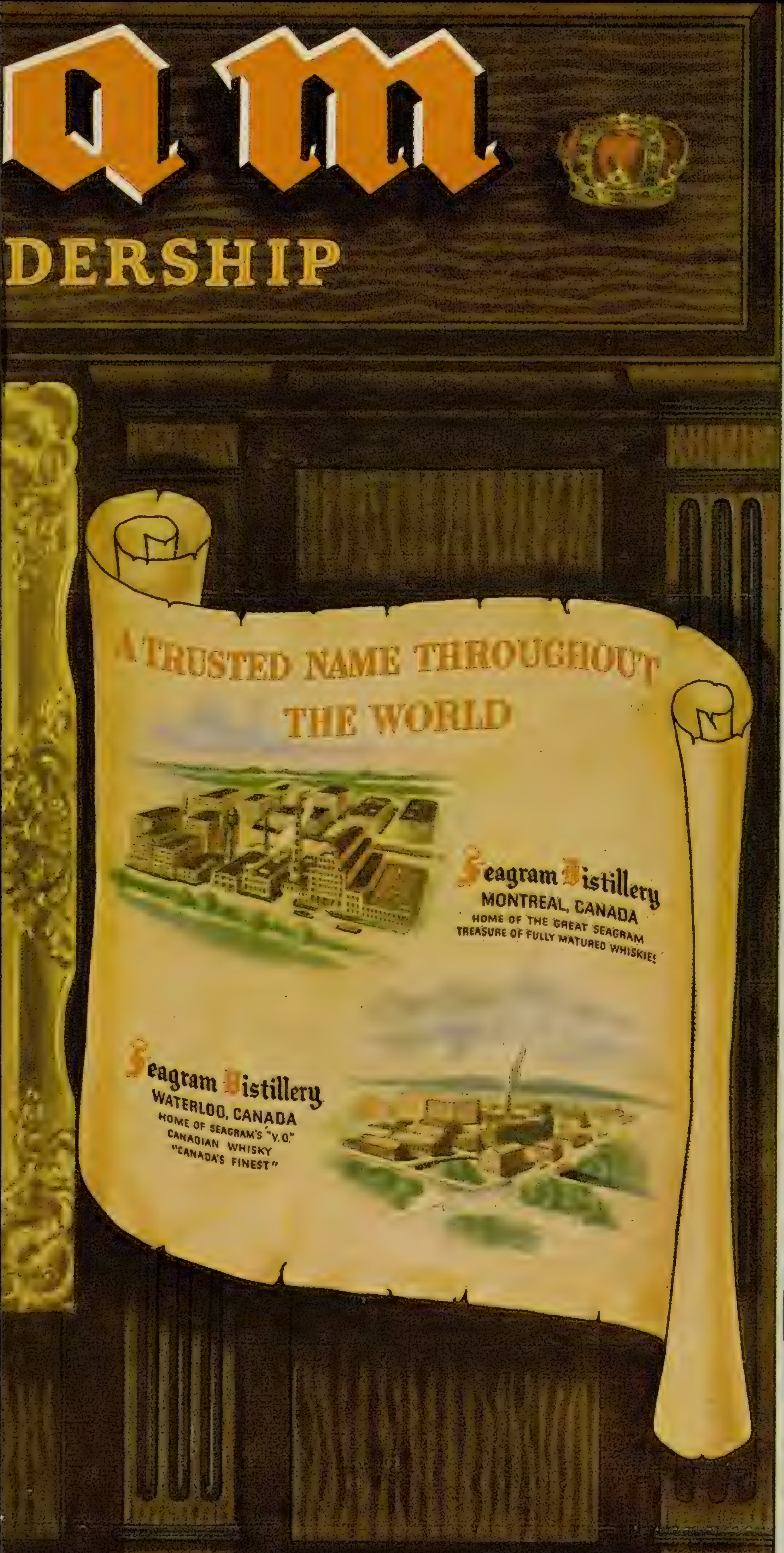
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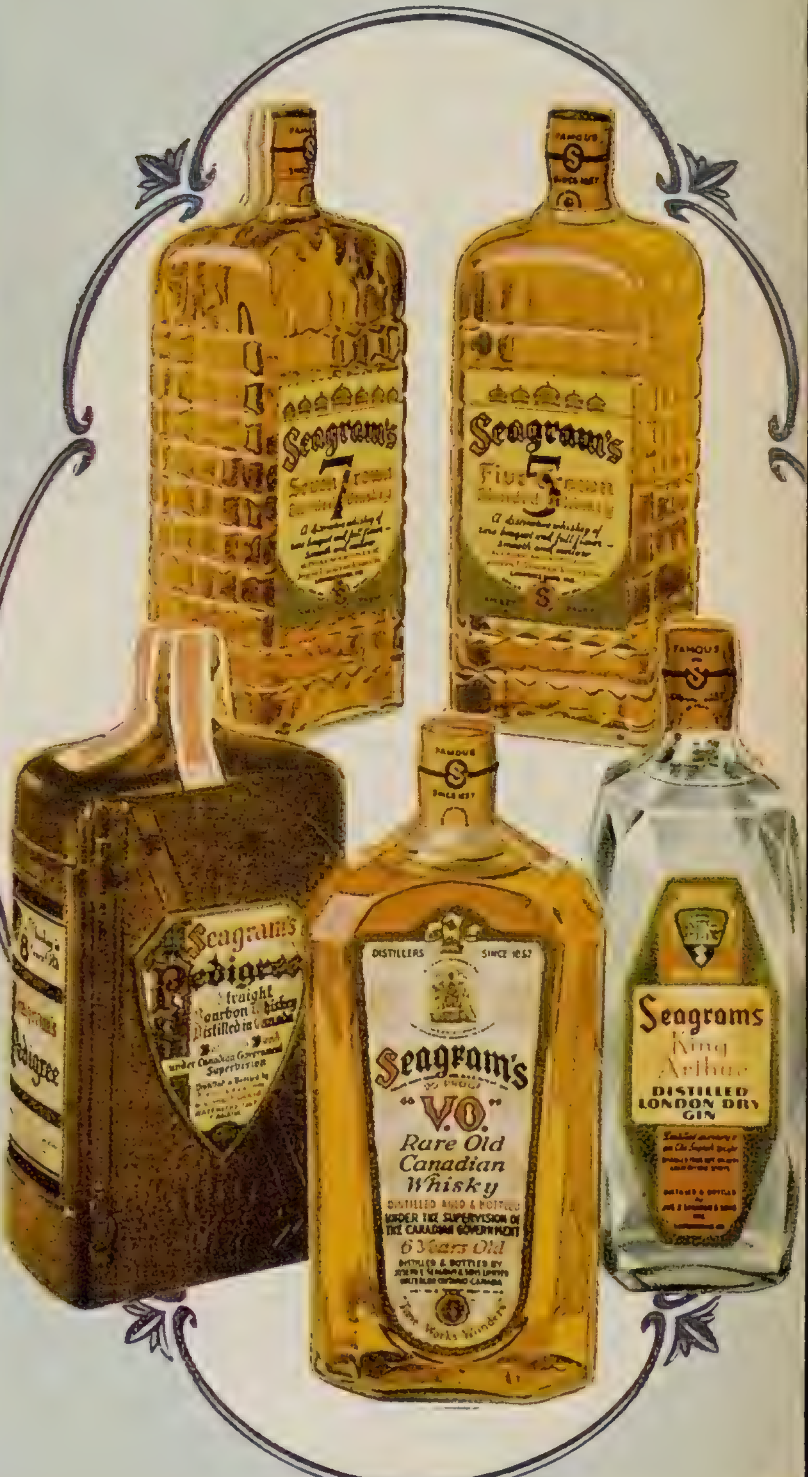
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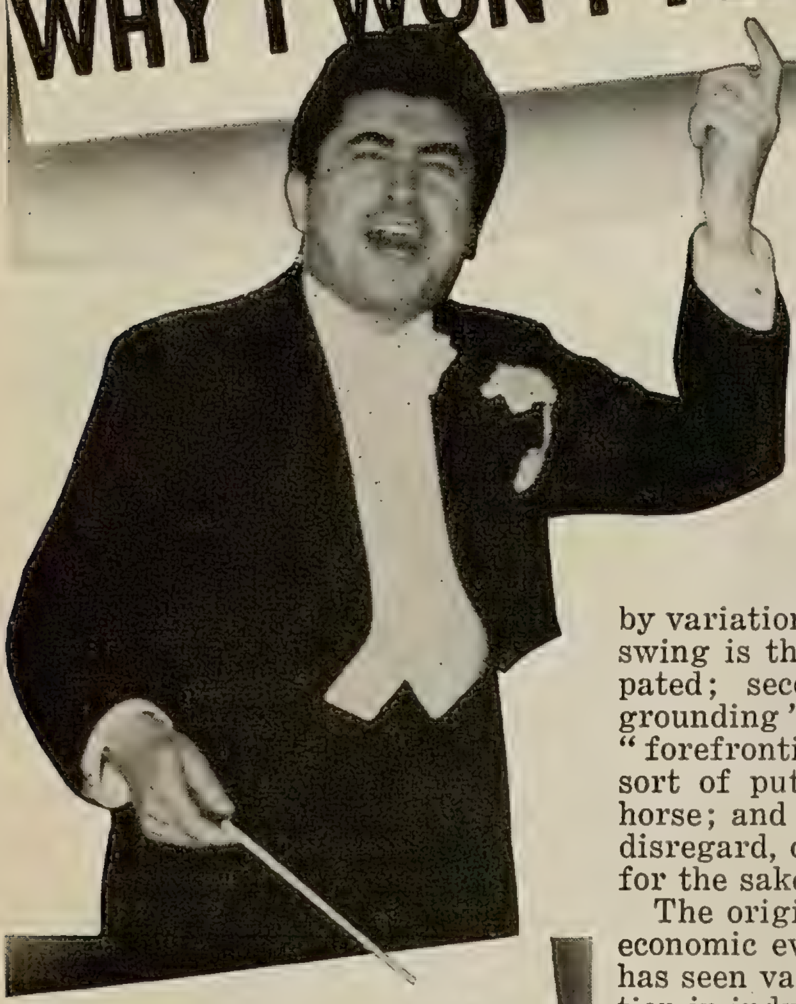
WHY I WON'T PLAY SWING



A leader's retort to the devotees of madness in music

BY LEO REISMAN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I DON'T like skeletons. I know that the skeleton is essential to the human body, but there is no life unless warm glowing flesh with blood flowing through its veins is molded on the bones.

Rhythm is to music what the skeleton is to the body. It is essential. But music is achieved only when flowing melody is superimposed on the rhythmic structure.

Ever since I started playing dance music I have played swing. Ever since I can remember, most dance-hall bands played swing. But swing as I played it, and still try to play it, is performed without sacrificing the melodic line, which is the life line of music.

The swing that I so decidedly object to is the so-called "modern" version, and I emphasize that word "modern" because so many swing addicts insist that swing is new, and it's here to stay.

New? Why, swing is an old, old story. It has always been here, in one form or another. I can show it to you in the compositions of the sixteenth-century Palestrina, in Bach.

What *is* this thing called swing that is centuries old and yet supposedly modern? Whatever the answer, every one will agree that swing includes a departure from an exact melody; but that holds true of symphonic music wherein melodies are played and then followed by variations. The essence of modern swing is threefold: first, it is syncopated; second, there is a "backgrounding" of the melody and a "forefronting" of the rhythm—a sort of putting the cart before the horse; and third, there is a complete disregard, on occasion, of the melody for the sake of improvisations.

The origin of swing was a natural economic evolution. The past decade has seen vast strides in mass production in industry, in housing, in entertainment. In line with other fields of endeavor, dance auditoriums, too, became larger. Dance orchestras, resultingly, became larger. The so-called swing band came into being in Harlem, where the Negro band leader was confronted with the fact that the percussive instruments could not supply sufficient rhythm for the enlarged auditoriums.

At this point the idea was evolved of incorporating the rhythmic pulsations in the melodic instruments. This theory was not new, for small orchestras had used it from the earliest days of dance music; but the result was new, because with the enlarged orchestras came full choirs of trumpets and saxophones with their proportionately greater sympathetic overtones. The use of these choirs of instruments for rhythmic purposes was right because it was functional. It did the job of providing danceable music in large auditoriums. It was also right because it was appropriate—the Negroes played tunes that were basically of a swing character and were consistent when played in a swing fashion.

But then the white musician came along and created the same type of swing band to be used in auditoriums that were much too small, and proceeded to play any and all kinds of tunes in the same fashion. There was no reason for him to sacrifice melody for rhythm, no reason to have the bones of the skeleton sticking out through the flesh.

Our popular American tunes are simple, sincere, and humanly appealing melodies, but they are written, usually, in a very short period of time. The orchestrations are sometimes done in a few hours, and obviously the composer can't indicate every detail, as did the composers of the classics. A lot, therefore, must be left to the imagination of the dance conductor.

A musicianly conductor generally seeks the mood in which a piece was conceived by the composer and strives to perform it in such a way that it will remain the simple American folk tune that our popular music really is. The average swing man, on the other hand, sets up a strong rhythm and proceeds to build his fancy "improvisations," frequently throwing the entire melody into the discard. "He's swinging it!" cry the enthusiasts, and I often want to add, "Yes, swinging it by the neck until dead!"

Now what are these improvisations? Figurations that are conceived on the spur of the moment, that are invented as they are being executed. If the improvisations have been carefully rehearsed they cease to be improvisations. If they have not been rehearsed they may be either good or bad, depending on many things. In either case I think it bad to put the listener in an experimental laboratory. A professional musician should give a professional performance and not charge the public for experiments.

ALL good music must have rhythm, but the difference between dance music and any other music is that dance music *should* create romance. And what does that require of me? Romantic music, melodious music—not bang-bang hippety-hop swing that destroys any trace of a romantic mood.

The big apple may have been all right for Adam and Eve, but they did not have to dance to it. It spells no romance for the young lovers of today. Now, if it's exercise you want, a gymnasium will be more appropriate than a ballroom, and the ankles and shins of other people will be left intact.

At the Waldorf I seldom play swing. Such a procedure would be out of keeping with its suave and sophisticated atmosphere. Besides, in a well balanced program, as in good cooking, discriminate seasoning is an indication of superior taste. A little garlic goes a long way! When I do play swing, I use a tune that is appropriate, and I use a carefully orchestrated and rehearsed arrangement. I don't want to subject my listeners to the trial-and-error method!

Furthermore, when I play swing I am careful of two things—the rhythm must not rattle its bones, and the melodic line must not be broken. To those who are now saying, "Swing's the thing!" I'd like to reply, "No, *sing's* the thing." And to those who would like to know how to differentiate between good swing and bad swing I suggest this simple yardstick: "If you can sing the swing, it's music."

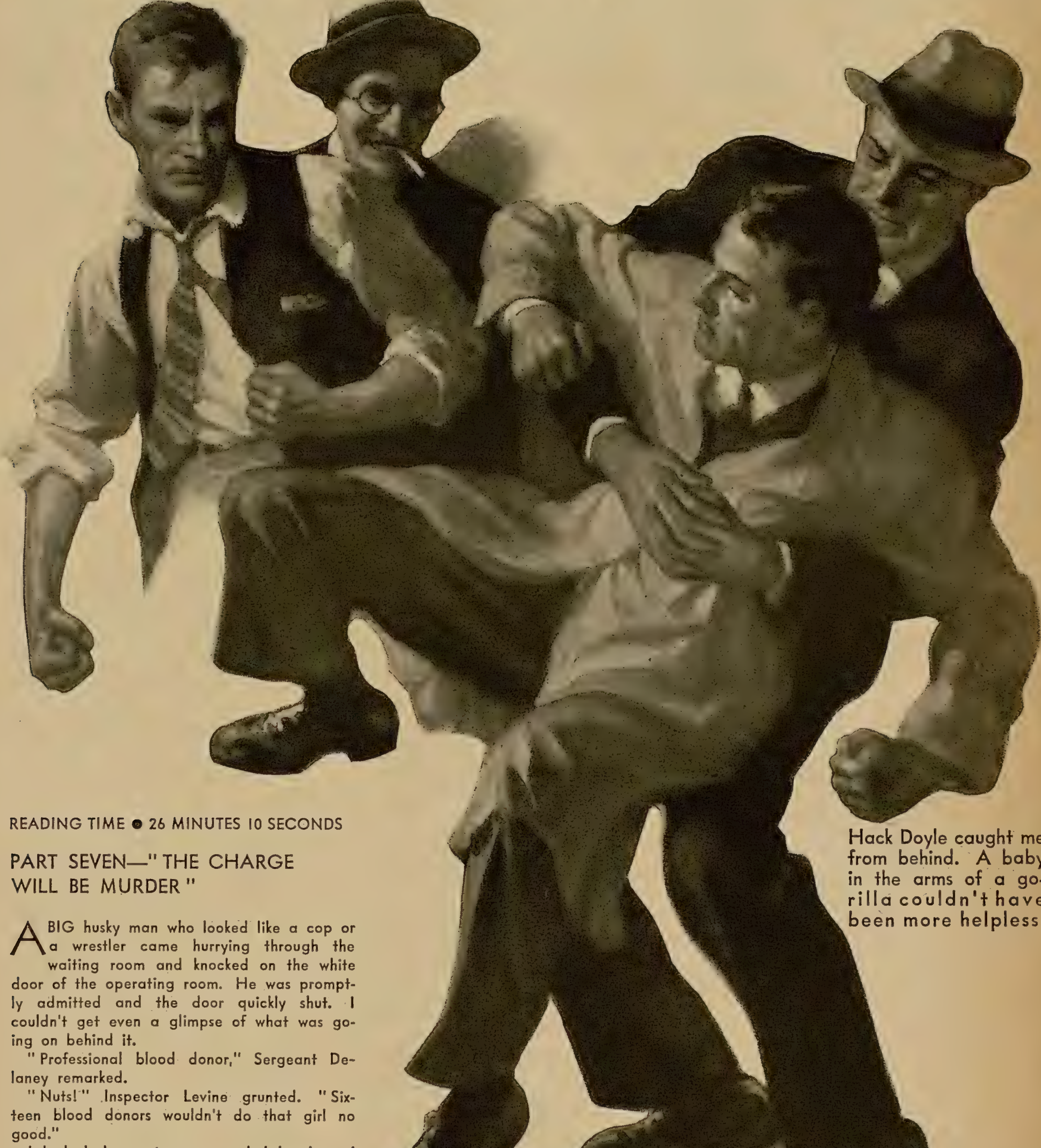
THE END

MURDER LADY

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

Fate and the law close in on a lovely woman without a heart—Can she escape?



Hack Doyle caught me from behind. A baby in the arms of a gorilla couldn't have been more helpless.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—"THE CHARGE WILL BE MURDER"

A BIG husky man who looked like a cop or a wrestler came hurrying through the waiting room and knocked on the white door of the operating room. He was promptly admitted and the door quickly shut. I couldn't get even a glimpse of what was going on behind it.

"Professional blood donor," Sergeant Delaney remarked.

"Nuts!" Inspector Levine grunted. "Sixteen blood donors wouldn't do that girl no good."

I looked down at my manacled hands and thought of the curious chain of events that had brought her . . . and me . . . to the hospital tonight. . . .

CAPTAIN MEEK was a right guy the afternoon Harry was buried. Waiting for us there, just inside the church door, he fell in with our party and drove to the cemetery with us. But when the brief services at the grave were over, he moved toward the front seat of one of the big black limousines. His lips didn't move, but his eyes, sweeping Laura and me, said plenty. I helped her into the back seat, climbed in beside her. Meek shut the door before Hack Doyle could follow us.

"Police headquarters," he said quietly to the driver.

We drove off slowly, with all the other cars. But once out of the cemetery, Meek said:

"You have the right of way, son. Let's go."

After a few blocks I looked back. Two cars were on our tail, both of them loaded with newspapermen.

I put my arm around Laura. She was white, and her eyes were red-rimmed, and she had a hard time to keep her lips from trembling. Otherwise she was taking it like a thoroughbred.

"Is this a pinch, Meek?" I demanded. "If it is, you big bum, you chose a swell time to pull it."

That didn't get a rise out of him. I gave up, which is what I should have done before I started.

"Don't you worry, kid," I whispered. "We'll get you out of this. Look. How much does Stacey Moise know?"

"I haven't told Moise a thing."

"Don't!" I warned. "He's a blackmailer, not a criminal attorney."

"A—a—a criminal attorney!" she repeated.

They left me standing there alone in the wide corridor. I was still there when a Negro janitor came slouching along, stared at me for a moment, and then asked:

"Mister, you sick?"

"Plenty," I said, and headed for the street.

Coming in the door, I met Hack and the newspapermen who had been at the funeral.

"Where'd he take her?" Hack demanded.

"Oh, just for a stroll around the Hall."

"Listen, you sap! What's the charge?"

"Only murder."

"He can't do that!"

"No? Well, he's sure making a beautiful stab at it, anyway."

He took my arm then, just as I've seen him take the arm of a drunk, tight and close up under the shoulder.

"Let's go in the press room, Les. We can't stand out here and put on an act."

"Oke. I'm all right, Hack."

He let go of my arm, and we all, eight or ten of us, went into the press room.

I sat down behind one of the desks. The thought kept going through my mind like a crazy song you can't stop humming: *She killed him! She killed him!* Like car wheels on the rail joints. *She killed him! She killed him!* Like a Chinese criminal under the drip. *She killed him! She killed him!*

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

The night she is married to Harry Hanneman, a rich California politician, Laura Lane tells her former newspaper pal, Les Burns, that she loves only him. Les is appalled at her duplicity. Before her honeymoon is over in New York, she sends Les a wire to meet her at the Oakland airport when her plane arrives. Much perturbed, he does so. Laura explains that Harry, too, returned alone the night before. Then, when Les escorts Laura home to Piney Hill, they find her husband's dead body on the floor, a gun at his side. Instead of being shocked, Laura intimates that now she and Les are free to have a good time in luxury!

Captain Meek, Sergeant Delaney, and Inspector Levine, probing into Hanneman's death, suspect Les Burns of complicity and grill him. Their efforts are futile. The newspapers, led by the Times-Star, whose managing editor is Hack Doyle for whom Laura and Les have worked as reporters, insist that Hanneman committed suicide.

At the inquest the district attorney hammers at Les the question, Wasn't he on Piney Hill the night of the murder? The D. A. had in readiness a witness, Jake O'Hara, to testify to that fact. But before he can call him, Les Burns admits it, lying to save Laura, whom he suspects of engineering the foul deed. However, the authorities do not hold him. June Taylor, the sweetheart of Jake O'Hara, is tempted to throw him over for his planned betrayal of Les.

Laura is anxious about her estate and retains Stacey Moise, a shyster, as her lawyer. Suddenly, it is whispered that *she* was in town the night of the murder. To support the suspicion, Captain Meek attends Harry Hanneman's funeral, and Laura is virtually under arrest.

I held her a little tighter. "You might as well face it, Laura. You've known it was coming. You're going to need the best criminal lawyer in the county. That's Jay Rankin. Want me to get him for you?"

I could see her freezing up again.

"No. No, darling. I'll handle it. If I need him I can always call him."

"You don't seem to realize how serious this is."

She was looking at me wide-eyed, her lips parted. "I don't realize how serious it is? When I just saw them lower my husband into his grave?"

"I'm sorry, Laura. I didn't mean it that way. What I meant was—"

"Is it important, darling?"

Wiping her feet on me again. Oke! Play 'em as you see 'em, Laura. You drew the hand. You can play it out.

The big car drew up in front of the Hall and the three of us got out. Meek stepped up beside Laura and took her arm. He held it in that fatherly way he often assumed, but I could see her cringe under his hard fingers.

"I'll book you upstairs, Laura," he said quietly.

"Book her!" I flared. "On what charge?"

He looked at me rather kindly. "We won't need you any longer, Les," he said, still speaking in a level voice.

The gang from the press room, to the last man, came running up.

Laura touched my arm. "Please, Les!"

"I said what charge are you going to book her on?"

Meek's old eyes hardened. So did his voice. "The charge, my boy, will be murder."

He turned then and led her away, with that troop of jackals from the press room tramping on her heels.

Bill Meek was not the man to put a murder rap on a woman, a woman in the public eye, unless he was sure he could make it stick.

After a few minutes Pep Coombs and Drake Mount and the other day men came back from upstairs. They looked rather shocked, and there wasn't any horseplay and very little talking as they made for their telephones.

"Booked?" Hack asked Coombs.

"Yeah. Hello! Hello, Sandy! Look! Laura Lane—I mean Laura Hanneman has just been booked on a charge of—"

My ears were ringing so loudly with that crazy refrain I didn't hear the rest.

After a while the room quieted. The men who weren't working shoved off. The afternoon-paper fellows called it a day. By five o'clock there were only four of us left, the two morning-paper men on the day shift and Hack and I.

Doyle came over and squatted on the edge of the desk. "I've been thinking about Jay Rankin."

"So have I."

"Don't you figure we ought to call him in?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I asked her about it, riding in."

"What did she say?"

"One guess."

"That means we wash our hands, huh?"

"That's the way she wants it, isn't it?" I demanded. "After all, she's free, white, and twenty-one—and it's her party."

"She's being pretty silly."

At ten minutes to six I got up and started out.

"Where you going?" Hack asked.

"Out to buy something before the stores close."

I went out, with Hack riding my heels. I let him argue with me for a block.

I killed time drinking two cokes.

"Well, I think I'll wander back to the Hall," I said at last.

"That's oke with me."

Still riding herd.

We got back to the Hall about six ten. The two day men had gone; Al Herrick and Watt Bellingham were alone in the press room. Watt, lean, needing a shave, grumpy-looking, was calling the beat at one of the desk phones. Herrick was standing at the bulletin boards, where the list of fire-alarm boxes is tacked up, checking on a box which was just coming in.

Hack Doyle was nervously affable. "Hi, muh lads! How's it going tonight?"

Herrick glanced around at us.

"Hello, Hack. How's it, Les?" He ran a finger down the row of numbers. "That box is at Fourth and Linden, Watt. We'll wait for the third alarm, if any." He turned around, said perfunctorily: "Too bad about Laura."

I STROLLED over to the window and stood looking at the traffic without seeing anything. After a while Watt finished calling the beat and I heard his chair crack against the wall as he tilted back in it. I tossed my cigarette away and turned around. I was full of the gall of bitterness.

"Well, I guess you two mugs are feeling pretty proud of yourselves."

Watt cleared his throat, spit toward a cuspidor and missed it. Herrick stood silently across the room, watching me. Hack began:

"Listen here, Les. Al and Watt didn't—"

"Shut up, you big ape!" I yelled. "I've got a few things to say about reporters who betray their friends for the sake of a story. I guess you two feel smart. You've put over a sensation and your rotten sheets will get a boost in circulation and you two guys will get a nice stand-in with the dicks for giving them the tip.

"Do you think that's fair pay for putting a murder rap on a girl for a crime you know she never committed? Of all the dirty tricks, this is tops. Maybe I'm wrong, but I'd be interested in knowing why you thought it was up to you to dig up this dirt and put Laura in a jam. Who do you think you are? Well, I think you're a pair of lousy bums."

Herrick started across the room, walking slowly.

"I won't take that from anybody," he said quietly, his eyes glittering.

"That's just what I want to hear," I said, and started for him.

I got in one crack that glanced off his jaw. He hit me squarely in the middle of the forehead and knocked my head so far back it bounced off my backbone.

2 UP AT THE 19TH HOLE
LEARN TO SAY FLEISCHMANN'S
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DRY GIN

We can assure you that the spirits contained in every bottle of Fleischmann's Gin are uniform and of top quality. Why not enjoy the best? Why not pay a little more and drink a little less?

That's the spirit!

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.
Copyright 1938, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.
Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin. 65 Proof

Then Hack Doyle caught me from behind in his powerful grip, and after a short struggle clamped my arms to my sides. A baby in the arms of a gorilla couldn't have been more helpless than I was in the grasp of this ex-football player.

"Lay off, Les! Lay off!" he puffed.

"Let him alone, Hack," Herrick ordered. "He asked for it."

Hack still held me while Watt Bellingham got lazily out of his chair and strolled over.

"Unhand the villian, Mr. Doyle. He's had his say, and now I'll have mine."

"Go ahead and speak your piece," I said, and Hack dropped his arms and stepped back.

"Here's the dope, Les," Watt began confidentially. "We didn't tip off the dicks; the dicks tipped us. This is strictly on the q. t., understand, but we got Lou Allen out of a bad jam a few months ago and he returned the favor. He said Meek smelled a rat and checked up on Laura's story. And, just to make it unanimous, Al and I checked against him.

"Three attendants out at the airport identified a picture of Laura as that of a woman who came in on a Mainliner at eight fifty, Thursday night. That was about an hour after Harry arrived on a regular transport. Al dug up that much, just to keep Meek honest.

"A few minutes ago Lou Allen gave us some more dope. They've backtracked Laura and learned that she boarded the plane she came in on Friday evening in Reno. Where she was from nine Thursday night—which is about the time Harry was killed—until Friday, when she turned up in Reno, they don't know. Nor have they found out how she got to Reno."

Watt reached for a cigarette. "Now, I don't like Laura Lane, and never did, but that's neither here nor there. Al and I didn't break the case and that's that."

"Case, hell!" I said, a lot more calmly. "They have no case against her."

Watt shrugged. "No? Then why did they pick her up? Answer me that one."

"I can't."

"Certainly you can't. Well, I'll tell you why they picked her up, Les," he went on reasonably. "They have enough to hold her, and they were making sure she didn't take a powder on them. Maybe you don't know it and maybe you do, but Harry Hanneman settled a lot of money on her the day they were married. *Important* money! I can't tell you the source of my information, but Meek was afraid you and Laura planned a runout immediately after the funeral."

"That stops me. I never heard of such a fool thing. That guy Meek is going nuts."

AL HERRICK put in cheerfully: "Forget it, Les. We were trying to be smart and overdid it a little. Let's let the whole thing drop and get to work on a drink."

Watt was pouring it and we were feeling friendly again, when Stacey Moise strode into the press room.

"Hello, boys," he said patronizingly. "I have a little statement to make for the press."

Watt went on pouring the drink, and he didn't add another cup to the row on the desk. "We're all ears," he said, plenty sarcastic.

I looked hard at Hack Doyle. I didn't want to tangle with this guy Moise, because I knew I'd spoil his pretty face, and that wasn't part of my plan.

"I," Moise said importantly, "am filing a writ of habeas corpus immediately. The arrest of my client—"

"Hold it, mister," Hack cut in, with a wave of his beefy hand. "Just which one of your clients?"

"Why, Mrs. Hanneman, of course."

"I see, I see. And since when has Mrs. Hanneman retained you in a criminal capacity?"

"I," Moise declared, "am Mrs. Hanneman's attorney."

"Her probate attorney, maybe, but this isn't a probate case. This is a criminal matter and a serious one, and you're going to keep your nose out of it until she sends for you."

"Yeah? How do you know she hasn't sent for me?"

"Because I know she's still sane."

"You don't say! Well, if you're one of these wise guys, Doyle, maybe you can quote the law which will stop me from seeing her."

"The law? Gladly."

Hack picked up the telephone and asked for Captain Meek. A moment later:

"Hack Doyle, captain. There's a shyster down here in the press room who says he's going to see Mrs. Hanneman. . . . Yeah. Fellow by the name of Moise. . . . Moise. 'M,' like in mug. He'll probably tell you he's her attorney, but you know these shysters. What chance has he got of getting in to see her? . . . I thought so. Thanks, Bill."

He put down the phone and grinned at the red-faced Moise. "You said something about the law. Bill Meek is the law around here."

Bellingham finished pouring the drinks and Hack passed them, carefully stepping on Moise's instep as he walked in front of him. Moise went out talking to himself.

"Nice work, Hack," I said.

"Yes," he grinned, "it's pleasant work if you can get it. How about taking a run upstairs, Al?"

"I was just thinking of that," Herrick said. He downed his drink and hurried out.

WATT BELLINGHAM went back to his tilted chair and pulled his hat, which was rarely off his head, down over his eyes. The night police reporter at his labors.

Hack called Mimi and told her he wouldn't be home for a while. We sat around cooling our heels, and I began to sweat again. Had Herrick gone out to dinner or something?

Finally he came back with the terse announcement: "No statement."

"Is he through buzzing her?" I asked quickly.

"Yes. He's locked her up. He says he has no comment to make on the case until morning, and maybe not then."

I looked at Hack. He nodded slowly. "I think I'll go up and brace the old boy. After all, she worked for me, and Meek knows my paper is going to bat for her if his evidence is at all inconclusive." Hack grinned. "The old power of the press, you know."

Herrick said, "Hop to it. I wish you luck."

Doyle was gone about ten minutes.

"No soap," he announced when he returned. "The guy simply won't talk, and we've got to like it. He wants to see you, Les."

I hopped out of my chair. "That makes it unanimous."

Meek was alone when I went in. He had a lot of papers on his desk which he hastily gathered up and slid into a drawer.

"Sit down, Les. Sit down," he said cordially.

"Thanks, skipper."

I sat down across the desk from him and waited while he carefully trimmed the tip off a cigar and got it drawing nicely.

"Les, I know you feel pretty badly about this," he said finally. "And, because we've always been good friends, I'm going out of my way to explain why I arrested Mrs. Hanneman."

My pal! My dear old pal! I kept my mouth shut and let him do the talking.

"Our evidence places Laura at her home about nine o'clock on Thursday night. We even have the taxi driver who took her there. We have other witnesses who put her in Reno early Friday evening, where she boarded that plane which you met.

"Now, that alone," he went on in a most friendly, regretful way, "would be enough to warrant our taking her into custody. But there is other evidence which I don't feel free to release immediately."

"Nor do you feel free, either, to admit Laura to bond," I came back.

"On a murder charge? Don't be foolish, Les."

"You won't even let her see an attorney," I argued.

"That's where you're wrong. She'll be allowed to see an attorney when she *asks* to see one."

"You mean to say she hasn't asked to use a telephone?"

"Not yet."

Well, I didn't puzzle about that very long. There was no accounting for Laura, so why try?

"What does she say about her movements Thursday night and Friday?"

"She doesn't choose to talk," Meek replied.

"She won't say anything? Yes, no, or go to the devil?"

The captain grinned ruefully. "Well, she told me to go to the devil, all right."

"What a spot for you! It's tough you can't knock a woman around, isn't it?"

"It is a handicap." Meek smiled.

"Listen, skipper. Admit that Laura came home Thursday night. I don't know whether she did or not, because she hasn't told me. But just say she did. All right. She walks in and finds Harry lying dead on the floor. Think of the shock that would be to a sensitive person. There she was, all alone, no one to turn to for advice."

"No one but the police."

"What I mean, there was no one with her at the time. Is it any wonder she lost her head and took it on the lam?"

Meek sighed. "Laura has been around. She knew that of all the things she might do, the most insane would be to run away."

"I think you underestimate the emotional stress she must have been under."

"And I think you overlook the fact that the first thought of any normal person in such a situation would be to notify the police and get them started on the trail of her husband's killer."

That slowed me, but I tried not to show it. "The girl, under those circumstances, wouldn't be normal. So why expect her to behave like a normal person?"

"All right, all right." He was growing a bit impatient now. "Admit all that. What about the other evidence we have against her?"

"*Other* evidence!" I sneered. "Are you going to hold me too?"

"No, certainly not. Why should I?"

"I was out there that night too, wasn't I? And if you've cooked up a theory about this murder, I'm involved, am I not? After all, if your theory holds up—"

"What theory?"

"I had just as much reason for wanting Harry out of the way as she did. And you know me well enough to know that if we plotted to kill Harry, I'd do the job. Well?"

"Hold it, Burns. You weren't out on Piney Hill that night."

"Who says I wasn't?"

"I say you weren't."

"Then I committed perjury on the stand before the coroner's jury, huh?"

"You certainly did."

"And yet you had a witness all ready to call me a liar if I said I wasn't up there Thursday."

"A crazy man. I didn't know it, then. I knew O'Hara had been drinking, but I didn't realize he was nuts. We've checked up on him since and we know now that he lied, in the hope of getting you in a jam."

"May I see Laura?"

"Not tonight."

"When?"

"I don't know."

"Good night."

When I went back to the press room I found Mimi Doyle and June Taylor there. Mimi looked a little drunk and June looked tired and frightened.

"What'd the old fool say?" Mimi demanded at once.

"He's not putting out a thing. How are you, June?"

"I'm all right. Is he going to keep her in jail all night?"

"All night and then some, it looks like."

"He doesn't really think she did it!" June cried.

"It's pretty hard to tell. We all might as well go home and see what develops in the morning."

Lovely TO LOOK AT
...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!
I'M SORRY TO LEAVE EARLY, MADGE, BUT NOBODY BUT YOU WILL MISS ME. PEOPLE NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME AT PARTIES!
RUTH, WILL YOU LET ME TELL YOU WHY? IT'S HARD TO SAY—BUT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH'S SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
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"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

The Doyles and June and I went out then and had a desultory, dispirited dinner, enlivened only by a sharp quarrel between Hack and Mimi over something I can't even recall. The three of them went back to the Hill finally, and I went home and tried to sleep.

The next morning I was in the office at eight o'clock, calling Red Campbell.

"Les Burns, Red. What's new?"

"Not a thing, Les."

"Has Meek come down yet?"

"Yes, but he's closed up tighter than a pawnbroker on Yom Kippur."

"Look. If anything pops will you give me a buzz?"

"I'll do that, Les."

"Thanks. I'll be in all day."

An hour later he phoned me: "Jay Rankin just got a pass to the city prison."

"To see Laura?"

"He wouldn't say, and I can't find out. None of these cops around here will talk. Meek's orders. But I don't know anybody else up there that Jay Rankin would want to see."

I had smoked two packs of cigarettes chain fashion, when the office door opened and there was Laura saying brightly:

"Good morning, darling."

"Laura!"

She looked as chic as though she had stepped out of a bandbox instead of a jail. There was a rosy flush on her cheeks and a clear steady light in her lovely gray eyes.

I was so glad to see her I must have been pathetic as I leaped out of my chair, dashed across the room, and took her in my arms.

"Darling, darling!" she exclaimed. "You're mussing my hair."

I dropped my arms then; I hadn't even kissed her.

"What's happened?" I asked hurriedly.

"Oh, nothing important," she replied lightly.

"Nothing important! Isn't it important that you're out of jail?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose that's important. But there's nothing new on the case."

"There must be something, or Meek would never have released you. Can't you tell me about it?"

"I can, but is there any hurry?"

Well, that was Laura. Dragging the last ounce of drama and suspense out of every situation.

"I haven't had a thing this morning but some horrible coffee," she went on. "When I get squared around I'm going to start a campaign for more and better food in jails. Could you take me out and buy me some breakfast?"

IT wasn't until she had finished her eggs Benedict and two cups of coffee that she would talk about herself.

"Your friend Jay Rankin is a pretty smart hombre," she remarked.

"The best in the business. You finally called him in, did you?"

"Yes."

"And he got you out? How?"

She stopped smiling. "He got the district attorney to reduce the charge to manslaughter, and Judge Murdock fixed bail at one hundred thousand dollars."

"Are they holding you for the grand jury?"

"Yes. It meets in about two months."

"Unless Judge Murdock calls a special session. He can do that any time, you know, at the request of the D. A. Where'd you dig up a hundred Gs?"

"Haven't I told you?"

She knew she hadn't told me.

"No," I said.

"Harry put a hundred thousand in my bank account the day we were married. I had that and only about four dollars more when I phoned the bank this morning. Now, how do you suppose that judge knew how much I had, virtually to the last dollar?"

"They have ways of finding those things out. Knowing the estate would be in litigation for some time, he tied up your last dime to make sure you wouldn't take a powder."

Her gray eyes were twinkling as she watched me. "Well, darling, if we had wanted to run away—if we had planned to run away—now we couldn't go, could we?"

If we had planned to run away! Good Lord, Laura! Has that been in your mind all the time? Is that why you followed Harry home and—

"Run away where?" I asked hollowly.

"San Salvador? Or is it Honduras that has no extradition laws with the United States?"

"I should think," I said bitterly, "you would have looked all that up."

She laughed. "I should have. How thoughtless of me! Next time I shall lay my plans more carefully."

"Look, Laura. Don't you think it's time you stopped playing with me? Don't you think it's time you answered a few questions that are keeping me awake at night?"

"Of course, darling. I'd be glad to answer your questions. Within limits, of course."

"Within limits! Will there always be limits between you and me?"

"Now, please, dear, don't go sentimental on me. What is it you want to know?"

I want to know, Laura, whether you killed Harry. And yet I haven't the courage to ask you.

"I'd be interested in knowing what happened to you during the week you were in New York. And also how you chanced to get home here just an hour after Harry arrived."

SHE lowered her eyes. "You believe that?" she asked huskily.

"I almost have to believe it, don't I?"

"All right, it's true!" she flashed. "What of it?"

"Plenty of it. How come?"

She sighed; said unhappily: "I went to Washington Tuesday morning. For the reason I have already mentioned, or inferred, there didn't seem much point in prolonging our honeymoon."

"You needn't go into that."

"I went to Washington to lease an apartment. Our marriage, in a way, was shot. All I had to look forward to was moving to Washington when Harry was elected and starting that column I was so eager about. Les, you've no idea how I looked forward to that. Outside of being very fond of Harry, I think I married him more to get to Washington than because he was so wealthy. Money, you know, has never meant very much to me."

That was true, but I wasn't interested. "Would you mind getting to the point, Laura?"

"Yes. Well, I found the loveliest apartment—"

"Come on, will you?" I urged impatiently.

"There isn't much further to go, is there? I left Washington about the same time Harry left New York. I arrived here an hour after he did. You know what I found when I got home."

"*How* do I know?"

She raised her coffee cup, saw that it was empty and put it down again.

"I need a drink," she said abruptly.

"You're not getting a drink. Tell me what you found."

"I found exactly what I found the next night when I went there with you."

I wonder if you did!

"I'm not very proud of myself after that," she went on quietly. "I lost my head completely. Blew my top, you'd probably call it. I was so frightened, the only thing I could think of was to get away before the police came and found me with—with Harry. I was afraid they'd think—"

"Yes, I know. Go on. What did you do?"

"I took a bus to Reno. I stayed there in a hotel all day. I wired you to meet me and took the plane out that evening. You know the rest."

I know the rest, yes. But do I know what happened when you got home Thursday night? Can I believe you? But how I do want to believe you!

Is Laura telling the truth or hiding it? If the former, why did she shadow Harry home so secretly? If the latter, who committed the crime? And what could have been the motive? Next week's Liberty will give you a most unexpected twist in this masterpiece of mystery.

Beside the Pool

Of a girl, a stranger, a look at love . . . A story alive with tender feeling and a swift surprise

BY H. G. WINTER

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

ON the haunch of a foothill Harvey drew the car to the side of the road and gazed at the floor of the valley ahead. Shining, the river wound through rich meadows; the road ran beside it until, a mile or so farther on, it led to a covered bridge that crossed the water. Trees were clustered there, and through their leaves could be glimpsed, from this point, the white walls and green shutters of a house. Grassy banks sloped down to the river under the old brown bridge.

When Harvey reached the bridge, he let the car follow the wagon tracks that led away from the road into a meadow, and come to a stop. He slid down the bank and sat beside the pool in the shade of the trees and the bridge, filling his eyes with the picture before him. This was the full flush of spring: spring in Vermont.

Harvey spread his arms and stretched slowly; he brought one hand up to his eyes and looked at the white dry skin, brittle with the pallor of prison. He clenched the hand suddenly, let it fall, stared at the pool.

A voice came clearly from the opposite bank of the river: "Of course it's warm enough to go in!"

She appeared on the crest of the bank, silhouetted against the green hills. Her red bathing suit was the briefest strip across her tanned slim body. She slipped a red cap over yellow hair and ran down to a rock on the edge of the pool.

She poised on top of the rock in perfect balance, breathed deeply, and launched herself outward in a sharp curving arc. The red cap flashed as she swam upriver with strong quick strokes.

When her eyes rested on Harvey, she looked at him for a few seconds. He smiled. Then she smiled too and said, "You gave me a surprise."

"I've been enjoying watching you swim," Harvey said.

"I almost live in the water in summer," she told him. "I love it." She looked at him again steadily. "You don't live around here, do you?" she asked.

"No," Harvey said. "But I knew this valley fairly well a long time ago, and I thought I'd like to see it again. It's the most peaceful place I've ever known. You're happy here, aren't you?" He added, "It's the impression you give."

She had paddled in close to the bank, and now she drew herself out of the water and sat down on a flat smooth rock near to him. She whisked the cap off her head and shook her hair.

"Well, you're right," she said. "Even though I've lived here all my life—since I was very little, anyway—and probably I should be wanting to go out and see the world and make some sort of name for myself. But I don't. I just seem to like it here more and more—the trees and the hills and the pools in the river and our house over there—and the people in the village—"

Harvey said, "It sounds to me as if you're in love."

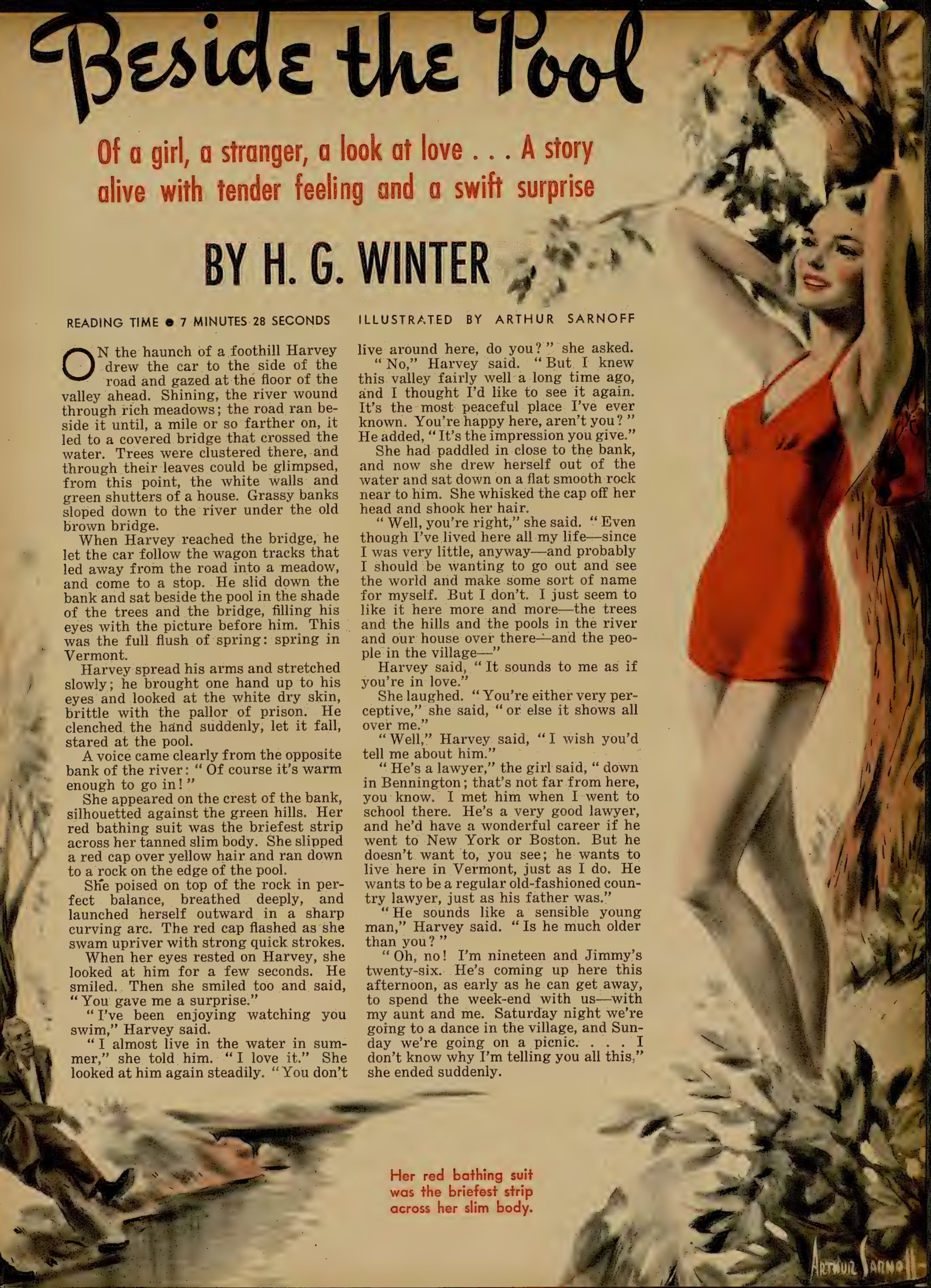
She laughed. "You're either very perceptive," she said, "or else it shows all over me."

"Well," Harvey said, "I wish you'd tell me about him."

"He's a lawyer," the girl said, "down in Bennington; that's not far from here, you know. I met him when I went to school there. He's a very good lawyer, and he'd have a wonderful career if he went to New York or Boston. But he doesn't want to, you see; he wants to live here in Vermont, just as I do. He wants to be a regular old-fashioned country lawyer, just as his father was."

"He sounds like a sensible young man," Harvey said. "Is he much older than you?"

"Oh, no! I'm nineteen and Jimmy's twenty-six. He's coming up here this afternoon, as early as he can get away, to spend the week-end with us—with my aunt and me. Saturday night we're going to a dance in the village, and Sunday we're going on a picnic. . . . I don't know why I'm telling you all this," she ended suddenly.



Her red bathing suit was the briefest strip across her slim body.

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"Sometimes people become good friends the first time they see each other—like old friends. Maybe that's what's happened."

The girl smiled. "That's a nice thing to say."

"But I suppose," Harvey said, "your aunt wouldn't care for the idea of your talking to a stranger."

"No; she'd be awfully upset. She's very proper; she looks after me as if I were about six years old. I've lived with her ever since I can remember. I'm an orphan, you see. I can't remember either my mother or my father. My aunt's told me about them, of course, and I have one picture of them as a giddy young couple going off on their honeymoon—they were lovely fine people—"

Another voice echoed over the opposite bank: "Janice! Your lunch is ready. Come while it's hot."

The girl rose. "Yes, darling," she called. She looked down at Harvey and said, "Are you going on, or will you be here for a little longer?"

"I'll be here," he said. "I guess I'll doze for a while. But you'd better not tell your aunt about me. She'd not let you come back—or come over to investigate me."

She laughed. "I'll be back," she said. She swam back, waving to him just before she disappeared from his view over the bank.

Harvey stepped on to a rock and bent to the water. It felt good in his dry mouth and throat. He studied his mirrored face. It was the face of a man of sixty. Harvey was forty-eight.

He drank again, and then stepped back to the grass. He lay on his back, his unfocused eyes staring up at the bright screen of young spring leaves overhead.

In his ears there was the drowsy orchestration of tiny legs and wings and insect noises. His eyes closed; and almost at once the world was gray.

Gray walls, the small rectangles cut across by close bars; gray faces, gray-clad bodies moving with his in even, listless step—from the cells to the hall, from the hall to the cells; from the cells to the walled barren yard.

TIMES without number his mind with exquisite precision had recreated that day; the lonely disarrayed apartment, then Nevin coming in, his face dark and his voice jumping out sharply: "You killed her. You killed her, you know. She should never have married you. Bearing the child killed her. That means you killed her, you—"

"Go away!" was all he could say.

"Oh, no, I won't go away. I love her, you know. She'd still be alive, with me. Damn you—"

Nevin struck him then; struck again and again. Blood was in his mouth, and he turned away toward the door. But Nevin stood between, and he had to shove him out of the way. Nevin lurched aside and fell. His head had struck the edge of a table, and he lay still.

That was all; that was why it could be said, "Murder, second degree." That was how almost twenty years could pass out of your life. The gray years could be forgotten, but the word murder could not; and its evil was that it could hurt most those whom you loved.

Harvey rolled over on his side, and a voice quite near said, "So you're not asleep!"

The girl was standing almost above him, and a young man was beside her.

"This is Jimmy," she said. "I told him about talking to you. Jimmy, this is my new friend."

The young man smiled. He was quite tall; the girl's tumbled yellow hair came just to his shoulder. His eyes were alive and friendly.

"Hello!" Harvey said, sitting up. "I'm glad to meet you. I wanted to tell you how lucky I think you are."

"You mean because of Janice?" He laughed and looked down at her and clasped her hand more tightly.

"Yes," Harvey said. "And because of the ideas you have about what you want to do. I think they're good ideas."

The young man said, "You know, I wondered when Janice told me how she felt she wanted to tell you about us, but I guess I know what she meant now. I don't even know your name, but—"

"Names don't matter sometimes, do they?" Harvey said. He rose to his feet; and the girl said:

WE'RE going up Green Mountain. We've a private spot of our own there, where you can look out over the whole valley for miles and miles. Do you want to come with us?"

Harvey gazed at her. He said, "Well—I think I'll have to be getting along. But maybe I'll be coming down the valley again soon, and maybe you and Jimmy will take me up then."

She was disappointed. "I do hope you'll really come again," she said. "Soon!"

They walked up the river bank with him and over to where he had left the car. "Sometimes she starts," Harvey said, "and sometimes she doesn't." He paused. "I hope you won't mind my saying this," he said, "but if you haven't bought the ring yet, Jimmy, I'd like to give you one. I've carried it around with me for a long time. There couldn't be any better place to leave it."

The girl did not speak. Harvey took the ring from his pocket and gave it to her. Then he felt her lips brush his.

He drove very slowly up the winding road. Shadows were softening the bright green of the hill slopes, and a murmur of wind stirred in the sky and passed through the young leaves. The tiny bells of cows in the high hill pastures carried clearly on the wind.

The road rose over a foothill. Harvey stopped there and looked back. They were standing close together by the bridge, still watching him; and as he turned to drive on, his daughter raised her arm and waved good-by.

THE END

What Happened to
ELLIS PARKER?

Did history repeat itself when Paul Wendel was kidnaped? Here's strange light on an amazing detective career

The Clue of the Profane Parrot

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IN the topsy-turvy days when Ellis Howard Parker, Sr., country detective extraordinary, found himself branded by the government in open court a criminal conspirator extraordinary, a strange thing happened.

A parade of Mount Holly neighbors of the defendant, stanch character witnesses who insisted that their Burlington County Sherlock was a godly man who, in the words of one of them, " would not kidnap a puppy dog " (much less Paul Wendel, eccentric ex-lawyer), squirmed in their witness chairs as United States Attorney John J. Quinn hammered a green-covered book on his table and demanded of each of them: " Did you ever read this? "

In that book—an account of Ellis Parker's most entertaining cases—was an embarrassing passage which quoted Parker as saying:

" I figured on it for quite a while and finally decided that the only thing to do was kidnap P——, in a perfectly legal manner, and clap him in the cooler. . . ."

Jubilantly Mr. Quinn referred time after time to Ellis Parker's " own special method of ' legal kidnaping,' " sensationally implied that Paul Wendel had been neither the first nor the only snatch victim of the detective.

The " legal kidnaping " to which the book and the prosecutor referred occurred back in 1922, during Parker's investigation of the " Honest John " Brunen case.

Since the prosecutor offered hints, not explanations, concerning that fifteen-year-old " kidnaping," it might be well, now, to drag the incident out into the light of day and have a good look at it.

It might be well, too, to start at the beginning, on the evening of March 10, 1922, when John Brunen was found in his kitchen as dead as the shotgun charge that carried half of his head away could make him.

Brunen owned and managed a circus—The Mighty Doris and Colonel Francis Ferari Show. He was getting ready to break winter quarters and take the show on the road when the wielder of the shotgun caught up with him. From all accounts, the German circus owner seems to have been a too-stern and exacting father, a jealous husband, a prosperous and frugal business man, and a domineering and trigger-tempered employer who could, and did, handle the toughest circus-lot roustabout with his fists or anything he happened to get his fists on. So you can begin figuring out motive and suspect right now.

Socially, he was pleasant enough. Ellis Parker himself had spent more than one evening sitting in the kitchen of Brunen's home at Riverside, New Jersey, pulling on his pipe and telling him how he had solved murder cases.

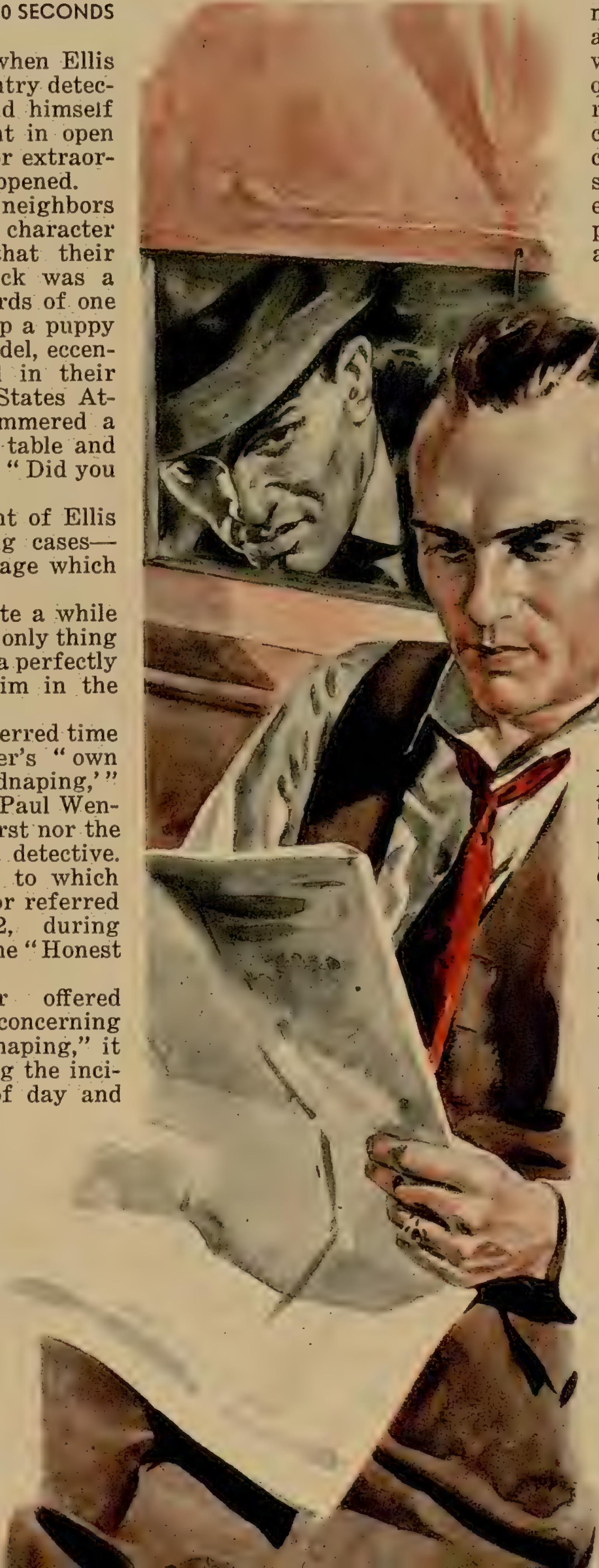
Now Parker had to find out who murdered Brunen.

He went out there that night with his secretary, Miss Anna Yoos; his assistant, Detective Clifford Cain; and State Trooper Herman Bading, who had been doing some work out of Parker's office.

Doris Brunen, the circus owner's wife of eight years and widow of less than an hour, let them in. Her eyes were red and wet and she appeared to be on the edge of hysteria. She was younger than Brunen—thirty-six and blonde and plump. Parker did not question her then, but went to the kitchen, where the body was.

Ellis Parker had spent some thirty years training his eyes to spot anything wrong, and the minute he stepped into that kitchen he had a feeling that all sorts of things were wrong.

The dead man was slumped in a rocking chair near one of the two windows of the kitchen, under a strong reading lamp. The newspaper he'd been reading had fallen to the floor. One of the window shades was drawn down completely; the other—on the window in front of which Brunen had been sitting—was up about a foot.



Brunen, near the window and under a strong light, had made an easy target.

It made a perfect set-up for murder. Brunen, even if his back hadn't been to the window, probably wouldn't have seen his own killer; while Brunen, himself, under the strong light, had made a perfect and easy target.

There was a hole in the window where the shotgun blast had come through. It was only about four inches in diameter, which made it a pretty small hole for a shotgun charge and indicated that the killer had stood outside, fairly close to the window.

That he had stood outside there in the darkness was obvious, because there were powdery fragments of glass embedded in the dead man's head and lying around on the floor where fragments of window had been blown *into* the kitchen by the gun blast.

The ground was soft and muddy that night and Ellis Parker went outside with a flashlight to look for footprints. He found not one but two sets. One set had been made by a woman wearing high-heeled shoes.

The woman's footprints made an arc from the steps of the rear porch to a doghouse under one of the windows; then a second arc, from the doghouse to the double doors of the outside, or yard, entrance to the cellar steps.

The second set of footprints—a man's—were impressed over the woman's at one spot where their trails crossed, so Ellis Parker knew that the man had arrived after the woman had put the dog in the cellar.

Mrs. John Brunen and Harry Mohr.

By the light of the flashlight, Ellis Parker studied the man's footprints. There were two sets of tracks. The first came across a field into the back yard and halted just outside the window where the shot had been fired. There the man had stood for some time, leaving many muddled impressions of his feet as he waited.

What, Parker wondered, had he been waiting for? Why hadn't he simply gone to the window and shot?

The footprints left by his normal walk across the field toward the Brunen house were spaced little more than twenty inches and showed a rather small foot for a man and a lack of depth that indicated that the murderer had been short of stature and of less than average weight. Going away from the house, he had run at top speed, for his trace showed a much greater length of pace and his heel imprint was stronger than that of the ball of the toe. He had been, Ellis Parker decided, a pretty nervous little killer.

The detective followed his spoor across the field to a lane, where he found the tire marks of an automobile that, apparently, had been waiting there for the murderer. The direction in which the car had been facing would have been right to take it either toward Camden or Philadelphia.

There wasn't much more to be seen out there in the dark, so Ellis Parker went back to the house to talk to Mrs. Brunen. He noticed that she was wearing shoes with high heels and both heels had mud on them.

"When you put the dog away tonight," he asked, "was that before or after John was shot?"

She gave a little, surprised jump. "Before," she said.

She was telling the truth there. Ellis Parker suggested: "Tell me what happened tonight."

"After supper," she said, "John was sitting there in the chair, reading his newspaper, like he always does. At about seven thirty I went outside to put the dog in the cellar. Then I went upstairs. I had the water running in the bathtub when I heard a shot. I ran downstairs, out to the kitchen, and then I saw . . . . I saw him."

In answer to further questions, she said she hadn't seen any one around the house when she put the dog away, hadn't heard any other noises, hadn't notified the neighbors for ten minutes, because she was so shocked she didn't know what she was doing.

More questions pried loose the information that she had been married before and so had John Brunen, and that, while they had had their quarrels, they weren't any worse than those of the average married couple.

Ellis Parker had noticed, when he came into the house, an older woman and a young girl downstairs, crying. He asked about them and learned that the older woman was Mrs. Brunen's mother; the younger, John Brunen's seventeen-year-old daughter, Hazel, by a former marriage.

"Were they in the house when this shooting happened?"

They hadn't been, it turned out. The girl and the older woman had left soon after supper to go to a movie in Riverside.

Parker thought things over. The murderer certainly had got the breaks. The dog had been in the cellar, Brunen's mother-in-law and daughter had been away, Mrs. Brunen had been upstairs, the window shades had been drawn so that the victim couldn't have seen his murderer, while the murderer could see John Brunen. It couldn't have been better. In fact, it looked almost too good.

Several months before, around Christmas, Mrs. Brunen admitted, Hazel had run off to Hoboken and married the circus' lion tamer. The witnesses were Mrs. Brunen and the lot superintendent, a fellow named Ward.

Brunen had been furious when he found out about it. He accused Mrs. Brunen of leading his daughter astray, and broke up the marriage. Furthermore, he accused Doris Brunen of infidelity with the lot superintendent—which she said was silly—and the whole situation came to a head on the past Christmas Day, when there had been a quarrel and, as Mrs. Brunen put it, a gun her husband was holding accidentally went off.

Accidental or not, a steel corset stay stopped the bullet that otherwise might have killed Mrs. Brunen.

"Do you think," Ellis Parker asked, "that this fellow Ward could have had anything to do with it?"

"Of course not," said Doris Brunen.

"Who would be the most likely suspect?"

"Dutch Werner," replied Mrs. Brunen promptly. "He used to be a chef with the circus. He and John never got along. John ran him out of a dining car with a gun once and Werner swore he'd get even."

She described Werner, and he was below average height and weight, so Parker made a mental tab of him and went downstairs. Some one was just coming in the front door. Doris Brunen called to the newcomer.

"Oh, Harry," she cried, "John's out in the kitchen, dead! He's been murdered."

"Murdered!" The newcomer looked astounded.

Ellis Parker found that this fellow was Harry C. Mohr, brother of Mrs. Brunen. He was assistant manager of the Mighty Doris Show and, now that John Brunen was dead and Mohr's sister would inherit the show, he'd probably have his hands full as manager.

He was big and broad-shouldered, with a soup-bowl haircut and a hard straight line for a mouth and a big nose. Ellis Parker looked at his feet. They were big, too. Parker knew that Mohr hadn't been the one who had stood outside the window and fired the fatal shot.

Ellis Parker went out into the kitchen to find his assistants, Cain and Bading.

"You boys go out and see what you can dig out of the neighbors," he told them. "Find out what time they heard the shot; if the dog barked; if they saw an auto out there in the lane, or anything else suspicious."

When they had gone, Parker looked around the kitchen where, just a week before, he had sat chatting with the dead man. There was something about that kitchen that was changed; something there, then, that was missing now. But he couldn't put his finger on it.

Just then Trooper Bading came in with some odd news.

"Not a single neighbor heard that shotgun," he reported. "It was fired outside and must have made a racket like a cannon, but they say they didn't hear it. How do you explain that, Ellis?"

"I don't," said Parker. "That's one of the things we've got to find out about."

"Nobody saw any automobile, so it must have had its lights out when it was parked in the lane," said Bading. "And nobody heard the dog barking before the time of the murder."

Parker lit his pipe and pulled at it. The dog hadn't barked. That might mean that some one the dog knew did the job. It might also mean nothing, except that the dog had been down in the cellar and hadn't heard the murderer approach. He decided to go down in the cellar and see if the dog would bark at him. On a landing, he suddenly stopped. There in front of him was a stand with a cage on it and over the cage was a cloth cover.

Ellis Parker took the cover off the cage and a parrot cocked an eye at him, shrieked, "Hello there!" and followed his greeting with some choice profanity.

Now Detective Parker knew what was wrong in the murder kitchen. That parrot and cage belonged in that kitchen—had been there every time Ellis Parker had ever been there, except tonight. Why—unless the murderer figured the sharp-eyed parrot might see him, let out a squawk, and upset the whole plot—had the parrot been removed from the kitchen to the cellarway?

Parker shrugged and went on down the stairs, and the dog in the cellar—a bulldog—barked and growled.

He went upstairs and out in back of the house, and was standing there when he heard a distant wailing whistle. Pretty soon a freight train went by, just a few hundred yards from the house, making a noisy roar.

Now he knew why the neighbors hadn't heard the shotgun explosion. Now he knew why the killer had waited outside the window of the Brunen home. The shooting had been cleverly timed so that a passing train would cover up the noise. Just to be positive, he had Clifford Cain check with the railroad, and, sure enough, two trains had gone past the Brunen home between 7.30 and 7.35, which, according to Mrs. Brunen and the doctor who had been summoned, was the time of the shooting.

Ellis Parker went back to Mount Holly and had a good night's sleep. By the time he had finished breakfast the next morning he had his plans laid.

Whoever had shot Honest John Brunen had been some one pretty close to Brunen and his home life, else how could the murderer have known he would find Brunen sitting near the window reading the newspaper, as he did every evening up to the night of the killing?

Probably the nervous amateur murderer was some one connected with the Mighty Doris Show—and he had to be a little fellow to boot.

The lion tamer who had run off with John Brunen's daughter didn't seem to fit the picture, since a man who would go into a cage full of lions wouldn't be very nervous about having a shot at a man.

The lot superintendent, of whom Brunen had been jealous, didn't stack up well, either, since he was a husky fellow with big feet.

But you never knew who might do a thing until you began eliminating everybody. Brunen hadn't been easy to get along with. He had had 600 employees with his show during the past two years, and any of them might be a good suspect. Parker decided to find out where each of them had been the night of the murder.

Those 600 employees would be scattered all over the country, so he had a job on his hands. He got in touch with the publishers of a magazine that kept track of show people, and within less than two weeks he had the addresses of every one of John Brunen's employees.

The police of a score of cities helped him by interviewing various employees and sending Parker reports, showing their alibis for the night of the murder. Werner, the discharged chef mentioned by Doris Brunen, had been in Milwaukee on that night and couldn't have had anything to do with the shooting.

The week after the murder brought two important developments.

Near the spot where the getaway car had been parked, Chief of Police William Voshell of Riverside found the grip of the killer's shotgun. It bore a serial number which, Parker knew, would correspond with the stock and

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barrel number of the murder gun, if that gun ever were found.

A man named Arthur Fletcher came in voluntarily to report that at around seven thirty on the murder night he had been driving past the Brunen home and had been nearly run down by an auto that pulled out of the lane, lights out, and sped toward Camden. All he could remember was that the car had New Jersey license plates.

However, his story did help, because it indicated the route the murder car had taken.

Ellis Parker sent a searching party out along the Camden route to see if the killer had abandoned the murder gun somewhere. The gun was found on the edge of Pensauken Creek.

There was plenty of luck in this find. If the searcher had gone past there at *high tide*, the gun would have been covered by water. But he happened by at *low tide*, and there it was, lying in the mud. It's little things like that that trip up murderers.

The numbers on barrel and stock of the gun corresponded with the number on the grip that had been dropped in the lane near the Brunen place by the nervous killer. The gun was of Belgian make and, Parker reasoned, shouldn't be too hard to trace.

He cabled to the police in Belgium and found that a dozen of those guns had been made to order for a dealer in Philadelphia. Ellis Parker located this dealer. His records showed he had sold the gun that Parker now had to another man. The other man had lost the gun to a game warden, and it had been sold at public auction by the State Game Commission at Harrisburg. There was a record of the sale, however, that put the gun back in the hands of a Philadelphia dealer named Solomon Simons. When Parker located Simons he found that he, too, had sold the gun to a pawnbroker named William Berkowitz. Parker went to Berkowitz's place. Berkowitz didn't even have to consult his records.

"SURE, I remember that gun. I remember it because it was foreign-made. Sold it just a few weeks ago."

"Recall the man you sold it to?" Ellis Parker asked.

"Sure," said Berkowitz. "Only it was two men, not one. And I'd know either of them if I saw 'em again."

By this time Ellis Parker had concluded the tremendous task of checking 600 suspects; had, in fact, eliminated all but four men. He had a picture of one of the four. He handed it to the pawnbroker.

"Ever see that man?" he asked.

"Sure, sure," said the pawnbroker. "That's the big one of the two."

"Thanks," said Parker, and put back in his pocket the photograph of Harry C. Mohr, brother-in-law of Brunen.

The "little fellow," according to the pawnbroker, was a short, nervous chap with wing ears who wore a high stiff shirt collar, had a wide mouth, high forehead, eyes spaced far apart, and combed his hair straight back without a part. This description fitted a former press agent for the Mighty Doris Show who had worked for John Brunen for two years, had been discharged just before the show went into winter quarters, following a bitter quarrel with its owner. The detective had made enough inquiries to learn that Mohr and this fellow, several years before, had been inseparable pals.

Another thing that made it shape up was that the little fellow—his name was Charles M. Powell—had bad nerves. And his home, at the time of the shooting, had been in Camden, New Jersey—the city toward which the murder car had headed.

Had the murder gun been anything but a shotgun, Parker could have taken Charles Powell into custody at once. But you can't trace slugs back into a shotgun, and ownership of that gun didn't prove that either Powell or Mohr had used it to blow Honest John Brunen's head off.

Here is another story of a baffling crime solved by the famous detective, Ellis Parker, whose kidnaping of Paul Wendel at the time of the Lindbergh case brought a brilliant career crashing about his ears. Why did this man, successful, honored, turn to lawbreaking after so many years of fighting crime? How could his keen mind overlook the trail of clues that finally were his undoing? In this, the fourth of an exciting series dealing with real-life mysteries in which Parker brought criminals to justice, he uses tactics similar to those he later employed in the Wendel case. Number Five in the series will appear in an early issue. Watch for it!

So he did the next best thing: He instructed his men to cover Powell's home in Cooper Street, Camden. They took turns watching, day and night, from a factory across the street.

The twenty-four-hour-a-day tail was pretty dull. Powell had a wife and baby and no money, apparently, nor work; but he didn't look for work. He'd go down to the corner store for milk and cigarettes and newspapers, but outside of that he wouldn't budge from the house.

It went that way for four days. After dark on the fifth day, Trooper Bading, who was one of the men on watch, saw Powell slip out of the house and followed him. He took a trolley to the Delaware River, where he boarded a ferry for Philadelphia. Bading took the same ferry, tailed him through the city to a dingy hotel. In the lobby, Powell met a man, had a long talk that Bading couldn't hear, and collected some money.

The man Powell met in the hotel was Harry C. Mohr.

On the tenth night the same thing happened—and that was the night that Ellis Parker ordered the "legal kidnaping" that, fifteen years later, was to haunt him.

There are several versions in Ellis Parker's published stories of that "kidnaping."

According to one, Parker decided to

take Powell into custody when he got back to Camden, and, for that purpose, stationed men in an automobile outside Powell's house. This version has it that Parker first notified the Camden police that his men intended to take Powell into tow, got their blessing, and Powell was arrested in front of his home and brought at once to Parker's headquarters in Mount Holly.

The other version is more spectacular.

According to it, he sent his men over to bring Powell in quietly—without notifying Camden police. But Mrs. Powell saw her husband being forced into a car in front of their home and quickly telephoned police that he was being kidnaped. Whereupon the Camden police arrested all of Ellis Parker's men.

The latter version may possibly be the likelier of the two. Ellis Parker wanted to get Powell into custody secretly, so that Harry Mohr would not flee or build up an alibi story. He didn't want to alarm Mohr, or take him into custody, until he had obtained from the jittery Powell a confession implicating Mohr. It is entirely possible that, to avoid any possibility of a leak, Ellis Parker *did* order the arrest made without taking the Camden cops into his confidence.

You can take your choice and decide for yourself whether either of these versions is worth becoming excited about. Ellis Parker acted within his legal rights, in any event.

Charlie Powell sat in a cell in Burlington County with nothing but his ragged nerves for company, and on April 29—little more than a month after Brunen's murder—his nerves won and he sent for Ellis Parker and confessed firing the shot that had killed John Brunen.

That, too, is one version—that *solitude* was the factor that made nervous Charles Powell finally talk. Years later—again at the trial of Ellis Parker for the kidnaping of Paul Wendel—another version cropped up.

The gist of Powell's confession was that Harry Mohr, greedy to obtain managerial control of the circus his sister would inherit if John Brunen died, promised Powell one thousand dollars to do a job of murder.

When the job was done, however, Mohr promptly reneged on payment, giving his nervous trigger man only $200 of the promised $1,000.

Mohr, arrested on the heels of the Powell confession, promptly called his co-partner in crime a liar and crazy man. But a jury decided differently, after listening to Powell's testimony and hearing the Philadelphia pawnbroker, William Berkowitz, identify Mohr as one of the purchasers of the murder gun.

Mohr was sentenced to life imprisonment in State Prison at Trenton. Mrs. Brunen, his sister, was tried on a complicity charge and acquitted. Dapper, nervous Charles Powell got twenty to thirty years.

The other angle of Ellis Parker's masterful work on the John Brunen case that, fifteen years later, boomeranged, had to do with Charles Powell's confession.

In most of his cases, Ellis Parker contended, he obtained confessions by neither force nor persuasion but by the simple procedure of putting the guilty man in a solitary cell until his conscience loosened his tongue.

There was nothing to indicate that this was not Ellis Parker's successful strategy until, a decade and a half after the Brunen case, Paul Wendel took the stand in Federal Court in Newark and hinted, broadly, that Ellis Parker made a deal with Charles Powell.

Wendel, charging that he himself had been persuaded by Ellis Parker to sign a confession to the Lindbergh kidnaping, testified: "He [Parker] said: 'This thing can be all arranged. If you do this, I even have the assurance from the Governor that all the indictments will be nol-prossed, and in a few years you do the same thing as I told Charlie Powell—go out of your mind and we will put you in the asylum.'"

How much truth lodges in this testimony, only Wendel and Parker and Powell and God would know today.

The record does show that Charles Powell, shortly after he went to State Prison to do his twenty-to-thirty, was transferred to an insane asylum. The record also shows that he was returned, later, to prison.

THE END

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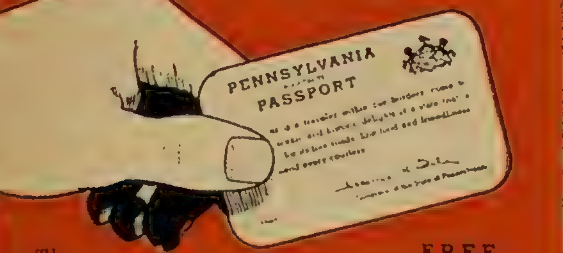

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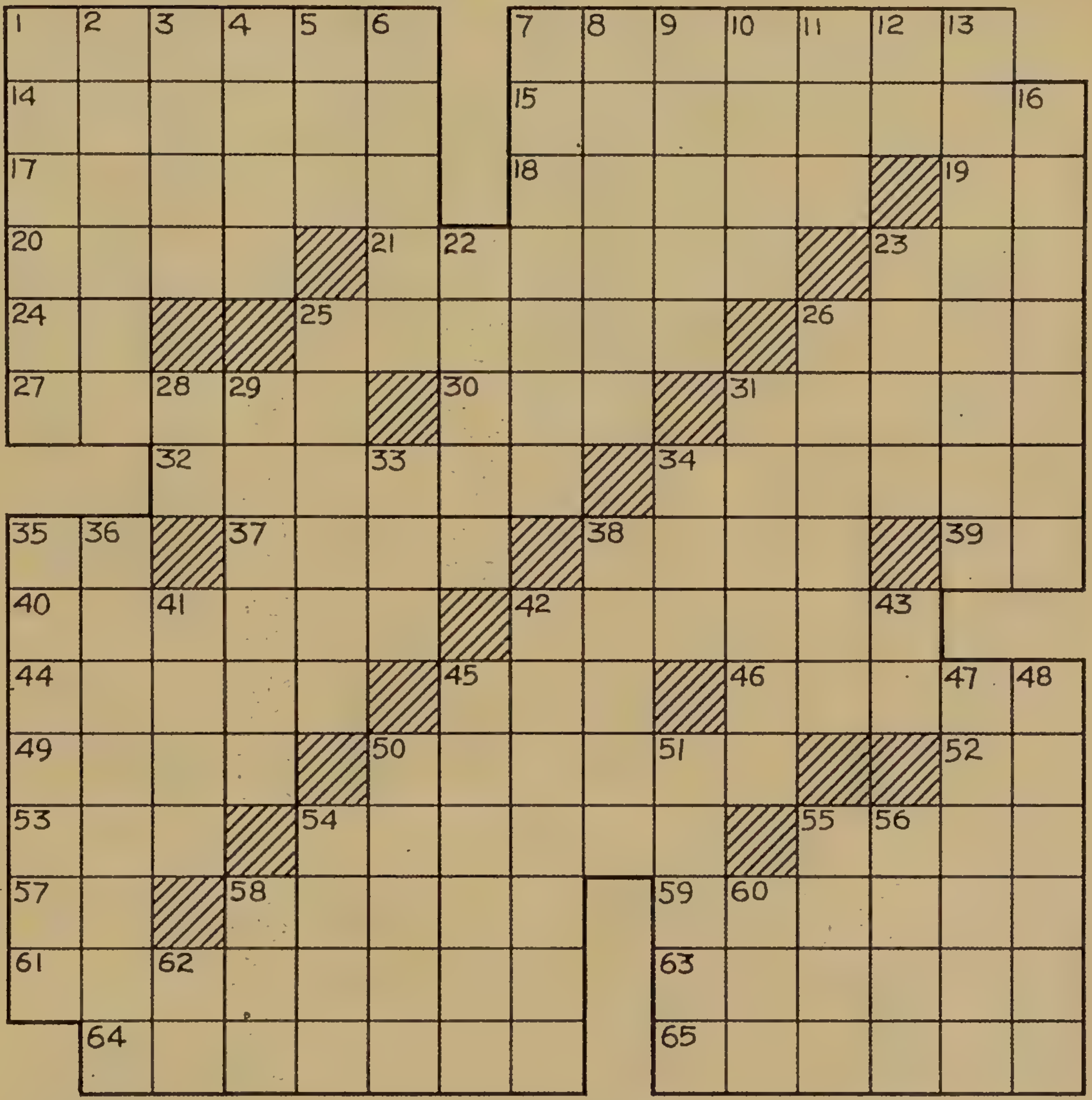
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Russian purgative
7 The unnnh in vegetables
14 This got Snow White both Sleepy and Dopey
15 Most moving man in Minnie Mouse's life
17 Glorified swing (pl.)
18 Madame Radium
19 Handout to college grads (abbr.)
20 A bride's destination after leaving the altar
21 What Spain won't be much this season
23 The cry of early youth
24 Terrible Shane (abbr.)
25 What magazines come out in from time to time
26 A whacking good place to take it out of on Jr.
27 Nobody likes to be this up
30 Cross-eyed Mamas Society (abbr.)
31 This place sounds fishy but I understand it's pretty hot
32 One of Shakespeare's Italian scenes (pl.)
34 A tight little town in a tight little country
35 Royal Moochers (abbr.)
37 What the unhappy theater shed
38 Chinese Elks
39 Big-bellied thing that plows around and puffs as it goes (abbr.)
40 Rear-rank private in technicolor
42 Giant spinach field
44 Kind of league John Lewis is forming
45 They're wanted by the police, the navy, and old maids
46 Indian peasants
49 What's behind the clarinetist's mouthpiece?
50 Here's to Boston, home of
the bean and the cod, '
Where the Lowells speak
only to ——,
And the —— speak only to
God!

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MTURPENTINE
ODETACUDEA
NTEECISSURP
AHLNOROMSO
MEMIRACLEOT
AWCCIGARPO
ROELACUDAIT
ELLOCALLRR
MEFATIMASOD
EDSTAESTTO
RELLEPSYESP
ASREMAETSA
DROWSINESSR
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Answer to last week's puzzle

52 Hot spots of the Caribbean (abbr.)
53 What the girl who looked good enough to eat did
54 Man git (fem.)
55 You can't call this that
57 Little Rhody (abbr.)
58 What criminals and actors assume (sing.)
59 Der Foorer's Chosen People
61 Cause of Gen. Franco's steely manna (pl.)
63 He's simply incredible—b. i. o. n.
64 Bouquet of orange and rum blossoms, featured by the bottle-scarred veterans of the Bar Association
65 Highest things the younger generation attain before the crash

VERTICAL

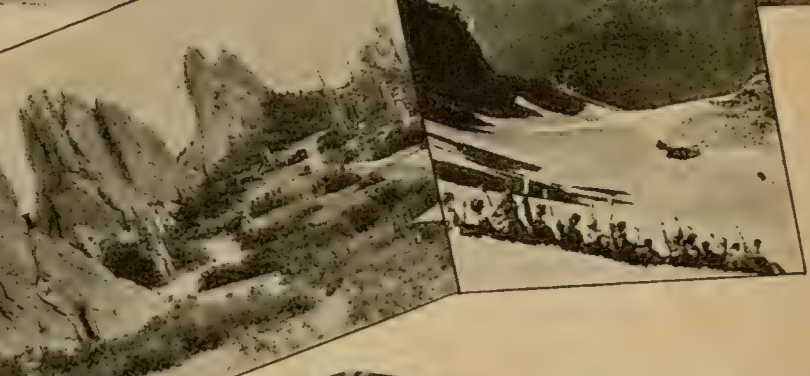
1 Raises, as kicks in the pants and salaries
2 Elevated in the snoot
3 Due that falleth ungently on the property
4 The bird you pay and pay and pay for
5 Greek letter
6 Trials without jury
7 Empties; weak-end blanks
8 Habituates
9 Tacks collectors
10 Among
11 The undulating West
12 That appealing pronoun again
13 Human goose eggs
16 12 Egyptian Hitlers all in a row (sing.)
22 He drove 'em Wilde in the '90s
23 Women usually have their hair and hats on it
25 Early Colonial haircutter
26 Kind of men who start revolutions
28 One-armed Paperhangers (abbr.)
29 Quick needleworker around Holmes
31 They get an awful bang out of a piano
33 Union of Ecstatic Rooseveltians (abbr.)
34 Passos
35 Blushing celery
36 Item on the budget that'll slay you
38 Macushla mauler
41 Dobbin, Sr.
42 French composer
43 One of these letters is on the square, the other is absolutely empty
45 Home of Spaniards and grapes
47 What the ivy did round his leg, he was at Yale that long
48 A man like mother (poss.)
50 What peaches do to strong men
51 Waterfalls in the sea of matrimony
54 Believe it or not, this is a lie (two words)
55 Hunt and peck
56 What we'd all like to be at eighty
58 Absolutely abbreviated
60 First sleeper in America
62 A little blue slip at the P. O. (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

100,000 Miles FREE Vacation Travel!

THIS is the final week. You can still get into the game by solving the jumbles on Coupon 10 and then sending for reprints of the first nine coupons. Requests for these, addressed to the box number in Rule 6 and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing, must be received prior to May 26, after which date no reprint orders will be filled.

Make sure you have noted these two corrections, already published. Coupon 1, Jumble 4, GRAYNELE. Coupon 3, Jumble 4, DONBENTAR. These corrections were announced in ample time and the jumbles as printed here are official. Also, as previously announced, resorts in Canada as well as the United States are involved in this game. Where two different jumbles solve into the same name, use that name for both solutions; and if any jumble solves equally well into two names, full credit will be given the name you enter if your solution is accurate. Do not send in ornate entries. Simplicity is best.



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THESE BRIEF RULES TELL HOW TO WIN!

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining " Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

No. 10...USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

JUMBLE	SOLUTION
1. TANGSUESUIT	....
2. HURLSEBEN	....
3. NORTHYSPAIN	....
4. TOTORONDWEBS	....
5. OBRIANAYEGG	....
6. SNORERAINBAND	....
7. BRAGGRINNOTREAT	....
8. NORANCHCANTIFO	....
9. HARDCOLDORBACHE	....
10. SPURTHSWINGSLIPURHE	....

Two important things happen to Judith Gillmore, hostess at the Rivermount Hotel in Hillhigh, while she is visiting in Boston after the summer season. First, she receives a proposal of marriage from Bert Wallace, a wealthy young man who has pursued her for some time with less conventional overtures. She refuses because she is in love with Bill Martin, a Hillhigh doctor. Second, with Bert's help, she prevents Betty Corbin, daughter of the manager of the Rivermount, from eloping with Saks Lewis, leader of a hotel dance orchestra.

Betty is glad to escape marriage with Saks. Her decision to elope was just an impulse growing out of her discovery that Bill Martin, with whom she is infatuated, is seriously attracted to Judy. On Judy's promise not to tell Mr. Corbin of her attempt to run away, Betty returns to Hillhigh.

Once there, she turns her attention to Bill. But Bill, who refrains from proposing to Judy only because he has so little money, treats Betty, as always, like a sister.

Hetty Martin, Bill's eccentric aunt, who will have nothing to do with her nephew because she disliked his mother, has taken a fancy to Judy. The girl visits her often. One day in the autumn, when she calls, she finds Aunt Hetty on the floor, unconscious, with blood on her head.

Love hesitates, and happiness hangs in the balance, as a brilliant, colorful novel

Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

PART NINE—AN INTERRUPTED DAYDREAM

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THERE was no telephone in Hetty Martin's house. Judith, making a superhuman effort, got the small woman into her strong young arms and carried her, a dead weight, through the passage and into a bedroom off the kitchen, where she put her on the bed. Then she ran out and down the street to Miss Martin's next-door neighbors, and knocked on the back door. A thin, dour woman answered, wiping her hands on her apron.

Judith said breathlessly, "Miss Martin has had an accident. She's unconscious. Have you a phone?"

The woman indicated the telephone, in the kitchen. She listened to Judith calling the hotel: "Hurry, Central, please hurry!" and said, "I'll go over now and stay with her while you telephone."

When she had established her connection, Judith asked frantically, "Has Dr. Martin come in yet?" . . .

"Dr. Martin? Oh, it's Miss Gillmore. Yes, he's in his office," said the hotel operator. "I'll put him right on."

Bill had hardly managed to say "Hello" before she cut in. "It's Judith . . . come as fast as you can!" she cried. "Aunt Hetty has had an accident."

He didn't even answer. He simply hung up, and she went racing back, to find Miss Martin still unconscious and the neighbor standing by the bed.

"Looks like a shock, to me," she said calmly.

"I've sent for Dr. Martin—her nephew," explained Judith.

The neighbor, who presently introduced herself as Mrs. Thomson, shook her head.

"She'd have to be unconscious to let him in the house," she commented. "The way she's treated that boy's a caution! Nice boy, too. And, I hear, a good doctor. I've always stuck to old Doc Peters, myself," she added, sitting down beside the bed, "but he's almost eighty now, and maybe a change would help my rheumatism some."

Miss Hetty stirred and moaned.

"I think she's coming to," whispered Judith.

But the alteration was momentary, for Miss Hetty lapsed into unconsciousness again.

When Judith, listening, heard Bill's car draw up, she ran to the front door and flung it open. He said, "Well, what's all this?" unprepared for her sudden clinging to him. "I've been so frightened," she said, in excuse. . . . "I thought perhaps she was dead." . . .

Bill put his arm around her and together they went back into the bedroom. Mrs. Thomson, still sitting there, interested but motionless, said, "Well, Bill," unemotionally, and he answered mechanically, "How are you, Mrs. Thomson?"

"Oh, Bill, what *is* it?" Judith demanded.

"You run along out," he told her. "Mrs. Thomson will stay here with me. She's used to sickness . . ."

Judith went out slowly. She was shaking a little. She thought dismally, Well, I'm not much good around emergencies, am I?

Miss Hetty's parlor was prim. Turning on a light, Judith saw a horsehair sofa. It looked slippery and uncomfortable. There were enlarged crayons of melancholy-looking ladies and gentlemen on the walls. A round table, a lamp, a Bible, a wax wreath under glass. It was a stiff, sad little room. She sat down to wait, and the cat came sneaking across the Brussels carpet and jumped into her lap.

Bill came in, his face set. "She's had a stroke," he said, "and I'm at my wits' end what to do. . . . If I take her to the hospital . . . Mrs. Thomson says that she'll fight it, tooth and nail, when she comes to. On the other hand, she can't be here alone."

"Hank's daughter Rose," said Judith eagerly, "is home on a vacation. She's not a graduate, of course, but you know she's had a couple of years' training. She might take over until you could get some one else."

"That might be the best thing," he agreed, his face clearing. "I've got a practical nurse, an excellent middle-aged woman, Mrs. Ellis, on a pneumonia case now. My patient is better; she could take over in a few days. Meantime if Rose could help us out—"

"I'll run down to the Parsonses'," offered Judith.

In less than half an hour she was back with Rose, a pretty, stocky girl with good hands and a quiet competent way about her. Rose was perfectly willing to help until Mrs. Ellis came off her case. And Judith, seeing the frank blue-eyed smile with which she favored Bill, decided that he'd have no trouble in getting nurses to work for him—ever.

Mrs. Thomson, promising to do anything she could, went back home—to call all her friends on the party line and tell them the latest news. And after a time Bill came out of the sickroom again, leaving Rose in charge. "I'll drive you home, Judith," he said. "Later I'll come back and stay with Aunt Hetty overnight."

"Is it very bad . . .?"

"I don't think so," he said; "I think it will clear. Her right side is paralyzed, however . . ."

"Oh, how dreadful for her! And, Bill, the blood on her forehead . . .?"

"Struck her head, falling," he said; "it doesn't amount to anything. I'm sure she'll be all right. As soon as I can I'll call in some one else . . . she'll hate to have me around when she's conscious," he said bitterly.

"Bill, don't feel like that."

"How else am I to feel?" he demanded.

The days went on growing shorter. Aunt Hetty recovered slowly. Mrs. Ellis stayed with her, after relieving Rose. And Bill remained on the case.

Aunt Hetty's face was twisted slightly, but she could talk. She seemed to be glad when Judith came to see her. She said once, when she was well enough for conversation, "I guess I owe you a lot . . ."

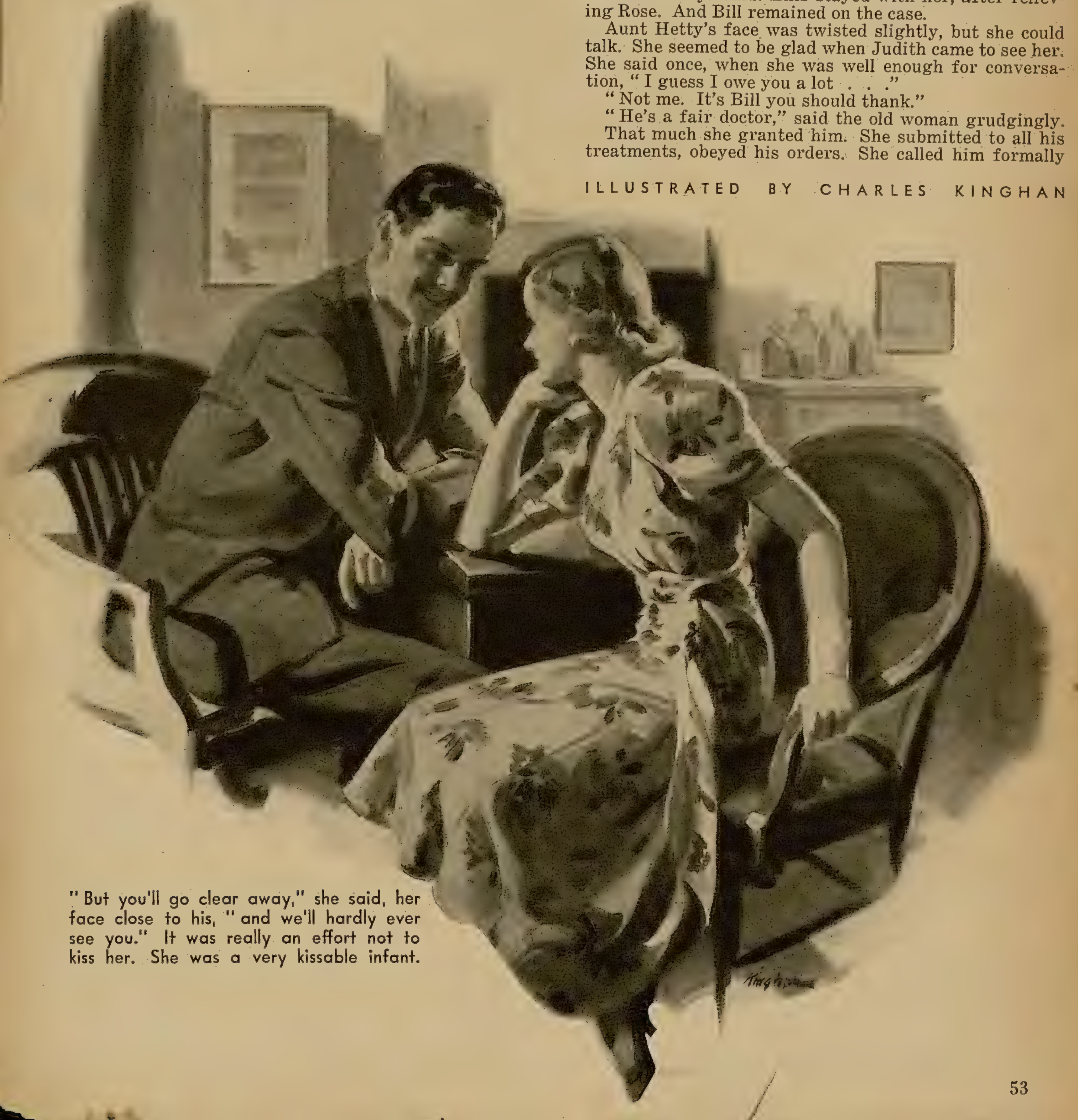
"Not me. It's Bill you should thank."

"He's a fair doctor," said the old woman grudgingly.

That much she granted him. She submitted to all his treatments, obeyed his orders. She called him formally

of youth moves toward its final chapter

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN



"But you'll go clear away," she said, her face close to his, "and we'll hardly ever see you." It was really an effort not to kiss her. She was a very kissable infant.

"Doctor" and ignored him when he addressed her as Aunt Hetty. When he suggested that he turn her over to the Valleytown doctor, she demurred. "You're good enough to take care of me, ain't you?" she said.

Her paralysis cleared up slowly, and by the middle of November she was able to be up and about and dismiss Mrs. Ellis. "I can look after myself," she said.

Judith was very much alarmed at this proceeding. She argued with her, one cold dark afternoon.

"But you mustn't be alone."

"Can't afford to be waited on," said the old woman shortly. . . . "He—he must think I'm made of money."

"Bill has paid Mrs. Ellis out of his own pocket," said Judith indignantly—"and he can't afford it, either. But he's willing to. You're his patient—and his own flesh and blood. You aren't very fair to him!"

"Seems like you take up for him pretty quick," commented Aunt Hetty. . . . She looked at Judith shrewdly. "In love with him, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Judith hotly, not caring, "I am."

"Going to marry him?" persisted Aunt Hetty.

"He hasn't asked me," said Judith shortly. "And if he did, I wouldn't."

"Hasn't asked you? Bigger fool than I took him for," mused Aunt Hetty. "What's the matter with him?"

JUDITH, her anger passed, was ashamed of herself and sorry that she had spoken. She said, "I wish you'd forget I said that. Bill doesn't think of me in that way. . . . Besides, I told you long ago that he couldn't afford a poor wife . . . so it's just as well."

"I'll have to talk to that young man," said his aunt. "Reach me my shawl, will you, Judy?"

"You wouldn't . . .! Oh, *please*," implored Judith, "please don't say anything about me to him."

"Who said I'd say anything? I ain't one to meddle, Judy Gillmore. No. I been thinking about what you said about my being alone. That worthless boy Mat looks after the fire and," said Miss Hetty reluctantly, "people have been nice enough about bringing in things. But I've been thinking . . ." She was silent and would say no more.

That evening, as Judith was leaving the hotel lounge, Bill came in and hurried across to stop her. His face was alight. He cried, "What do you think has happened?"

"I haven't the least idea. Here, let's sit down by the fire."

"Aunt Hetty's had a change of heart. Oh, she won't admit it. But she had a long talk with me when I stopped in just now. Says maybe she made a mistake in planning to go on living alone. Wanted to know if I'd come live with her. Says if I can arrange to keep my office at the hotel and take my meals there I can have a room. She says she'd like to have a man around the house nights!"

"But, Bill," said Judith, "won't that cramp your style?"

"I'll see that it doesn't. It's a sort of wedge. And another thing, Judith—she said something about her other house. The one on Parker Street. She rents it to the Hamlins now, and their lease is up first of the year. She said something about . . . if I wanted to move in there—and use downstairs for an office . . . sometime. She was pretty vague. Said rather grimly, 'We'll see how we get along.' Gosh, Judith, the Parker Street house is just right . . . and there's lots of room as well as ground. . . . I could have an office downstairs; Aunt Hetty could have her own apartment; I'd get a woman to cook. It would work out fine! If this trial trip does."

"It would be wonderful," said Judith sincerely. "I'm awfully happy for you."

"It would be all due to you," he said. "She thinks the world of you, Judith, even if she doesn't show it."

A bellboy came across the lounge. "New York calling you, Miss Gillmore," he said, and Judith rose, with an apology. Bill looked after her, his brows drawn. That would be Wallace, of course. He called her almost every night. He came up each week-end. And when he came he expected Judith to be at his disposal.

Bill rose and went back to his rooms. Much of the flavor had gone from his good news; it didn't seem to amount to much now. The Parker Street house didn't seem as big or as exciting. It would take a lot of doing over, and Aunt Hetty wouldn't be too easy to get along with, he thought gloomily. Anyway, why should Judith care?

Betty stopped him in the corridor, with a long story about a sprained wrist. He took her into his office and attended to it, and, because he was lonely and a little let down, told her about his new plans.

"Oh, Bill, then you won't live here any more!" she cried, her face sober.

"I'll have my office here," he said. "Of course I'll have to talk to your dad. . . ."

"But if you get along you'll go clear away and live in that big old house," she said, her mutinous face close to his, "and we'll hardly ever see you."

It was really an effort not to kiss her. She was a very kissable infant. Bill rose from his desk. "You run along," he said comfortably. "And don't be downhearted. Aunt Hetty may change her mind."

"I hope she does," said Betty, and thought, It's all so stupid, Bill going away and everything, and Judith and the old woman thick as thieves. . . .

She left the office pondering on the injustice in this world. There was Bert Wallace crazy about Judith, and she wouldn't have him. And of course Bill was crazy about her too. As for Saks, Betty had a letter every day, begging her forgiveness, begging a word. Sometimes she smiled over them. But she never answered them. She couldn't bear to think of Saks . . . not yet.

Marge would make her debut during the Christmas holidays, and Betty would go down and stay with the Larkins. That would be fun. And in May they would sail for England. Her father had promised her that. But . . . she wasn't sure that she wanted to sail. Not quite.

BERT WALLACE brought a party up with him by train to spend the Thanksgiving holidays, arriving the day before. His guests were Candace Howland and a young attractive married couple, Joan and Frank Norton. There were numerous other parties up for the short vacation, and the place wore a festive air.

It snowed hard all Wednesday night, all Thursday, and all Friday. The young people dressed themselves warmly against the weather and went out in it, and came back laughing and wet, their cheeks rosy. On Saturday it began to clear, and finally all the clouds were gone, and it was fine and still and cold, with a great shining sun. Perfect skiing weather, everybody said, and ran for their skis.

Sam, the head porter, shook his head. He had been born in Hillhigh sixty years ago. He said dolefully to Judith, "It don't look any too settled to me."

But she laughed at him. As a weather prophet he was Old Man Gloom, she said. She was too busy to worry over Sam's warning. She had entertainments to plan, and, now that it had cleared, the skiers to watch over. Most of the guests in the hotel had been cooped up since Wednesday evening and they were r'arin' to go. There were, however, less adventurous souls who asked to borrow one of the many bright red sleds kept in the game-room storeroom, upon which they could whoop their way down safe little near-by hills.

"Come sleighing with us?" Bert asked Judith. But she shook her head. "I can't," she told him. "I'm busier than the proverbial one-armed paper hanger."

His glance fell on Betty standing near by. "How about you?" he inquired, smiling at her, and Betty said instantly, "I'd love to."

Betty had been very shy with Wallace the first time she had seen him after her abortive attempt at elopement. But he soon put her at her ease and they had become the best of friends apparently. This worried Judith, "for no good reason," she told herself. Before the Boston episode he had looked on Betty as a pretty kid but a very unsophisticated one. And Bert was not especially drawn to genuine naïveté. But now—

On Sunday Bert drew Judith aside.

"You have to have a moment for me, Judy. I never see you. Haven't changed your mind, have you?"

He asked her that every time he saw her and over the long-distance telephone as well. But her answer today was the same as it had been on every previous occasion:

"No, Bert. Sorry."

"You aren't sorry, really!"

"Perhaps not," she admitted, smiling.

"Look, the Nortons are pulling out tonight. I'm staying on for a while . . . swell weather and all . . ."

"How about Candace?"

He shrugged. "She's returning with the Nortons," he answered, without much expression; but Judith deduced, with an inward chuckle, that he had had considerable struggle in making up her mind for her.

"Well?"

"You make it difficult for a fellow to ask you the simplest question," he grumbled. "It's this way. Monday's your day off. And I want you to go skiing with me. We'll go to Halfway House. It's a stiff climb but worth it, as I learned today. . . . Take along some things to cook, have a picnic."

"That would be fun," she said instantly. "We'll round up Betty and some of the others."

"I didn't include Betty."

"Wouldn't it be nicer?" she inquired. . . . "Look, Bert. I've simply got to go now." . . . She hurried off rather like the White Rabbit, muttering to herself, I wish I could get hold of that ski instructor.

For it looked like a busy season. The instructor wasn't due at Rivermount till the first of the month. They could have used him before that.

DURING the afternoon Candace developed a cold and a headache. She sneezed, looked wan and worried. . . . "I can't," she told Bert—"I just can't travel back tonight. I'd catch more cold in the train."

Bert was not impressed, but there was nothing he could do about it, and so the Nortons went off to the station by sleigh, waving a gay good-by, and Candace remained, spiking tomorrow's guns. Because, of course, that was why she had stayed, Judith decided, going to her room to inquire if there was anything she could do.

She found Candace fetching in an angora bed jacket and looking becomingly pale.

"Don't come near me—you might catch it," Candace warned. "I wondered if you'd ask that nice Dr. Martin . . . I'm afraid I have a temperature," she added.

Judith said, "Of course you must take care of it," and picked up the telephone. Bill, she knew, would be at Aunt Hetty's about this time.

"Bill? Judith. Can you come up? Miss Howland has a cold. . . . Yes, she says so. . . . Thanks."

She said good-by and hung up. "He'll be right along," she said. "Sure there's nothing I can do?"

"No; I've some books. . . . If you'd order some grapefruit juice —oh, yes, if you see Bert, perhaps—"

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS . . .

Many people call their wages SALARY *Why?*

In the early days of the ROMAN EMPIRE *salt* was regarded as being almost as valuable as *gold*. Roman soldiers received all or part of their pay in *salt*. This salt stipend was termed SALARIUM, from whence comes our present-day word SALARY, denoting pay for services rendered. As customs are passed along from one generation

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Smiling, Judith went in search of Bert. She found him in the lounge, talking to Betty in markedly intimate tones. It struck her that they moved apart rather hastily when she spoke to them. She delivered Candace's message and went on to her own room.

Before dinner she encountered Bill.

"May I sit at your table?" he asked.

"Of course," she told him.

"Hate to deprive you of Wallace's company," he said, "but he won't be down to dinner tonight . . ."

"What do you mean, deprive . . .?"

"Well, you've been eating with him and his party every night since they came."

"Once. Don't be silly. Is he ill too?"

"No, but Miss Howland doesn't feel well enough to brave the draft en route to the dining room," he replied gravely, "and as a matter of fact I advised against it. I pointed out that Mr. Wallace had a pleasant sitting room adjoining her bedroom and that dinner might be served them both in there."

"Is she—Candace—very ill?" Judith asked.

"She might be," he said cautiously.

"Bill, look me in the eye. Temperature?"

"None at all."

"Pulse?"

"Fast when I hold her hand," he said modestly.

Judith laughed. "Admit it—she hasn't a sign of a cold."

"I admit nothing. And she may have one coming on. Who knows?"

BETTY was dining with some of the younger fry and Mr. Corbin was late in coming in, so Bill and Judith were alone for the meal. They talked about Aunt Hetty.

"How are you getting on?"

"It's an armed neutrality," he said.

"Nothing more about the Parker Street house?"

"Not yet. But I have hopes. She said last night that as long as I was around I might as well stay to supper. Sets a darned good table, too."

"I bet she doesn't eat much when she's alone," said Judith, "poor old thing."

"Judith . . ." But the waitress came along to take their order. When that was over, Judith asked, "Well?"

"Well what?"

"You were going to say something."

"I've forgotten." Darn that waitress, anyway, he thought. But it was just as well. He couldn't build on Aunt Hetty. She might throw him out tomorrow. Still, he had dreamed: If he went to live in the Parker Street house. And Judith didn't mind Aunt Hetty. And she wasn't, he was beginning to believe, really interested in Wallace and all his money. . . . If . . . if— But then along had come the waitress, and he'd lost his nerve.

"Too bad," said Judith. "It couldn't have been very important."

"It wasn't, to you. Or to me either," he said hastily. "Look, let's pretend we each have ten million dollars. What would you do with yours?"

"Fun," said Judith excitedly. "I'd settle a million on mother and Aunt Emily. And we'd have a place here in the summer, and New York, I think, winters. And I'd endow some hospital for crippled children, and . . ."

"You haven't asked for anything for yourself," he reminded her.

"Would you let me set you up in an elegant practice? Oh, I forgot—you have ten millions of your own. Well, then, what do I like? Do you suppose I could engage Edgar Bergen to bring Charlie McCarthy over Wednesday evenings, and that I could have Wayne King and his orchestra play me to sleep, and maybe Lombardo when I want to dance? And I'd have all the jigsaw puzzles in the world. And a car. And on the days Charlie McCarthy couldn't come I'd ask Burns and Allen for tea."

SOUNDS like a large order," said Bill.

"And I'd have a projection room and get all the good films. And I'd have all the newest books, and when we were in New York I'd go to all the first nights."

"And night clubs?"

"No; they bore me."

"Well, then," said Bill, drawing a deep breath, "as a matter of fact, you wouldn't have to have ten millions for your personal wants. All you'd need would be a radio . . . and of course theater tickets and seats at the movies. And a lending library. They rent puzzles too."

"That's right," she said. "That's all I'd need. And I could even go without the first nights. What about you?"

"If I had ten millions—" he began, and then looked up as some one spoke his name.

"Well, Dick?"

"It's a call, Dr. Martin. You're to go to the Agnew house on South Street right away."

"Well, there goes my ten millions," said Bill, rising. "As well as my dessert. The Agnew baby has decided to arrive ahead of time."

Smiling, she watched him leave. She thought, I wonder what he was going to say. . . .

But if it had been—that. It couldn't be. You didn't need ten millions to tell a girl you loved her. If you did love her. . . .

What lies ahead for Judy and Bill? Will Bert accept dismissal without a struggle? Will Betty give up the fight? Next week's installment plunges Judy into a dangerous adventure on a mountaintop, and brings this vivid modern novel to a swift and exciting conclusion.

Recipe for a Good Movie

Love, adventure, intrigue, sudden death, a dream-inspiring discovery—Mix well, and presto! Four Men and a Prayer

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★½ FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Richard Greene, George Sanders, David Niven, C. Aubrey Smith, J. Edward Bromberg, William Henry, John Carradine, Alan Hale, Reginald Denny, Berton Churchill, Barry Fitzgerald, Claude King, Cecil Cunningham, Frank Dawson, John Sutton, Lina Basquette, Frank Baker, William Stack, Harry Hayden, Will Stanton, Winter Hall, John Stacey, C. Montague Shaw. Directed by John Ford. Screen play by Richard Sherman, Sonya Levien, and Walter Ferris from the novel by David Garth. Produced by Twentieth-Century Fox. Running time, 90 minutes.

EVERY vitamin of entertainment is packed herein, the beat of distant drums, the perfumes of Mayfair, the background of the world's most romantic cities. Here are gay, noble virtues and the airy happiness of young love, adventure, intrigue, murder, and sudden death. Humor is present too, plus terrific pace from a keenly adroit cast suavely directed by John Ford. And all this is topped by one Richard Greene, most newly discovered and very oh, my.

The four men of the title are the Leigh brothers, whose highly honorable father was court-martialed under most suspicious circumstances in India, and who, upon his return to England, is even more suspiciously murdered. The prayer is the determination of the boys to clear his name. Each son selects a different angle of the case to work upon, which leads them into swift dangers which eventually culminate in the unearthing of a munitions manufacturer and his devious aides. There is a very mild love plot for which the lissome Loretta Young offers most persuasive excuse, but the vast excitement of the film comes from the always credible though breath-taking adventures of the sons.

George Sanders, C. Aubrey Smith, William Henry, and Reginald Denny are each, in their individual fashion, magnificent. David Niven is positively hilarious, and ah, the dreams that dark Mr. Greene is going to start! Messrs. Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, please note.

VITAL STATISTICS: With Hollywood's Zanuck going nuts for a new leading man for Loretta Young and Four Men ready for production, a talent scout saw Richard Greene in London's verzh of French Without Tears, signed him. Black-curly-haired and clean-cut, Greene's considered durned he-mannish, hasn't yet had time to adjust his British accent to the English as spoken by Hollywood. Unmarried, his first Hollywood passion is for hamburgers made with cheese and nuts, known as nutty cheeseburgers, and a typical Hollywood production. Is so nuts about them, he eats them for breakfast. . . . Those wild Indian tribes were borrowed from Lives of a Bengal Lancer, but don't tell anybody. . . . Loretta Young's real name's Gretchen, nobody calls her Loretta. She's willowy and fragile thin, doesn't know or care about her business, lets her managers take care of all her affairs. She batches it in exquisite style, is critical of her parts but will play anything as long as it's well written. . . . John Carradine alternated from a natty uniform in this into a hillbilly rig for Kentucky Moonshine, a Ritz Bros. comedy. Quipped he: "In one fell swoop I go from glad rags to Ritzes!" (I don't think much of it as a joke, either.) . . . David Niven's one of England's more warlike younger sons, a Sandhurst (British West Pernt) grad, used to be a leftenant in the British army.

★★½ DOCTOR RHYTHM

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Mary Carlisle, Beatrice Lillie, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis, Laura Hope Crews, Fred Keating, John Hamilton, Sterling Holloway, Henry Wadsworth, Franklin Pangborn, William Austin, Harold Minjir, Gino Carrado, Emory Parnell, Harry Stubbs, Frank Elliott, Charles Moore, Allen Mathews, Alphonse Martell, Desmond Gallaghen, Dolores Casey, Louis Armstrong. Screen play by Jo Swerling and Richard Connell based on The Badge of Policeman O'Roon, by O. Henry. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

BING CROSBY'S happy fate is that nothing jolts him from his bland serenity, for which pleasant accident of temperament Doctor Rhythm is duly indebted.

For this mad musical starts in the Central Park zoo and ends in the disappearing elevator of a magician's act, and there's never a moment of sense in between. Whirling about in it are Beatrice Lillie, attempting to stage a picture comeback; Andy Devine; trained seals; Mary Carlisle; Fred Keating; a policemen's benefit; and Rufe Davis.

The plot, whenever you can unearth it from behind the gag high jinks, concerns Bing's pretending he is Policeman O'Roon, when he's really Dr. Bill Remsen, and Mary Carlisle, who believes she is in love with Fred Keating but is falling for Bing. Don't let any of that distract your attention, though. Just relax and let Doc Crosby throb you. That will fix you up dandy, particularly if your blood is youngish.

VITAL STATISTICS: When Dr. Harry Lillis (Bing) Crosby, Jr., first came to Hollywood ten years ago, his Worldly All included a bent flivver, a set of trap drums, an extra shirt, and a corn on his tonsil. Thanks to the latter, his W. A. now includes a millionaire rating, a weekly salary around $15,000, a several-1,000-acred farm and foaling ranch, a complete race track on which his horses can win back what he loses elsewhere, a talent agency, an orchestra rental service, a real-estate market, a handful of mines, a music-publishing house, a prizefight stable, a lovely wife, four kids, including twins, a dozen uncroonerlike bizzes, and the most relaxed personality in Hollywood, or so it seems. . . . It took wild horses and money to drag Queen Bea (Lady Peel) Lillie back to Hollywood. Seems in 1927 she had a disastrous time debutting in something by Marc Connelly, now fortunately forgotten; she has avoided Hollywood ever since. She has a whimsical tongue, one grown son, likes mannish-cut flannel suits. . . . Gravel-throated squeak-voiced Andy Devine's played the amiable fool so often he takes an awful beating from the pro ribbers, who'll go to fantastic ends to prank him, get him sore, which they never do. Andy's happily married, a steady sort of man, has a son who is ready for school and who is beginning to rib his daddy too. . . With Mary Carlisle it's Johnny Downs these days; she's been Bing Crosby's most recurrent screen heartthrob. . . . Louis Armstrong doesn't mind you calling him Satchmo, short for Satchel Mouth, in fact he likes it. Was born in the middle of a 4th of July celebration in N'Rleans in 1900, learned to play the bugle, then trumpet, at the Waifs' Home.

Loretta Young with Richard Greene, William Henry, George Sanders, and David Niven in Four Men and a Prayer.

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$15.00 WITHOUT CASE

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1938'S BEST GIFT FOR MEN

REMINGTON RAND ELECTRIC *Close-Shaver*

★½ CALL OF THE YUKON

THE PLAYERS: Richard Arlen, Beverly Roberts, Lyle Talbot, Mala, Garry Owen, Ivan Miller, James Lono, Emory Parnell, Billy Dooley, Al St. John, Anthony Hughes, Nina Campana. Screen play by Gertrude Orr and William Bartlett from the novel Swift Lightning, by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by B. Reeves Eason. Produced by Republic. Running time, 70 minutes.

WELL, readers, here is something—the eternal triangle done in dogs.

There's Richard Arlen, see, and Beverly Roberts, way up in the frozen North, struggling down to Fairbanks, Alaska, and safety. They go through starvation, cold, and snowslides together, but when they finally make a town, along comes Lyle Talbot, who starts muscling in. Meanwhile, following them through all their vicissitudes, have been two dogs, one half wolf and one pure she-collie. And, by gosh, when those dogs get into town, if Lyle's St. Bernard doesn't come snooping around. There's a heck of a fight and Beverly ends up in Richard's arms.

The four-legged animals make out best.

VITAL STATISTICS: Though gold is only being used in fillings these days, Hollywood still hears the call of the Yukon clearly, even if Alaskans don't; finds that it beckons millions in the box office, causing a silver rush. . . . Yukon pix are always easy to make; there's lots of homemade he-man scenery around the studios; while corn flakes snow cheaply at your request; can be turned on and off, dry-cleaned and re-used; actors like to mug around in high boots being awf'ly strong and silent, bite off short harsh epithets, and throw each other around in breakaway furniture in Klondike saloons. . . . Biggest Yukon success: Chaplin's The Gold Rush. Biggest flop: Clarence Brown's Trail of '98. Latter cost $2,000,000. Bev Roberts is borrowed from the Warners. It's her real name. She's 24, is London-New York edded; Eva Le Gallienne debutted her; stranded later in Paris, sang her way back to America through nite-clubbing, got stranded there, was rescued by Hollywood talent scouts from another series of nite-club chanteusing. . . . Rich Arlen averages 6 rounds of golf a week, rain or shine, with Bing Crosby and Johnny Weissmuller. Arlen's becoming a gentleman farmer these days. . . . That police dog is called Swift Lightning in real life. That's Buck, the St. Bernard who heard the Call of the Wild with Gable and Young, who knows he's the best scene stealer in Hollywood. Firefly's a collie, lived with S. Lightning for 6 months in order to get used to him. The bears, Tuffie and Ruffie, were hothouse grown in Florida. Winkey, the talking crow, talks.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi.

★★★—Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 31

1—Don Ameche (Dominic Felix Ameche).

2—Because the Dead Sea is almost one fourth salt—too strong a solution for any known fish.

3—One in 400,000.

4—Minnehaha.

5—In their twenty-eighth year (pitchers when they're twenty-five).

6—Oases. Gladioli or gladioluses. Mongooses.

7—Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater.

8—Italian Line; Canadian Pacific; Swedish American Line.

9—The bagpipe.

10—No; sterling silver is an alloy of 925 parts of pure silver to 75 parts of copper.

11—Otter (both land and sea varieties) and wolverine.

12—Mesopotamia (Iraq).

13—Harold Lloyd; Groucho Marx.

14—A Pink Lady.

15—The Flatiron Building.

16—That the blood circulates.

17—Because of the damp climate usually encountered at the seashore—kapok filling is quick-drying and throws off ordinary moisture in three to four hours.

18—Francis Bret Harte (1839-1902).

19—A calf.

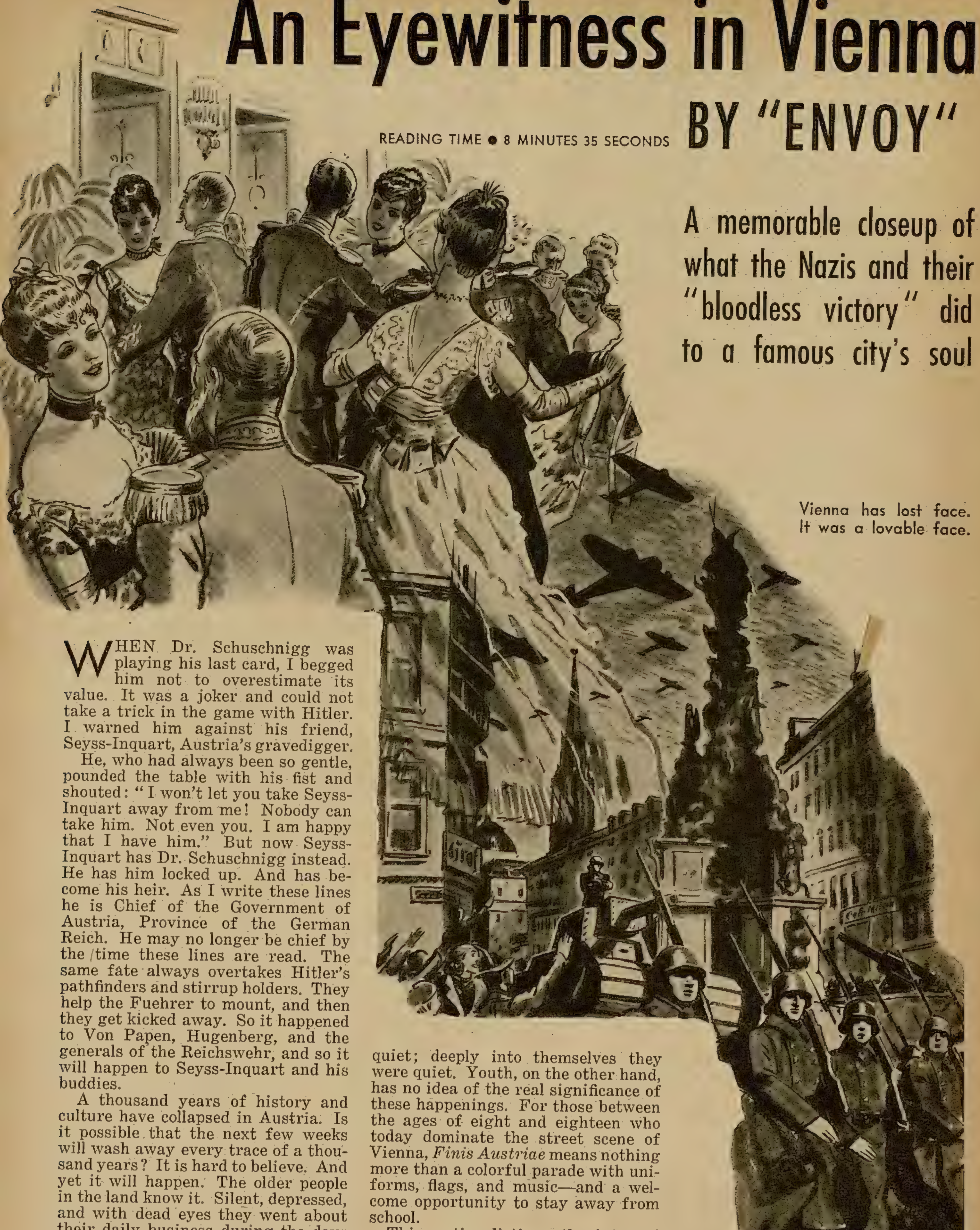
20— Ellen Terry

An Eyewitness in Vienna

BY "ENVOY"

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A memorable closeup of what the Nazis and their "bloodless victory" did to a famous city's soul



Vienna has lost face.
It was a lovable face.

WHEN Dr. Schuschnigg was playing his last card, I begged him not to overestimate its value. It was a joker and could not take a trick in the game with Hitler. I warned him against his friend, Seyss-Inquart, Austria's gravedigger.

He, who had always been so gentle, pounded the table with his fist and shouted: "I won't let you take Seyss-Inquart away from me! Nobody can take him. Not even you. I am happy that I have him." But now Seyss-Inquart has Dr. Schuschnigg instead. He has him locked up. And has become his heir. As I write these lines he is Chief of the Government of Austria, Province of the German Reich. He may no longer be chief by the time these lines are read. The same fate always overtakes Hitler's pathfinders and stirrup holders. They help the Fuehrer to mount, and then they get kicked away. So it happened to Von Papen, Hugenberg, and the generals of the Reichswehr, and so it will happen to Seyss-Inquart and his buddies.

A thousand years of history and culture have collapsed in Austria. Is it possible that the next few weeks will wash away every trace of a thousand years? It is hard to believe. And yet it will happen. The older people in the land know it. Silent, depressed, and with dead eyes they went about their daily business during the days of the upheaval. Meekly they lifted their hands in the Hitler salute before the demonstrating mobs with the swastikas. But otherwise they kept quiet; deeply into themselves they were quiet. Youth, on the other hand, has no idea of the real significance of these happenings. For those between the ages of eight and eighteen who today dominate the street scene of Vienna, *Finis Austriae* means nothing more than a colorful parade with uniforms, flags, and music—and a welcome opportunity to stay away from school.

This nationalistic enthusiasm of youth is, of course, real. We were just as enthusiastic when we played cowboys and Indians; when we, the redskins, after a glorious final battle, could at last scalp the paleface foe. But that was a long time ago. At that time the scalping consisted simply of a sort of beating, after which, arm in arm, we again went back to our playing field.

Nazi youth of today is much more serious about its scalping. At least one hundred thousand of the six and a half million Austrians do not know where to flee by day and where to hide at night. Of course, on the street one does not notice this. There everything is quiet. The password, "No bloodshed," which has been ordered by the new masters, is rigidly obeyed, like all words passed out by the party leadership. There are only certain personal accounts to be settled.

Conservatively estimated, a hundred thousand men were active in the patriotic Fatherland Front of Austria. Every one of these had made enemies—as a speaker at a meeting or as a village policeman, as a functionary of the state, or simply as a member of a Fatherland association. It is against these that the wild, joyous man hunt is on.

When I tried to cross the border into Hungary at a little frontier town, the guard who held up my car said: "I am sorry, but I must send you back. It is positively forbidden to cross the border." After a few cigarettes, he said: "I would best like to get in the car with you and go along—with a wide-open throttle. You don't know what stares me in the face."

The next morning I came to the village with a proper frontier pass. During the examination, which took two hours, I casually asked for the police official who had been on duty the day before. He had disappeared. Where? A general shrugging of shoulders. "Don't you worry about things that are none of your business," said a youth with a swastika arm band.

But one need not be a representative of the old regime to have sleepless nights. It is sufficient if some one owes you money, or if you are in the way of a business competitor. Debtors and unsuccessful competitors are particularly convinced Nazis today.

A group of youngsters came to the villa of a friend of mine, a prominent actor who had recently played Hamlet. They broke a window and one of them shouted, "Regards from Horatio!" Horatio was a second-rate actor and this was his chance to vent his old hate against the star.

I had always lived in the belief that, as an old newspaperman, I had a number of impersonal opponents but no personal enemies. Whoever else cradles himself in a similar belief is herewith warned. One never knows how one creates conflict. I still do not know exactly how I earned the enmity of the headwaiter of a well-known café. For twenty years I have frequented this café. Whenever I am in Vienna I am there daily. Did I give him too small a tip? Did the headwaiter dislike the blonde woman at my side to whom I am unrescuably married? Did I arouse his wrath by obstinately sticking to the corner table? At any rate, when I last went there he greeted me with these friendly words: "If you dare show your face here again the Storm Troopers will go into action, and don't you forget it!"

BUT there are friendlier headwaiters, even in these days of upheaval. In the beer cellar with the poetic name, "Zur Linde," the personnel worked all night to serve a drinking party to keep them in good spirits. Vienna has always been a poor city. No champagning; but beer flowed in streams. It was a particularly select company which it behooved them to serve here. The party were the group of Dollfuss murderers. A few days before, the Schuschnigg amnesty had released them from prison, and now they have advanced to national heroes. Vienna has changed.

Of the city that is called Vienna nothing is left, nothing at all. Its name is being engraved on the same gruesome casualty list on which the names of Spanish and Chinese cities are already carved. It is true that Vienna has not been ignited by aerial bombs nor shot to pieces by military bombardment. Schuschnigg offered his work—probably his life—with that wordless self-denial which was always his most appealing human quality, to avoid this physical catastrophe.

Thanks to this sacrifice the houses have remained standing and a blood bath was avoided. This is a great deal. But it is not everything. For Vienna was far more than a collection of houses and people. It was every one's dreamland. The imagination of millions of people endowed it with a spirit. Probably you too have felt the joy of Vienna in its wine and waltz. The collapse of the Hapsburg Empire twenty years ago changed some of this. Since then Vienna has no longer been the city of wine and waltz only, but also the city of bitter struggle for existence. But even this city of impoverished millions wore a deep, almost unreal, smile. Now the dream is dreamed out, thoroughly and finally.

In the newly conquered provincial city of the German Reich stand Adolf Hitler's field-gray battalions. It cannot be denied that the army of invasion, at least at the beginning of the occupation, is behaving rather well. Somehow one feels that the field-grays themselves do not believe that matters are quite right. As they march along the streets in small troops, young boys with swastika arm bands wave at them, and the German soldiers grin in answer, somewhat embarrassed. They seem to know that on the other side—the side of the working people and solid citizenry, the side of the grown-ups—there is a deep void, an emptiness helpless and unable to understand.

THE Viennese do not hold the German soldiers responsible for the foreign inimical force which has brought their misfortune; and it is easy to notice that the German troops would rather not use the tanks and flame throwers and poison-gas grenades with which they are equipped against the Viennese.

Only the flying officers are different. The gentlemen of Goering's closest following lit on Vienna like a swarm of locusts. Obviously they do not subscribe to the policy of keeping German uniforms off the street to make the world believe the fiction that this was an Austrian revolution and not a German occupation.

These uncouth bullies scorn diplomatic niceties. They've taken possession of the hotel lobbies, the night clubs, and the finest streets of the occupied city. Within the first twenty-four hours each one of them had found a "bride." Peasants are not choosy. But are they really peasants—these heroes of the incendiary bomb? They are *morituri*, offers to death. They conquered Austria without a battle; they flew ahead of the marching armies, equally ready to throw poison gas, bombs, or propaganda leaflets. They know that it was their last bloodless victory. When they are next ordered aloft, on no matter what frontier, they will meet military defense, and one may predict that of five combat flyers, four will not return. General Field Marshal Goering's fellows, therefore, have not much more time to conquer brides and cities. Not one of them doubts that soon he will be sent up again. For many Vienna will be the last bit of life. That is why the curfew has been lifted from all places of amusement frequented by German flying officers.

In the amusement places they are really glad of these visits. There are no other guests. The natives stay indoors; the foreigners fled in droves. But even that was not so simple. The mob followed foreign cars, jeered at them, spat at them, and broke their windows. American, English, and French ladies who looked smarter than National Socialist taste permits were vilified with expressions which luckily they did not understand. A young music student from Philadelphia was assured by the taxi driver who took her to the railroad station: "You must understand, miss, that they are not Viennese. Viennese are not like that." "Vienna is wonderful!" answered the young lady from Philadelphia, brave and kind. At that moment a mob of demonstrators surrounded the taxi. When they had retreated, the entire luggage of the girl had been stolen.

Well, such things happen during upheavals. In other places they are still worse. There is only one difference here: What has happened in Vienna is irrevocable. The Nazi *Gleichschaltung* (regimentation) destroys personality in cities as well as in people.

Vienna has lost face. It was a lovable face.

THE END

LISTEN, YOUTH!

Here's a thought-provoking query for youngsters with diplomas in their hands and nothing in their pockets

WHITE COLLAR OR HICKORY SHIRT?

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY ELSIE ROBINSON

SUPPOSE you were twenty (or perhaps you ARE twenty)—eager, ambitious, r'arin' to go—with a good middle-class home behind you and a high-school diploma in your jeans—or no trimmings at all—

For what would you aim—FOR A WHITE-COLLAR POSITION OR A HICKORY-SHIRT JOB?

Jim Andrews asks us—in the following letter. Yes, Jim's a real person—only Jim Andrews isn't his name. A lively, likable youngster from a typical American Small Town. His letter is a genuine protest that unconsciously reveals our whole American set-up, for good or bad. Real youngster, real bleat—but when it comes to giving an answer, I'm stymied and need your help. 'Tisn't for lack of experience—I've been a registered citizen for fifty-four years and a mother for thirty-four. And for the last twenty years I've written for young Americans, and lived completely surrounded by them.

But this particular problem is bigger than any bunch of youngsters. It goes into the roots of our national life . . . it's subtly undermining our whole plan of Democracy. Listen while Jim spills it in his own lingo:

"*Dear Miss Robinson—I've been reading your articles and I sure get a kick out of some of them. You certainly have the dope on the Younger Generation's problems. But there's one point I'd like to see you put the heat on, and that's this white-collar business . . . whether it pays a fellow better to go in for a profession or a trade.*"

Whereupon Jim gives his story—a story that fits millions of cases. Nice kid—nice folk behind him. His father had an insurance agency that was as gilt-edged as any of them ever got. But the family made quite a wad in stocks in the early '20s—and the womenfolks' ideas became inflated accordingly.

Jim graduated from high school in '27—entered college after a lot of fat-chewing. Everybody excited at the prospect of having a college graduate in the family. Including Jim himself. Didn't have any particular leaning toward anything, but a college fellow certainly seemed to have a keen time. Then came the depression. Instead of flopping entirely, Jim's people managed to hold on. Jim got through—came home at last, lugging a trick degree and a lot of scenic haberdashery. So what?

Coming home had been fun before . . . dashing around on dates . . . knowing always he was going back again to the Old Gang. But this time—things were different. Dates were scarce. The Old Gang were all scattered. And, after the first whoopee, nobody seemed particularly exhilarated about Jim. He was just another punk—lying around home—all dressed up, with no place to go.

"*It wasn't so bad at first,*" continues Jim. "*We all felt something would turn up soon. A college education gives*

NO MORE EMBARRASSMENT with Modern Feminine Hygiene

You need no longer be embarrassed with greasy, difficult and annoying ways of feminine hygiene! Thousands of women are singing the praises of the new kind of dainty, greaseless, easy-to-use suppositories, Zonitors. Look into it for yourself! You'll be delighted, too.

The good word spreads! Zonitors are free from harmful drugs, yet they kill germs. They are safe to use, no "burn" danger. They contain no greasy base to melt or run, and wash away completely with plain water. All ready for use, no mixing or applicator. Odorless, the perfect deodorant.

Small, snow-white, in individual glass vials. $1 for box of 12—only 8⅓¢ each. At all drug stores in U. S. and Canada. Full instructions in package. FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3502 Chrysler Building, New York City.

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, two young men with the world at their feet.

EDGAR BERGEN'S LIFE STORY

If you are a Charlie McCarthy fan you will get a grand kick from reading the life story of Edgar Bergen now beginning in Radio Mirror Magazine.

A faithful biography of the popular entertainer's life from his discovery, when a small boy, of his ventriloquistic powers up to the present, you will find it so interesting, inspirational, and, in places, screamingly funny that you will wait impatiently for each succeeding issue.

Radio Mirror for June is now on sale at all newsstands. Get your copy today and enjoy "The Unique Story of Edgar Bergen" and also the score of other stories and features it contains.

Radio MIRROR

June Issue Out Now

you that feeling—even when there's a depression. You keep explaining to people that you're 'just waiting to hear from a fellow in Chicago . . . or Milwaukee . . .' Kidding yourself. But after a while you aren't kidding anybody. Not even your own folks. People begin to act funny . . . sorta embarrassed—

"Even the girls—they were the worst. While I was in college, most of the girls had gone off to school or gotten themselves jobs. And now—well, they were too busy to have time for me. After a while they began saying they had previous engagements—except Sally—she stuck. She would! But even she began to look queer and didn't talk much when we were out together."

Lying around, getting nowhere, kidding nobody—millions of youngsters faced that drill in '29, '30, '31 . . . millions are still facing it. But at last it got too much for Jim. So one day he lit out . . . pretended he was going off on a cross-country drive with Ed. Instead, he dropped off in another part of the state—found a job. Not a white-collar position. A job as a carpenter's helper—hickory shirt, tin lunch box, all the works.

"No, I wasn't being a martyr or a hero," says Jim. *"Truth is, I'd always liked that kind of work. Books never did mean anything to me. I got more of a kick, that first week, swinging a hammer than I'd gotten out of four years in classrooms. Of course I had to lie—writing home. Pretend I was visiting some of the fellows. But all the time I was laughing to myself—thinking how surprised the folks would be when I came home—"*

Well, Jim got his surprise . . . but it wasn't what he'd expected. He'd planned it all secretly—wangled himself a job with a contractor who was going to put up the new meat market—drifted into town overnight and showed up next morning in his overalls. And in fifteen minutes it was all over town that Jim Andrews had become "a common carpenter." . . .

THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE FIREWORKS! mother fainting . . . sister sniffing . . . Dad giving him a bawling out . . . and the girls all trying to decide whether to treat him like a tramp—or what?

There, as we go to press, Jim's story rests. Things have quieted down . . . mother has dried her tears . . . Jim is no longer in the doghouse socially. And Sally is still "going regularly" with him. But—just where does Jim really rate in the scheme of things? Nobody knows. True—he's a fine carpenter. Best in Meadowvale. Honest, reliable—and earning three times as much as he would if he'd stayed high-hat. But—his hands are calloused. He's lost his campus "line." And the whole town feels that those four years were wasted . . . that "Jim certainly took his old man for a ride."

BUT DID HE? HAS JIM TWO-TIMED HIMSELF, HIS PEOPLE, AND HIS COUNTRY BY BECOMING A PROSPEROUS CARPENTER INSTEAD OF A PENNILESS B. A.? Is a white collar somehow more honorable than a hickory shirt in these United States?

There's a question that is challenging every Young American and has the whole country on the spot. Theoretically, this is a Hickory Shirt nation. Practically every great American of the older generations wore a Hickory Shirt in his time . . . married a Calico Skirt girl.

Our social customs, our national laws, our spiritual vision were based on such shirt-sleeve democracy.

Then, during the two prosperous decades which preceded the depression, this program was, unwittingly, shot to smithereens. We Americans went high-hat . . . turned our collective nose high and higher against "manual labor" . . . began demanding white-collar jobs. Mind you, I'm not knocking Education. I'm simply deploring this mass movement toward Culture in a big way, whether or not we have any capacity for it. For now—

Look us over! Look at the millions of fine, intelligent, eager young Americans who are standing idle because they have been elaborately educated to do nothing in particular. Look at the billions we are spending annually for relief, largely because we're long on luxury and short on elbow grease. Look at the increasing friction over "imported labor" . . . and the increasing dearth of native shirt-sleeve workers.

Grimmest of all, study the change in our whole American attitude toward trade *versus* professions. Go into any average small town with a population of 15,000 or so. What's keeping that town alive—the carpenter, butcher, and bricklayer, or the young doctor, lawyer, or writer? Yet compare their social rating. . . . Who gets the front-page notices? . . . who marries the village belle?

SO WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE ANY SMART, SINCERE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO WANTS TO MAKE THE MOST OF HIMSELF AND HIS LIFE?

If you were Jim, or the girl who loves Jim, what choice would YOU make? A profession or a trade?

Believe me, that's the biggest question before America today!

What's YOUR answer?

The editor of this magazine, the writer of this article, and several million youngsters, all want to know. Want you to sit right down and tell us your candid comeback.

P. S.: And while you're at it, tell us, PLEASE, what you think of this department . . . how you like Elsie Robinson as a general referee . . . or would you suggest a different person, a different line-up? Are we honestly asking? We honestly are!

THE END

Miss Robinson will personally answer all letters. Address her:
Elsie Robinson, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 540, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

WOMEN are clean people. I always suspected we were, and now I know it. Year in, year out, we spend more money for *soap* than for any other merchandise on sale at our drugstore emporiums.

Two thirds of all the perfume we get from drugstores is bought for us by our masculine admirers—husbands, boy friends, or what have you? . . . New face creams are our greatest drugstore temptation, and *loss leaders* are our drugstore delight. A loss leader, in trade terminology, is anything sold below cost to attract our patronage. . . . The boys at the drugstore fountain should no longer be called soda jerkers. They are now *fountaineers*. . . .

Vera Lamprecht, who told me all this, is probably the most important woman executive in the drugstore business. Her organization operates four hundred and fifty stores throughout the country. . . . "The drugstore aristocrat," she said, "is the pharmacist who makes up your prescriptions. But it's the rest of the store that pays expenses and keeps the cost of your medicaments down." . . . She believes there is a promising future for women pharmacists who specialize in skin preparations.

Watch his technique when your drugstore clerk tries to sell you something you hadn't thought of buying. If he's clever, he won't suggest the extra item until he has your original purchase wrapped and tied. That, my dears, is sales psychology. We all love to buy things. Having *finished* one purchase, our subconscious desire is to go on and buy something else. . . . Vera Lamprecht is a Columbus, Ohio, girl. The success of her career in the drugstore industry dates from fourteen years ago, when she started as a soda jerker. *Pardon* me! As a fountaineeress.

☆ Beauty of thought is the material with which poets work. Poets should be enthusiastic about fine ideas. Harry Kemp is. . . . In a fine letter he tells me, "The most beautiful thing Confucius ever said was this: 'Behave toward every one as though you were receiving a great guest.' " . . . It is certainly a thought for hostesses to take to heart. "It embraces all etiquette," says Harry Kemp, and so say I.

☆ Last week I promised a few more suggestions for inexpensive wedding presents. Here are five. . . . After-dinner coffee cups and saucers patterned with green ivy leaves—the ivy symbolizing constancy. (Around $7 a dozen.) . . . Hand-quilted taffeta document case in which to keep marriage certificates. (About $4.) . . . Old-fashioned music boxes that play the wedding march. (From $3.50.) . . . Ultrasmart engraved glassware from Finland—bowls, decanters, etc. (From $2.50.) . . . Cork-covered filing books for kitchen bills and recipes, ultramodern. (50 cents and $1.) . . . Since I get my information from wholesalers, retail prices may vary a little in different parts of the country. The price variations should be slight.

JIMMY CABORN

" But, madam, you can't just say, 'I'll take it!' without giving me a chance to use my sales talk! "

☆ Where do most of our June newlyweds do their honeymooning and how much do they spend? I've been putting these questions to people who know—travel agents, hotel executives, etc. . . . Cost of the average American honeymoon is said to be $600—$300 apiece for bride and groom. Expenses can run from as low as $150 to as high as several thousands. . . . Well-to-do couples favor sea trips to Bermuda, the West Indies, Honolulu. Niagara Falls is still a great honeymoon resort, and rural newlyweds still like to honeymoon in big cities, such as New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Southern honeymooners prefer Virginia Beach or the Carolina mountains. Many California couples stay the first night at Monterey (to get their names in the newspapers), then adjourn to the Carmel woods for the rest of their honeymoon bliss. Bridal suites are as much in demand as ever at all the big hotels. . . . Perfectly lovely! Yet some of the happiest marriages I know have been honeymooned on ten dollars—or less.

☆ Now I'll whisper discreetly to June bridegrooms. . . . A court judgment, recently handed down, indicates that a husband may not suffer prosecution by his wife for calling her names in deaf-and-dumb language. Such abuse must be verbal, it seems, and must be overheard by witnesses.

☆ As honeymoon reading for June couples who intend to build, I recommend the new book by Tyler Stewart Rogers: Plan Your House to Suit Yourself. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

☆ Natalie MacIntosh is what you might call a dish detective. She adventures afield, sampling new dishes at different restaurants, then reporting on them to the restaurant chain for which she works. She thinks I give too many foreign ones, but, as I have said here before, you can find all the standard American recipes in any good home cookbook, whereas I deem it my job to bring you the kind you can't discover so easily for yourselves. . . . I do, however, agree about the excellence of the following lobster-omelet recipe which Mrs. MacIntosh has sent us. . . . Slowly melt 1 tablespoon butter without burning. Rub in 1 tablespoon flour until smooth. Add 1 cup chicken stock, then 1 cup thin cream. When thick, remove from fire and stir in 1 egg yolk mixed with 1 tablespoon top milk. (Do not boil after adding yolk.) Season with salt, pepper, paprika, and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Have 1 can lobster cut in medium-sized pieces. Sauté in butter and add to sauce while hot. Make omelet the usual way, allowing 1 egg for each portion and 1 egg over. Pour lobster sauce over omelet and serve.

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Not for Delinquents

WASHINGTON, D. C.—April 16 Vox Pop contained a letter from Eric M. Scott of Roxbury, Massachusetts, discussing child delinquency and suggesting the use of merchant marine training ships as a rectifying measure.

The use of the term "training ship" is probably an unintentional but unfortunate reference. It is true that the life at sea in the clear salt air, under the wholesome guiding influence of the silent stars on a night watch, has a tendency to give a clean sweep fore and aft to the misguided mind of any erring youngster. But training ships, such as are *now* in existence, and reform schools just don't jibe.

For half a century schoolships that are links in state public-school systems have been taking the pick of the youth for training as officer personnel in the American merchant marine. Massachusetts itself has had one of the most famous—the Massachusetts Nautical School. New York has one; so has Pennsylvania; so has California. Virginia has plans for one. Competition runs keen among the youngsters of these states who love, or think they will, the life at sea.

For example, to show the demand we have from the youth of our nation for the salty roads of maritime commerce, there were two hundred applicants at a recent examination in the Boston State House. The number of vacancies on the training ship, U. S. S. Nantucket, was thirty. These youngsters were from families that are the backbone of the Bay State. Examinations were stiff and ranged all the way from trigonometry and algebra to naval history. Such highly competitive state institutions as these are a far cry from anything that savors of a reform school.

Reference in Mr. Scott's letter is made to England's training ships. It is true that there are a number of housed-in ships that stay in various harbors of England. These are for orphan boys and perhaps delinquents. But do not let these be confused with such training ships as H. M. S. Conway or H. M. S. Worcester, which train young men for commissions in the Royal Navy Reserve and to man as officers the merchant tonnage of the British Empire. These are the training ships which are comparable with our own state training ships.

And another thing: The graduates of our state schoolships, who live under navy discipline administered by naval officers from the time they first swing their hammocks at the bos'n's pipe, are usually officers in the United States Naval Reserve. Mobilization, to them, means that they become a part of that vast force taking orders from the Chief of Naval Operations, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

No, please don't let the readers of Liberty become confused. Training ships such as Mr. Scott proposes may be splendid character builders for weak or misguided youngsters—I don't gainsay that. But officer personnel now being turned out by state schoolships are the *pick* of the crop!—*Raymond B. Leavitt, Communication Officer by Direction, the Massachusetts Schoolship Alumni Club of Washington, D. C.*

MISS HILLIS, HOW CAN WE DRESS ON $50 A YEAR?

PORT ORCHARD, WASH.—How to Dress on $250 a Year, by Marjorie Hillis (April 9 Liberty), is interesting. On behalf of the Contented Wives, of whom there are several millions, will Miss Hillis please tell us how to be perfectly chic on $50 or less a year?

Husband's old coat, if you sew, can be made over for sportswear. His old shirts make lovely blouses, if you dye. Smart gloves and house slippers emerge from old boot tops. The man's old hat is remodeled. We don't need any "undies," because they don't show. But where do we get the "jeweled shirt studs" for our shirtwaist dresses? Our husbands don't have any!—*E. A. G.*

A STORY THAT SHOULD BE READ IN EVERY SCHOOL

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—A story such as Mr. Wildbeck's Brother-in-Law, by Will F. Jenkins (April 9 Liberty), cannot be read without comment. Not so much because of the George M. Cohanesque touch, but because of its utter simplicity, downright honesty, and the inspirational thrill for peoples of all nations.

I have telephoned many people to read it. Further, I feel that it should be pamphletized and read in every school in the country. It is one of the most sincere portraits of an American and Americanism ever written—all the more beautiful because of the complete absence of maudlin hysterics in its narration.—*Jerry Hoffman.*

DID I LAUGH? HAW! HAW!

BISMARCK, N. D.—I just read My Transparent Man (April 2 Liberty), and did I laugh! Haw! Haw! There isn't a man living, if he has any brains at all, but what knows that a woman is always two jumps ahead of him.

Any man who thinks he understands women—any woman—is just another dope. So the author really didn't tell us anything new. Every man, right down in his heart, hopes to marry just the kind of a gal that author must be—but he won't admit it.—*Another Mere Male.*

GIRL O' DREAMS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—

She's beautiful . . . I cannot wait
To view her face once more;
Those lovely eyes it seems that fate
Has meant me to adore.

I hold her close and wonder how
Our Lord could make this thing.
With clear smooth skin and classic brow,
She's fit to please a king.

Yet I receive her million charms.
But, what is sad to me,
Not only mine but other arms
May hold her too, you see.

I must confess . . . yes, here's the snag . . .
I'm really no great lover.
I'm but a lad who reads a mag,
And she is on the cover!

—*James Neely Johnston, Jr.*

A TELL ON TALLEST STORIES

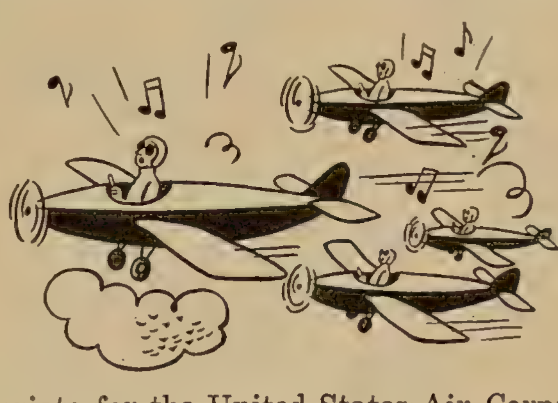
BALTIMORE, MD.—Quite some time ago, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, there was a contest in Liberty; something about the one that could tell the "tallest story" would get some kind of a prize.

The writer is wondering if the editor of Vox Pop is intimate enough with powers that be in this matter to ask the p. t. b. if one of the outstanding events of 1938 will be the awarding of the prize in the aforesaid contest? If so, can you give us a tell on the real worth-while page of Liberty?—*Anxious.*

[Names of the winners in our Whoppers Contest appeared in January 29 Liberty, page 44.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A BIT FLIGHTY

BUFFALO, N. Y.—In answer to Major General Westover's request (April 9 Vox Pop) for a song that would be appropriate for the United States Air Corps, here's my humble suggestion.



Why not take The Man on the Flying Trapeze, change it around a bit to fit the Air Corps, and use that?

Can't you just imagine a squadron of cadets about to take off at the crack of dawn gaily singing, "We glide through the air," etc., or something like that?—*Eddie Bartz, Ex-Corporal, 106th F. A., N. Y. N. G.*

SHE WANTS FUTURE, HE WANTS PRESENT

BOISE, IDA.—Recessions, depressions, taxation, strikes, layoffs, gold content of the dollar, relief, pump priming, and a lot of other things, sort of make a fellow stop and think. What can you believe in, anyway?

The way things are heading, I don't see much point in saving or investing, and I'm inclined to spend my salary as fast as I earn it and have fun while I can.

My wife, however, holds out for life insurance and a home. She says insurance is one thing we can trust, and she wants me to keep on with our regular economic program. She wants to provide for the future, while I'm thinking about the present.

Has this problem come up with any other Vox Poppers? Who's right—my wife or I?—*Ben Lewis.*

NO PROTESTS AGAINST THE BISHOP AND THE WOLVES

CHICAGO, ILL.—With pleasant surprise and interest I read The Bishop and the Wolves (March 26 Liberty). The pleasant surprise was due to the fact that although a resident of Chicago where I could not help feeling the good work of Bishop Sheil, I was not acquainted with the details given by Edward Doherty. I called attention of office friends of mine to this article—Protestants and others not professing any particular creed. They were equally impressed and are looking forward to the following articles promised. In the face of this comes the distressing rumor that further articles will not appear on account of protests voiced by some narrow-minded people, protesting because the man doing the work is a Catholic.

On the last page of Liberty appears the following: "Liberty—For Liberals with Common Sense." I hope you will live up to this and not discontinue the series because a comparatively few intolerant bigots don't want it.—*Charles S. Kramer.*

[There were no protests received against this series on Bishop Sheil's work. Instead, we were deluged with letters from those who wanted more, and it is our intention to continue the series.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

What is the Origin of the Name America?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Is it common sense to allow our children to go on being taught an *untruth* about the name of our country, America? I wish Liberty would undertake to straighten this matter out. I have asked many professors, teachers, and hundreds of children about the origin of the name of our country, and without exception they say, "Oh, everybody knows that America was named for Americus Vespucius." They are taught this in all the schools everywhere.

As I have looked into the matter, the name of Vespucius was not Americus at all, but Alberico. A very different matter, as you must see. He was, I am told, Alberico Vespuzio, the son of Anastasio Vespuzio or Vespuchy. Now, if this be true, as I believe, it certainly knocks out the naming of America for *him.*

Yet where did the name come from? America, or Amerrique, or Amerique, I find, is the name of a highland or mountain range in Nicaragua in the old province of Chontales, between the country of the Carca and the Rama Indians. This mountain range, I am told, lies between Juigalpa and Libertad. (There you have *Liberty!*)

Now as to the *meaning* of the word. In Central America, where this mountain range rises over 3,000 feet, it is called, and always *has* been called by the Indians, the "Great Sacred Mountain." Its derivation being, according to some scholars, *aum—meru—ique.* There was a tradition among those wonderful ancient races of a sacred mountain, named Meru, which existed in the midst of *seven* continents; the word *aum* was a mantra used by them; and the ending *ique* meant "great." Hence, America—a "great sacred mountain."

How much more thrilling all this is, as to the origin of the name of our blessed America, than that taught in our schoolrooms today!—*Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, Author of Nancy Hanks, the Mother of Abraham Lincoln.*

OXFORD GROUP IS ANSWER TO MACFADDEN EDITORIAL

DENVER, COLO.—It seems to me that an answer to Bernarr Macfadden's stirring editorial in April 16 Liberty, Will Human Greed and Selfishness Destroy Civilization? has already been presented in Liberty. I refer to the illuminating articles you have published regarding the Oxford Group, whose inspiring program could save the world from chaos.

The question Mr. Macfadden asks is a staggering one, but it is one that we all need to face squarely. It presents a problem that demands quick, powerful, and united action if we are to improve, or even preserve, our American standards.—*Barton Robertson.*

HE WOULD AWARD MEDAL TO EX-GOVERNOR HOFFMAN

GARDINER, MONT.—When Liberty hands out that Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship, Governor Harold Hoffman is the man whose name should be inscribed upon it. Any man who has the courage to fight the "wolf pack" when they are howling for blood, who singlehanded fights intrigue and dishonor, and who can come back with the most stubborn proof in the form of "fact"—that man has what it takes to deserve the respect and acclaim of a nation.—*H. F. Tavlin.*

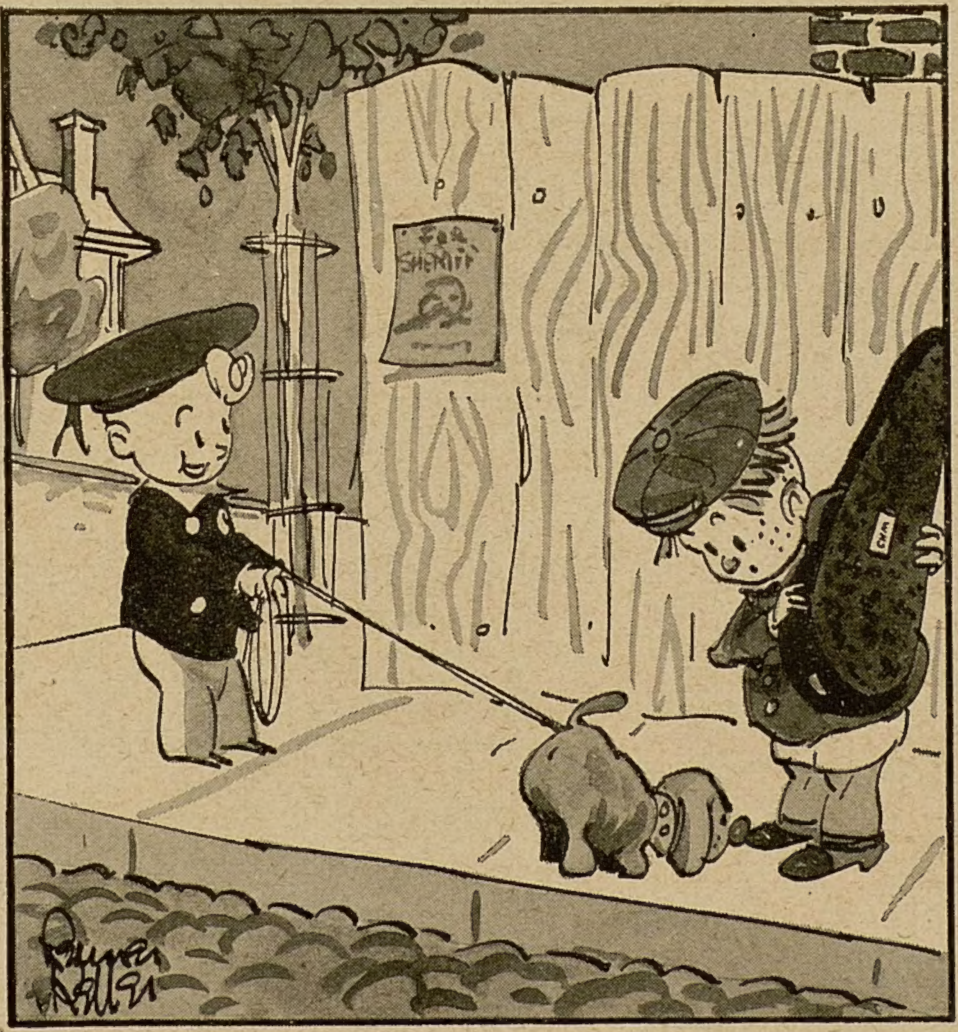
AWFULLY SILLY

MADISON, WIS.—Mind you, I hold no brief for Scotland Yard, but the letter signed H. C. Y. (April 2 Vox Pop) is awfully silly. Its author calls the English police force names because this country of ours is large—as though they should be blamed for the vastness of the Americas.

Regarding N. J. Werner's letter in the same issue:

As Mr. Werner obviously thinks that the execution of Hauptmann has been a deterrent to similar crimes, I would suggest that he read the papers.—*S. W. Burrows.*

"HARDTACK"



"I call him Landlord—he doesn't get along very well with the neighbors."

Her Secretary Was A Gentleman

THIS IS a topsy-turvy world. . . . Not such a long time ago women came into the business world, and pessimists felt the old earth was surely falling apart. . . . At first the women in offices were a severe class and no nonsense. . . . Rouge and lipstick near a typewriter were as inappropriate as poker chips in a pulpit. . . . But the years rolled unsteadily on, and gradually the office girls visibly improved. . . . Before long they were using all the lure and artifice of the stage. . . . Many office girls were as pretty and shapely as the chorines of a revue, and, added attraction, they seldom tried to sing. . . . Thus began a cycle in fiction about the love, good and bad, that sometimes cropped up between boss and stenographer. . . . Certainly the possibilities of the situation were not understated by the novelists. . . . The first of that school of story was Wife or Stenographer — Which? and the author was our old friend John R. Coryell. . . . He had a host of imitators, conscious and otherwise. . . . Meanwhile the years were *still* rolling on, just as unsteadily. . . . Now we have a new development: the woman executive. . . . She is smart, competent, and she needs a secretary. . . . Generally she has a girl stenographer. . . . But not always. . . . The new trend this season is toward men secretaries for ladies. . . . And this will probably start another new school of fiction stories. . . . The first of such stories will appear in Liberty next week. . . . The author is the breath-taking, flame-haired Dorothy Speare . . . who (with Charles Beahan) wrote One Night of Love for the cinema and Whitewashed Lady for Liberty. Her new novel is to be called Her Gentleman Secretary, and let us tell you this much in advance. . . . Her husband was a gentleman, too! . . . The heroine's husband, we mean, not the author's, of course. . . . Although the author's husband *is* a splendid gentleman, also of course. . . . He is ex-Harvard football coach Charles Hubbard, the same Charlie Hubbard who sailed his own ship down to the Galápagos last year and got Mrs. Wittmer's diary which we published. . . . Since his return from that he-man adventure trip, Charlie has been writing stories for the Woman's Home Companion and the Ladies' Home Journal. . . . We realize this is getting to be rather confused. . . . The point of it all is that you must not miss Her Gentleman Secretary, which starts next week. . . . WANTED: Certain back copies of Liberty. . . . They are all of the year 1932 and are needed for inclusion in a White House collection. . . . Please write us if you have any of the following issues for disposal: January 9, February 13, February 27, March 12, July 9, August 20, September 10, October 29. . . . THE RECENT MARRIAGE of King Zog calls to mind the remarkable true love story about him which we published in the issue of November 14, 1931. . . . It was called The Girl Who Is Almost a Queen. . . . Wonder what will happen to that little Viennese sweetheart of his, as much sinned against as sinning, now that Zog has made an honest man of himself by getting married to some one else. . . . THE OTHER NIGHT we saw a moving picture with a breath-taking, never-to-be-forgotten performance by the star. . . . We refer to Bette Davis in Jezebel. . . . Here was a really wonderful actress at her best. . . . The personal story of Bette Davis is one of interest to every American and we are going to tell it to you in Liberty soon. . . . NOMINATIONS FOR our Valor in Citizenship medal continue to come in. . . . Very shortly Liberty will begin to publish more of these. . . . The first of the medal awards will be decided on early in the autumn. . . . But here we are talking about next fall, and what you want to know about is next week. . . . So! . . . There are two features, as opposite as the poles, you will not wish to miss. . . . One is a most hilarious short story, Mr. Mims and the Great Adventure, by Margaret Fry, a young lady for whom we expect a bright future as an author. . . . The other is a powerful article by H. G. Wells, After Spain -- What? . . . Father Ignatius Cox, professor of philosophy at Fordham University, writes a truly startling piece about young people today: What Is Wrong with American Youth? . . . Berton Braley has a cloak-and-suit romance in verse—another Liberty surprise, of which you may expect many as tempus continues to fugit. . . . "Yankee Stade" will have a splendid sporting article; William F. McDermott contributes a provocative June piece on Are Modern Weddings Pagan? . . . Many other strong features and the serials will make up a brilliant issue.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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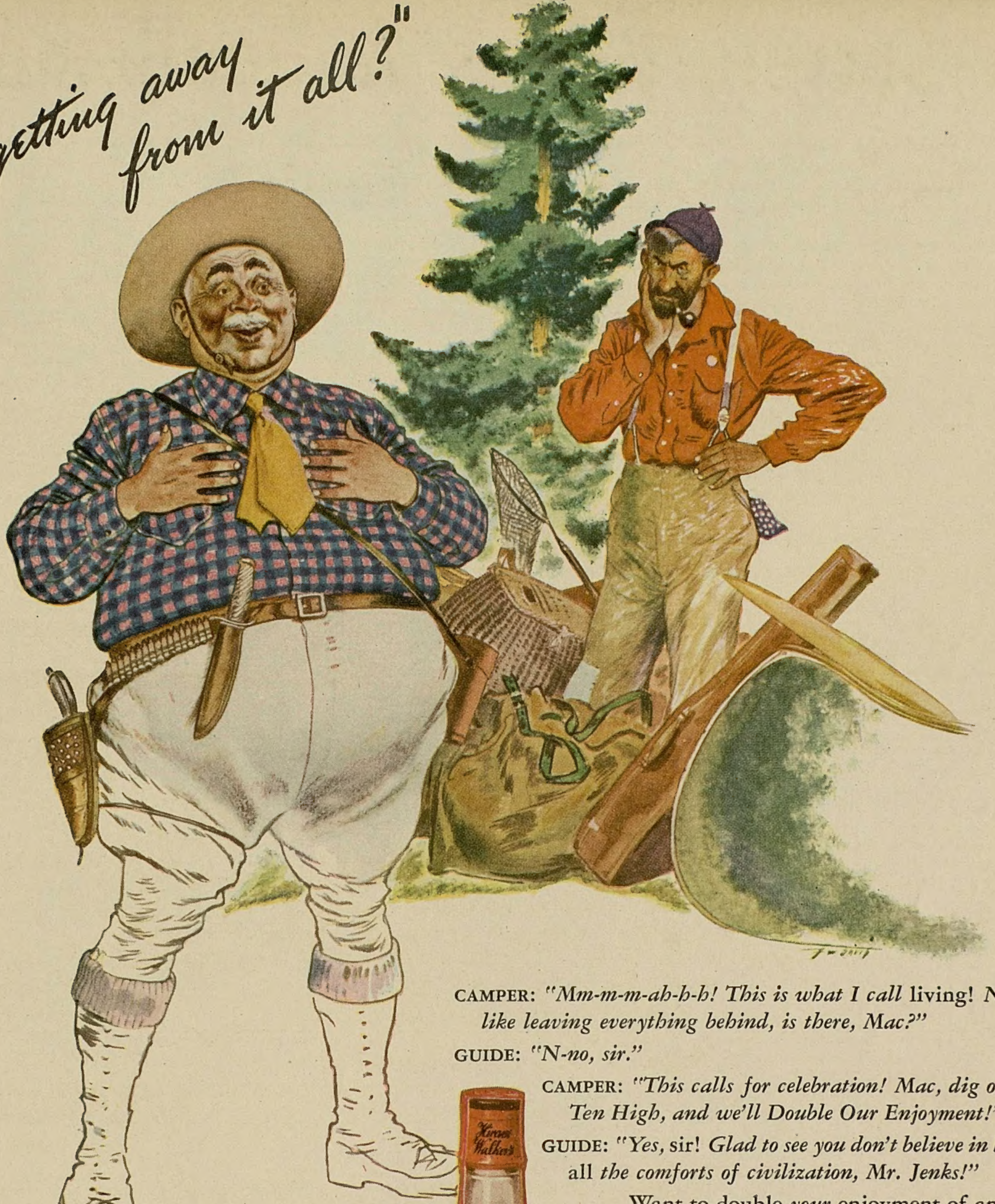
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY RUSSELL SAMBROOK

. . . "getting away from it all?"



CAMPER: *"Mm-m-m-ah-h-h! This is what I call* living! *Nothing like leaving everything behind, is there, Mac?"*

GUIDE: *"N-no, sir."*

CAMPER: *"This calls for celebration! Mac, dig out that Ten High, and we'll Double Our Enjoyment!"*

GUIDE: *"*Yes, sir! *Glad to see you don't believe in leaving* all *the comforts of civilization, Mr. Jenks!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high spot occasion? Then you'll want TEN HIGH! For this famous bourbon with "No Rough Edges" slowly ripens winter as well as summer in modern weather-controlled rack-houses, week after week, month after month, 2 long years thru!

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That "Chant" Spells "E-X-P-E-R-T"

DEWEY HUFFINE, tobacco auctioneer—like most other independent experts—smokes Luckies...

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES: Dewey Huffine Has Smoked Luckies for 20 Years

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

DEWEY H. HUFFINE, 13 years a tobacco auctioneer, *knows* tobacco from A to Z. He says: "I've seen what tobacco Luckies buy, and so I've smoked them ever since 1917."

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Only Lucky Strike gives you the finest tobacco *plus* the throat protection of the "Toasting" process which takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco.

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